

# *The* WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER

1926

WINNIPEG, CANADA



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY WARREN DAVIS

10  
CENTS

Francis Dickie Edith G. Bayne Sinclair Lewis H. Mortimer Batten

Ralph Durand Grace Carlyle Dan Cowan



# Beauty— safeguard it



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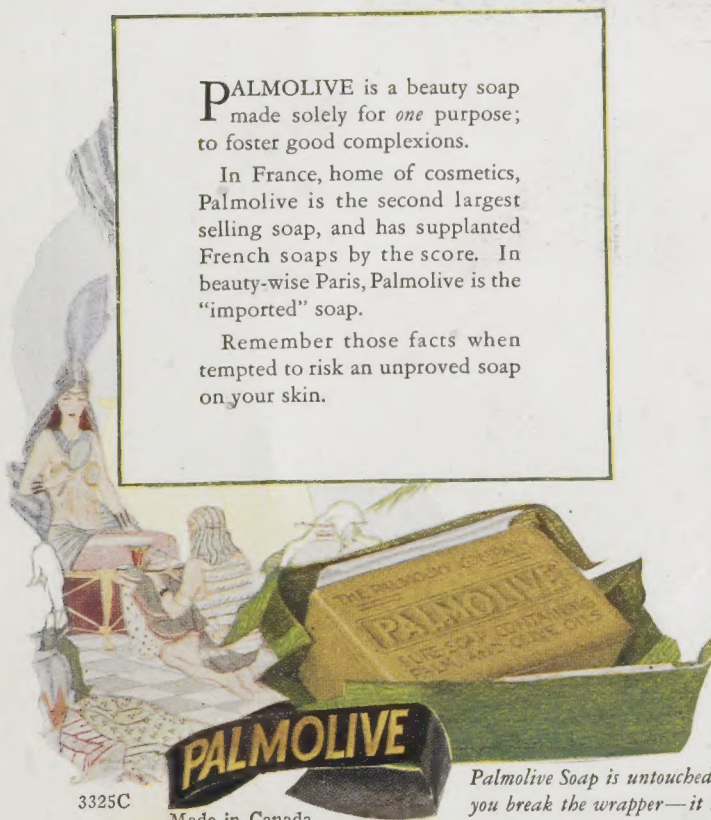
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## The Western Home Monthly

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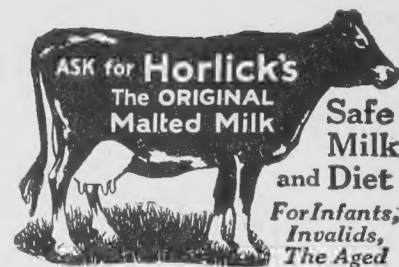
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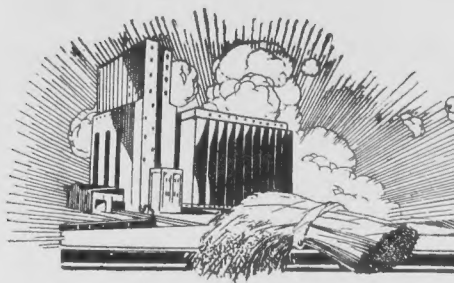
One thin woman gained 15 pounds in six weeks.

Be sure and ask for McCoy's—the original and genuine Cod Liver Extract Tablets—60 Tablets—60 cents and full of Vitalizing Vitamines that help weak, run down, tired out people to gain health, strength and vigor.

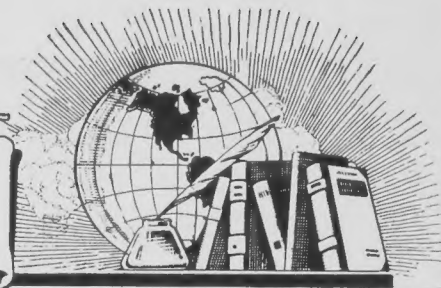
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# EDITORIAL



## The Election

**B**Y THE time this issue of The Western Home Monthly reaches its readers, the men and women of Western Canada will be deciding how they will cast their votes. There need be no hesitancy and no uncertainty. Every Western representative must be true to the West. If he is true to the West he will be true to all Canada, for the future of Canada is in the West. The East will prosper if the prairie settlers are permitted to thrive; it will starve if the prairies are not encouraged to develop. So let us send to Ottawa men with larger vision—men with eyes to the future, men with horizon.

## The Responsibility of Living

**T**HE flapper and the irresponsible schoolboy may think life is but a joke; people of middle age may consider it a somewhat engrossing but serious game, but those who possess the wisdom which ought to come with years know that it is nothing short of the great adventure. It is a serious undertaking filled with responsibilities, and no one can reach the goal of his ambitions and possibilities unless he learns in all his thinking and doing to consider others as well as himself. The present Premier of England has during the last year been called upon to express himself in many ways. Few of his addresses have contained more wisdom than these simple words to college students:

"I often used to wonder whether it was possible that this world of ours had existed an unknown period, and mankind had struggled on in its upward course through countless generations of toil and tribulation, so that a few of us might be able to come to Oxford and Cambridge to enjoy ourselves and to pass on, taking the cream of civilization. It always seemed to me that if all we have to show for what humanity is suffering was a little privileged generation in a corner of the world like this, the whole thing, creation and evolution, became something puny and ridiculous. It seemed to me that for us who have the enormous inestimable privilege of being born into this country in positions where we can come here, and where to a certain extent we choose what we do in this world . . . there is nothing else for this generation to do than to devote itself as no generation in the past to the betterment of its millions of people who have not got our advantages.

"The ideal of democracy is a very fine one, but no ideals can run of themselves, and if democracy is to be preserved and yield the fruits that those who believe in it would fain see, the only way it can be done is by all the individuals, according to their power, equipping themselves sufficiently to keep the whole mass sweet and true, and to preserve in their plenitude and sanity the ideals that inspire them."

## Christianity That Compels Admiration

**I**F ONE had to judge Christianity by the sayings and doings of preachers at home, he might sometimes find it in slight reverence, for bigotry, narrowness, self-assertion and intolerance are all too common. Fortunately the missionaries abroad are more alive to their responsibilities, as this clipping from *Current History* testifies:

"To these scenes of cruel savagery Laws and his missionary associates went prepared to help along all lines essential to sound tribal life. Laws was himself a university man with first-class training in medicine and theology. He had also a natural aptitude for administration and for mechanics and agriculture. By special study and practice in British industrial plants, and by travel in Europe and America, he acquired knowledge and skill in such activities as road-building, forestry, quarrying, flour milling, and the generation of light and power. His associates, both men and women, during the fifty years since his first entry into Central Africa, have been prepared to develop country and people in agriculture, industry, health, education, morals, and religion.

"While the Livingstonia Mission under Dr. Laws is one of the notable achievements of present work in Africa, practically every African colony has missionaries and mission organizations that have some, or all, of these features of work. In Belgian Congo the Jesuit Fathers have eliminated sleeping sickness from their area and changed the wilderness into gardens and fields producing abundant harvests; the Southern Presbyterians and Methodists, the American and British Baptists, the Disciples Mission on the Equator, and several smaller organizations are teaching the native people to make more effective use of the soil, to build better houses, to read and write, to care for body and mind and spirit. In the Portuguese colonies American and Canadian Congregationalists and Methodists have learned the native languages, studied the native manner of life, and befriended the people. The missionaries of these colonies are now the most substantial hope for native development. In the French colonies numerous missions of various churches are valiantly helping in the education and general improvement of the natives. Through the active co-operation of the British Government very numerous missions in the British colonies are rendering an increasingly large and vital service in education and civilization."

## Leadership

**I**N RELIGION, in education, in politics, in industry, the world must have leaders. These must lead not because accident has thrust them into prominence, but because they possess the qualities of true leaders—they are willing to make the great sacrifice. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., has put the matter in these beautifully-chosen words:

"He who would see the vision without which the people perish must dare to climb the peak of leadership which rises cold and bare above the mist. The warm fireside of home is not for him, but only the steep mountain path, the driving rain, and at the end an unknown grave among the rocks, with, perhaps, a purpose unaccomplished still. But whether success or failure come at last, the very effort brings a great reward.

"This reward is not, indeed, the golden prize which others seek. It is no fulfilment of greed or ambition, such as may gain applause and envy from the mob. Nor is it even the honour and affection of his fellow-men.

"For the true leader of men is he who takes upon himself the form of a servant, who becomes greatest by being the least, who saves his life by losing it, who believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things, not that others may love him, but rather that he may learn to love them."

## The Opening of the Schools

**T**HIS month the schools re-open and pupils and teachers enter upon the work of another year. Sometimes it strikes one that there is in routine too much of the traditional and too little of practical value. It is pleasing to note that among educators themselves there is a demand for a somewhat sweeping reform. The leaders today do not hesitate to show dissatisfaction with old-time programmes and old-time methods. One half of the arithmetic tables are omitted and vulgar and decimal fractions receive but scant attention. So, too, grammar is thrown into the discard as a useless study for little children. Spelling is reduced to five or six thousand usable words. And so on. Instead, attention is given to such studies as civics, nature study, musical appreciation. Strangest of all it is advocated that far less time be given to oral reading and more time given to silent reading, less attention to written composition and more to oral expression. To an observer all these seem to be healthy advances, but, of course, it will take the rank and file of teachers a long time to change from ancient to modern ways of doing things. More especially will this be true when the general public are averse to change. The attitude of many

people is that what was good enough for our grandparents is good enough for us, and every change, no matter how worthy, is regarded as a fad.

Of all the so-called fads none can be justified more fully than the attempt to teach pupils their duties as young citizens—their duties on the way to school, on entering school, in taking care of property, of respecting authority, of taking part in patriotic ceremonies, of assisting the needy, of playing fairly, of assisting in gardening, of caring for younger children, of behaving well in public places. Then, too, there are lessons on paying of taxes, support of public institutions and utilities, social responsibilities, health duties and safeguards, elections and a hundred other topics that might be mentioned. This list is given at length to show how wide the application may be and to indicate how much more practical such study is than purely scholastic effort. Especially is this true in a new land where the bonds are fewer than in old-established communities.

The school as an institution deserves the full-hearted support of the people, for it ministers to their dearest possession—the children. It deserves such support only on two conditions: first that it develops fully the lives of the young, and second, that it prepares them to mingle freely and usefully with their fellows in all social undertakings. It will always have to teach the three R's, but these, at best, are but instrumental studies. The ultimate ends of schooling are worthy character and good citizenship.

## Professionalism

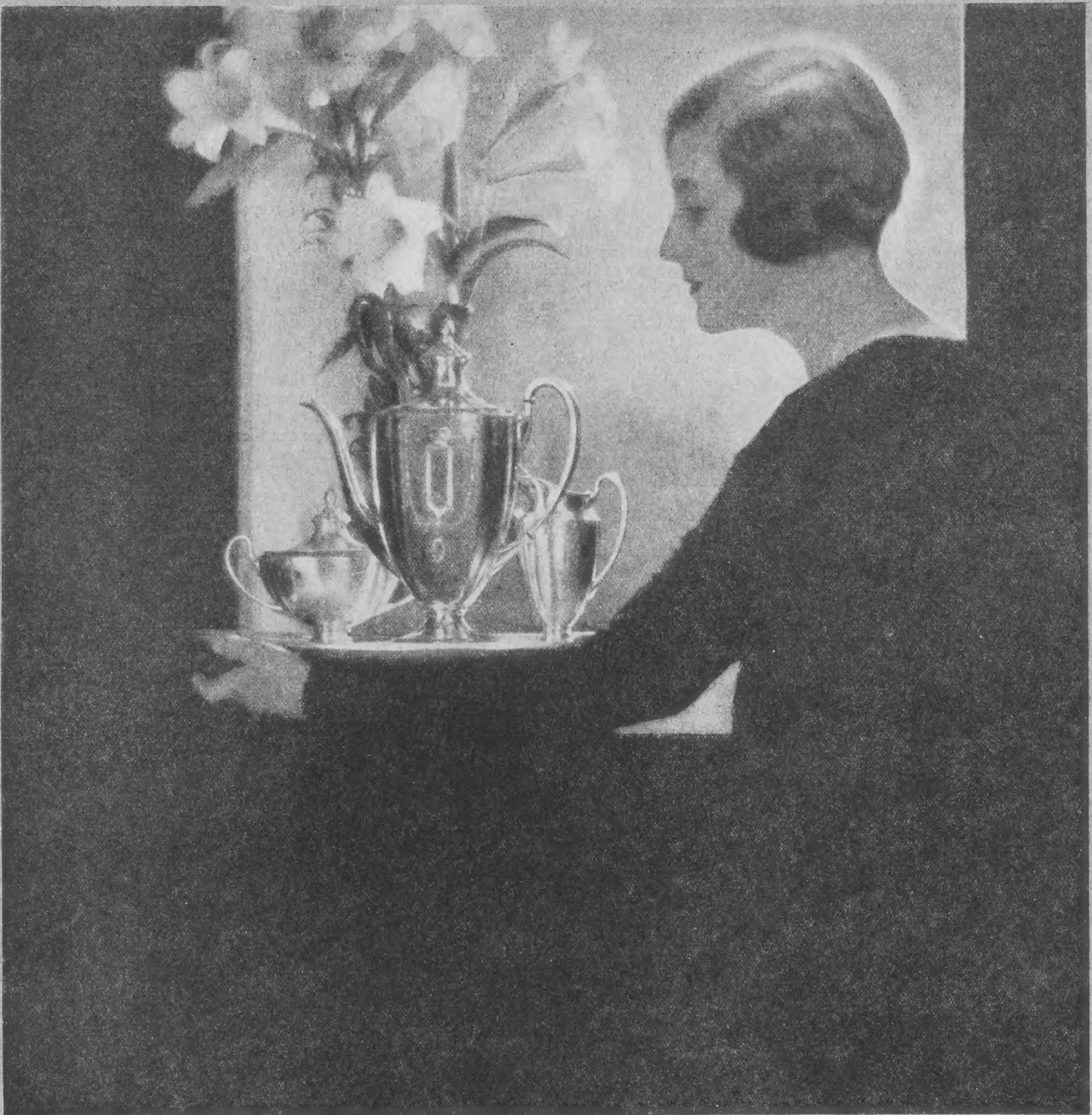
**I**T IS a great thing to see the young people and the old people of a land given to sport. It will be a sad day when they become mere spectators. It is fine when a country can boast that most of its sportsmen are amateurs; it is not a good thing when amusement and play are dominated by professionalism. It is well in this connection to note what an English magazine has to say about professionalism. It might not be amiss for the executive committee of the Amateur Athletic Association to read these lines:

"Well-to-do amateurs who have never made a penny out of the games they play may be more 'professional' than many a player who earns his weekly livelihood by making centuries or coaching. Mademoiselle Lenglen, for example, is the very type of a professional. So in a slightly different sense is Mr. Bobby Jones. They are, perhaps, respectively the greatest tennis and golf players who ever lived, and, of course, have never in their lives accepted a cheque for a match; but the game is nevertheless their profession and their life. They do not play for money, but neither do they play for recreation; they play for fame and the advantages which thereby they derive. There is no reason why they should be blamed or despised for that, any more than we despise the greatest batsman in the world. But in any consideration of the fundamental questions of sport it is certainly necessary to remember that there is no real difference of status between a Lenglen, a Hobbs, and a Bobby Jones. Such differences as exist are merely accidental.

"The real difference between the amateur and professional attitude has nothing to do with money. It is a question of 'seriousness.' A man who devotes his whole life to a game, studying it, 'keeping fit' only for it, is, even though he be a millionaire, essentially a professional, and may do more than any wage-earning player to introduce the professional spirit into the game, and thus make it no game at all. The real amateur (paid or unpaid) plays for the sake of the game, the professional (paid or unpaid) plays merely to win at all costs. That is the essential difference."



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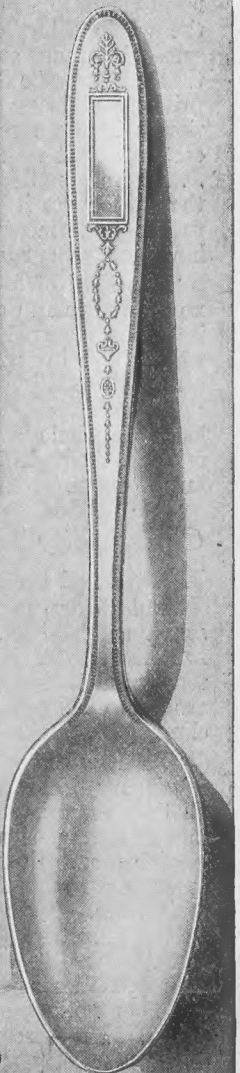


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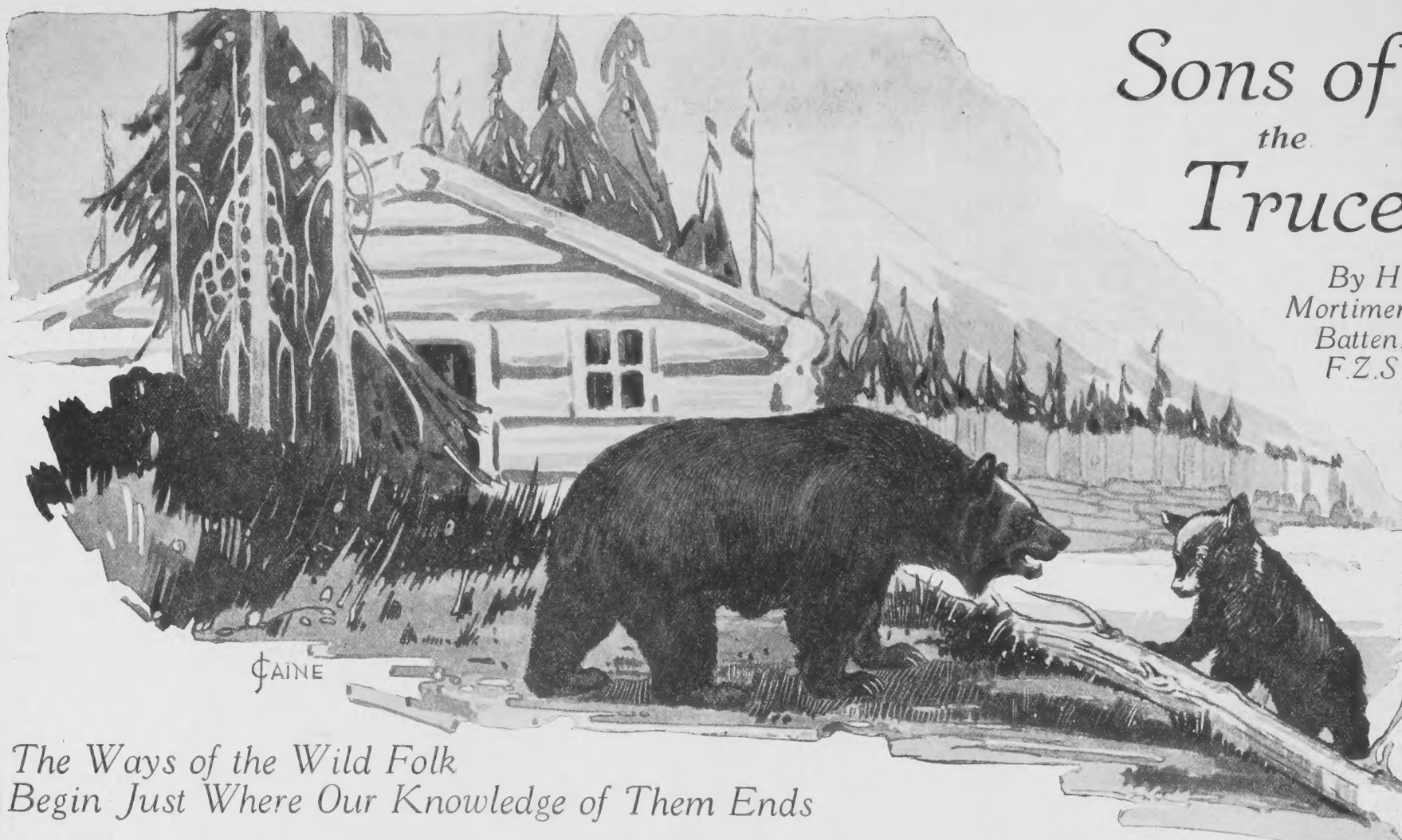
SILVER SERVICES FOR SMART TABLES





# Sons of the Truce

By H.  
Mortimer  
Batten,  
F.Z.S.



## The Ways of the Wild Folk Begin Just Where Our Knowledge of Them Ends

ALMOST any evening that summer one might have seen at Jackson Cole's cabin something which would be hard to find elsewhere in the world, outside Yellowstone—a mother grizzly and her cub foraging for food within a few feet of the man's door. True that those smaller woodland prowlers, the black bears, often visit human dwellings and become remarkably tame, but the kingly grizzly is today a rare beast—rare and sullenly distrustful of mankind.

Jackson's cabin stood on his claim, a long way north of Arrowhead. There was precious little gold on it, and this he knew, whiling away the weeks till the trapping season should again call him north. For Jackson was a trapper by nature and by calling rather than a gold hunter, and while he worked his claim single-handed, his entire mining equipment consisted of a couple of buckets, a spade, a rope, and a pick. Often, moreover, he left his claim for a few days in order to take the census of the woods, clearly written about the creek margins, and so to ascertain the prospects for the coming fur season.

The mother grizzly had never feared Jackson, and so he had cultivated her confidence by tossing odd morsels of food to her. He knew that so long as he observed the truce the great fur-clad motor lorry of wild motherhood could be trusted to do the same, but in truth a treacherous plan was forming in Jackson's mind. He did not mean to keep the truce longer than suited his convenience.

Meantime the tiny grizzly cub learnt to ignore his mother's warning that, though the man might be approached within a few yards, it was unwise to become too familiar with him. The man offered the little fellow delicious morsels, for each of which he was tempted to draw a little nearer and yet a little nearer, while the mother watched motionless close by. Jackson knew that if he so much as laid a hand upon the cub the she-bear would charge him, but he was a coolly reckless man along his own line of business. He knew the wild folk so well that he was not likely to overstep the limit.

So the process continued until the time came when it was quite customary for the cub to stand up with his forepaws on the man's knees, looking into his face and whining for food, while the mother rummaged heedlessly among the heap of discarded meat and fruit cans only a few feet away.

One day a very unfortunate incident occurred. Jackson kept his kit hung up on pegs driven into the log wall of the cabin, and the cub, attracted by the bright sunlight shining on the pick, reached up for it, and very effectively succeeded. The heavy weapon came down point foremost on the

little silvertip's scalp, and made a very nasty gash, which for several days caused him much trouble and his mother much anxiety. Thanks to her care the cut soon healed, and at all events Silvertip had learnt one priceless lesson—that things that smell of man and metal are best left alone.

ONE day—the unforgivable treachery of it!—

Jackson got busy building a small raft of cedar logs, and on the raft he erected a light but sturdy cage of the same material. It was an ingenious affair, provided with a guillotine door, which, once down, could not be opened from within.

The work done, Jackson launched the raft on the creek which flowed within a few yards of his cabin. The door of the cage was open, and inside the enclosure—just large enough for a cub though too small for an adult bear—lay a most delicious feast of canned fruits. The whole thing was close up to the bank, moored in the strong current by means of a double rope running up through the side window of the cabin.

Jackson had entirely won the confidence of the two simple forest folk. They regarded him as a friend, and the vicinity of his cabin they had come to look upon as safe territory. But a silvertip alive was worth a good deal more than a dead one—especially at that season when fur was out of condition.

At sundown the two came up as usual, snuffing the suggestive air with eager, hopeful nostrils. Straight to the floating raft they went, but immediately the she-bear saw it she uttered a growl of warning to her cub, and pushing her nose under him she rooted him in the opposite direction. He made several attempts to return, but always he was met by a heavy paw or an invisible snout. I fear that he lost his temper and even bit his mother, for he was not a very obedient cub, but at length he gave in and abandoned the quest.

Presumably the cub had forgotten the feast, but like all grizzlies—young and old—he possessed a brain. He pretended to become interested in the garbage heap, but he slowly worked round to the creek side of his mother, and when her back was turned he slipped quickly off to the raft.

She knew it was a trap, and he was now to learn, for no sooner was he inside the cage than down went the door behind him.

From that moment on little Silvertip forgot all about the feast, for the horror of being a prisoner was upon him. Goodness, how he yelled for his mother, but as she came lumbering up, uttering loud grunts of consternation, the length which moored the craft began to move! One side of the double rope suddenly acquired an end, and that

*A mother grizzly and her cub  
foraged for food within a few  
feet of the man's door.*

end was racing toward the raft like the tail of a snake. The raft too was moving, and as the she bear gained it, it swung round from the shore, drifting slowly down stream.

Unhesitatingly the mother bear plunged in. The cub was standing up against the bars, peering out at her with one bright eye. She gained him and clawed at the raft. Instantly the edge nearest her sank, and she knew that there was no climbing aboard. So she swam round and round, snapping at the stout bars in an agony of suspense, while little Silvertip put through one paw and groped at her muzzle as he drifted away from the familiar scene.

So Jackson watched them to the bend, the she bear swimming helplessly round. Several times the raft hitched up on submerged snags or the overhanging timber, but her frenzied efforts to release Silvertip each time resulted in setting it drifting again.

The water was bitterly cold with snow from the heights, and Jackson knew that the she bear would become chilled and exhausted ere long. He went down to his canoe, already loaded with food, etc., for the long trip down to Nelson, and leisurely pushed off. He kept just out of sight, watching, for an hour or more, then, as the creek widened into a small lake and the wind caught the raft, bearing it rapidly from the shore, he saw the she bear land, and he paddled quickly up.

Jackson was an expert canoeman, but as he neared the raft the mother bear plunged in again with a warning snarl. Clearly she was half spent, and Jackson, standing up in the canoe, made fast his rope, and towing the floating cage behind him, made off at full speed, the wind assisting them.

The mother bear made for the rope, evidently with the idea of severing it, for I say that a grizzly has a brain. Jackson was paddling hard, and she fell impotently to the rear. For a long time she swam behind them, losing all the way, then she landed and crashed off panting into the bush, evidently with the idea of getting ahead and waylaying them.

But the she bear came to a point at which four lakes met, and she did not know which the man would take. Of course she took the wrong one, and she had swum two miles through the deepening night with nothing in sight. Hope would then have died, for the chaos of lakes was unending, and—what was there to guide her? I say hope would have died, but that the hopes of savage mother love never die.



ALL that night Jackson paddled hard, knowing that there was danger at every bend, but towards daybreak he slackened a little. Common sense told him that the she bear must have abandoned the pursuit hours ago, for they had crossed numerous lakes, bordered by country as rough as one could find anywhere in the world. Yet all day he kept moving, and not till dusk did he make camp.

Choosing a sandy margin he dragged the cage half ashore, and fed the wretched, hungry little cub by hand. Silvertip was not afraid of him, for evidently the little creature did not blame him for all that had happened. No, Jackson was living up to the cub's high conception of him—a purveyor of delicious viands! Silvertip cheered up a little, but all night he howled wretchedly, and as each fresh outburst smote the stillness Jackson would turn, listen, and finger the trigger of his big automatic.

Next day they made steady progress, but towards evening it was necessary to undertake a long portage. Jackson is never likely to forget that portage. He could neither tether nor leave the cub, as he had no chain. He had to make the trip—two miles of rough going—with the canoe on his head, his sixty pound pack (containing dust) on his shoulders, and the cub on a rope. The cub was strong, and had no idea of being led. He upset the whole outfit half a dozen times, and—the flies were a horror! The journey completed at fall of dusk, Jackson was worn out. He threw himself down, and Silvertip, likewise tired, curled up against the man's body, glad of his warmth. Tomorrow Jackson would cache his canoe and make another raft large enough for both himself and the cub. Nelson was only forty miles away, and deep water for the whole distance.

But an ancient adage says that tomorrow never comes, and at midnight Jackson was awakened with a violence which made him ill. Just what happened he never quite knew—except that he was hurled clean into the air in his sleep. It was all a nightmare till he hit the ground a dozen paces away, half stunned. Powerless to act, the camp fire attracted his eye, and looking round he saw a huge grizzly nosing the cub towards the dark bush. He had left the cub roped to the windfall under which they had slept, and the rope jerked the little creature back from his mother's snout. She sniffed him over, mystified, her nose found the rope, and one chop severed it. A moment later they were gone.

Could it be the cub's mother? It seemed impossible, yet—who else? Jackson was alive to the conditions of the moment. He knew that a grizzly possesses a brain—also a mind. With the elephant, it stands out as a beast which remembers evil as man remembers it, and Jackson knew that the she bear, having conveyed her cub to safety, might come back—to kill him. Therefore he quit the place. He launched his canoe and made off without noise. Never before in his life had he been so swift and silent, but safe on the dark waters he heard a crashing high up on the mountain face, and he knew that the she bear was still nosing her cub towards the heights. As Jackson often said

in after life—"the ways of the wild folk begin just where our knowledge of them ends."

No creatures love their home country so much as the grizzly tribe, and thither the two by easy stages returned. But they did not go near to Jackson's cabin. They shunned the place as man would have shunned it had smallpox claimed its recent tenants. They kept chiefly to the high country, for the season was getting on. So that fall, Silvertip and his mother lived harmlessly for the most part on blueberries and small woodland folk. They laid on flesh, in readiness for the hard winter. They had only man and the wolves to fear. The wolves were not yet in packs, but Silvertip's mother taught him by example to make clean away when the sound of their howling broke the twilight quietude. It was mostly twilight now, and oh how savagely and sadly the north-west blew through the eternity of timber!



For fully a minute they stared at each other.

Once they scented an Indian village, where brightly clothed children could be seen playing at the water's edge. Silvertip wanted to go to them, but his mother drove him away with a ferocity which frightened him. That night they heard a crashing in the timber, and attracted as though by some magnetic force to the place, they found a wolverine, foam-flaked and bloody, fast in a steel trap which had been set five feet upon a rampike. They prowled round in a wide circle, but the scent of steel smote Silvertip's nostrils, and he was afraid. Thus his first lesson, learnt from the pick, was strengthened.

The she bear would have dashed in and shattered the wolverine, the most hated of all woodland things, but for the trap, and as best she could she tried to hand on to the cub her fear of it. So they left the doomed wolverine alone, and made their

way upward, upward, into the regions of snow. Here there was life abundant, from the tiny lemmings under the snow to the ptarmigan and noble Franklin grouse, whose tameness bordered upon stupidity. Once or twice they saw mountain sheep, but the sheep had seen or scented them and made clean off. Once also they saw a great herd of caribou, and they walked into the centre of the herd, slaying left and right, for the strange, bearded beasts, with the migration fever upon them, made no effort to get out of the way.

That night the blizzard broke, and the two bears, rolled together, slept soundly through the blinding fury of it. When Silvertip awoke they were buried to a depth of several feet under the drifts, but he wiggled out to feast on the slain caribou, likewise buried, all around. Burrowing down he ate till he could eat no more, then he returned to his mother,

deep in a deathlike sleep now, and with her he too slept—for three or four days this time. Again he rose and gorged, again he slept, perhaps for a week; night, storm, and moonlight reigning supreme over the northern range; but when next he rose he found that a wolverine had defiled their caribou meat, passing from carcass to carcass, so that none but himself would touch it. So, ever after, would Silvertip hate the caribou, as his mother hated it, as the Indians hated it, as all who love those northern woods hate that creature of the devil.

THEN, for a long time, Silvertip wandered alone on the bleak, storm-ridden hills. He came to know hunger and the terrors which accompany it. His cubhood slipped away; he became an awful fighting machine, as every grizzly which lives above the snows, instead of sleeping away the hunger months, must be. He was big, and needed much, but there was little to be had. For weeks he lived on mice, each mouse dug laboriously from under the drifts. They were small, but they kept him alive, as the mouse millions keep so many alive. Yet hunger seemed not to sap his strength, but rather to add to his wiry quickness, and one day, meeting one of his own kind—a morose old male—he fled for his life, knowing that the other would kill him, and as he himself would have killed any living thing he saw which he could have mastered.

For five days the old bear followed him, till Silvertip at length made for the timbered slopes, where the wolves were hunting. The other turned back, and so Silvertip found at the threshold of one foe a place of sanctuary from another. Grizzlies were scarce in that range, and—well, in all probability, it was his own father which had pursued him.

All this time Silvertip's mother was sleeping, sleeping, and it was while she slept, twenty feet under the snow, that another cub was born to her. There in the profound silence, she suckled him for many weeks, and it is because we can find no silence to equal that of the frozen northland that we can seldom bring young Arctic bears safely into a world of activity. In our land the air may be still, but the earth is never silent, for by it travels the sound of wheels and the tread of human

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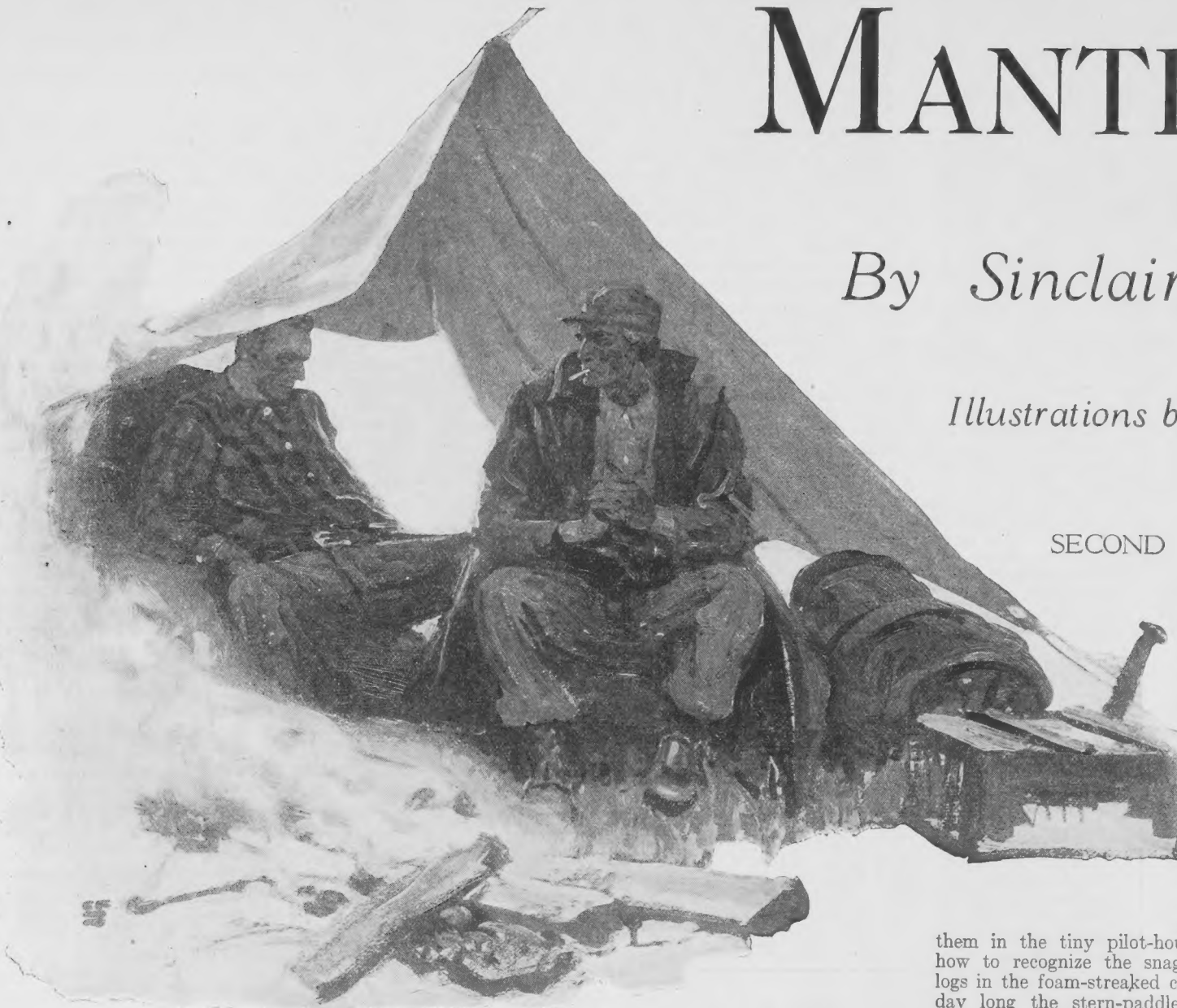


# MANTRAP

By Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by Clark Fay

SECOND INSTALMENT



But he smoked silently and Ralph sank into discomfort, feeling pitifully the tender-foot.

THE steamer *Emily C. Just* crept down the yellow flood of the Flambeau River to Kittiko, where Ralph and Woodbury and their Indian guides would at last take to canoes.

As to the tonnage of the *Emily C. Just*—it hasn't any tonnage in particular; it has only pounds and ounces. Though it is sixty feet long, with no less than seven staterooms (including one cabin de luxe fitted with running water and a special china cuspidor, for such infrequent dignitaries as the Fishing Inspector), yet the superstructure is of inch pine, and the partitions of cardboard.

It has none of the regular habits of a liner. It runs each way twice a week—except when it is a day or two late, or when Captain Venner stops to look over the potato crop on his claim *en route*, or finds a poker game and gives up that particular trip entirely. It is a stern wheeler, and paddles contentedly through three feet of water or turns surprisingly from steamer into canoe and shoots rapids, curveting among the rocks.

Once or twice it has sunk, and after such misfortunes the mud has been scraped off and the boat been repainted a pleasing robin's-egg blue with an orange smokestack.

There is an idle charm to river steamers. They are not forlorn in an alien expanse of waters. They run so close to one shore or the other as to share in its life, yet they are free from the cinders and stink of a train skirting tenements. The passengers leaning on the rail of the *Emily C. Just* and gravely spitting into the Flambeau can consider the family affairs of every chicken scratching in every runty clearing; and in luxurious scorn of hurry and ambition they can learnedly argue as to whether or no that ruined weed-mound of a muskrat nest was occupied last winter.

The *Emily C. Just* stops in at ports consisting of two log cabins and a wigwam; the captain, lordly in his pilot-house, is hailed by a half-breed trapper, with a face like bacon-rind, as "Cap," or "Billy," and that is all very pleasant and domestic. Sometimes the steamer makes a port that is not so populous, that is only a woodpile on the bank, and then the deck-gang, all three of them, pass the cordwood from hand to hand into the hold, which

is a cross between a Vermont woodshed and an antiquated machine-shop.

The passengers may go ashore at any stop, with no formalities about passports, customs inspectors, jinrikisha drivers, postcard vendors, bars, or the rules of the purser. If they do not return in time, the steamer whistles for them like a hen clucking to its young, then waits contentedly, while the captain plays cribbage with the chief (and only) engineer, or shows the missionary's children how to make birch-bark canoes out of paper.

Ralph was relaxed in his raw-nerved and egotistic resistance to the unknown land. He speculated on ruined cabins of trappers along the shore, on clearings wrung from the forest with such bitter grubbing of stumps, such painful plowing of root-knotted fields, but abandoned again, and tragic against the forbidding and dusky spruce. He speculated on mink holes and on mother black ducks, fearfully trying to save their skittering brood by leading them right beside the leisurely and chugging course of the steamer, in the typically maternal impression that they were racing and beating this monster of modernity, and that but for their adult wisdom and clucking, the children would instantly have been destroyed.

He went ashore (escaping Woodbury's company and regretting such disloyalty and most vigorously keeping it up), and he discovered a real Cree Indian encampment—birch-bark wigwams, young wives with babies swinging on their backs, old women smoking pipes while they cured moose-meat and whitefish on frames over a sluggish fire, Indian men magnificently doing nothing, thinking nothing, and wanting nothing. He ambled into a forest of jackpine and poplar and occasional clumps of birch silver as Diana; he was driven out by an ambush of mosquitoes; he went aboard, and cheerfully he sat on the deck floor of the *Emily C. Just*, his back against the wall, smoking a pipe. . . . Wes Woodbury had explained to him that nothing was more necessary in the art of being virile than giving up cigarettes for a brave jimmy pipe.

He found in the steamer the same toy quality which had betrayed him into gaiety in their tent. The dining-salon was a touchingly absurd closet in which a glazed-faced Chinaman served, he asserted, hamneggscoffie. The captain welcomed

them in the tiny pilot-house, and showed them how to recognize the snags and ghostly sunken logs in the foam-streaked current ahead. And all day long the stern-paddles churned the yellow paint of the water into leaping foam through which, above that mossy mill-wheel, a rainbow burned.

If he could have gone on for a week, Ralph would have grown into serenity, have heard Woodbury's incessant heartiness through a veil of contentment. But next morning they landed at Kittiko—two log stores, two log boarding-houses and the fish warehouse—for their embarkation in canoes.

Woodbury, in his zeal of being efficient and hardy, immediately blew up like a toy balloon.

Though they had two large freight canoes, nineteen feet long, it seemed impossible that they should ever be able to stow away all this pile of tents, bedding, duffle-bags, boxes of food, sacks of flour and sides of bacon, sails and oars and gasoline-tins and frying-pans, which towered on the log wharf. And Woodbury's outboard motor had to be fitted to the forward canoe—Ralph's canoe he would tow, when smooth and open water permitted them to run on gasoline. A scratch or two had to be smeared with canoe-glue and paint. Saplings had to be cut as masts.

In all these tasks Ralph was sensationally useless.

Woodbury had at its highest the schoolmaster's art of making sport compulsory and laborious and pious and dreadful. He was a four-minute man, a suburban-development sales-manager, a lady chairman.

He rushed at the guides and agonized, "Now hurry up and get the stuff in—get it in—get it all aboard." He tried to fit the outboard motor to the rack on his canoe, and banged his finger-nails, and swore, and glared at Ralph. He bellowed that the sapling masts were too large for the holes in the thwarts, and when they proved to be exactly right, he scowled, and announced, "Well, they don't look strong enough."

He shouted at Ralph: "Well, try to do something, anyway! Don't sit there admiring yourself!"

When Ralph ventured to lower a box of bacon into his canoe (riskily tilting on the gunwale, holding the rough edge of the wharf with one hand), Woodbury exploded, "Good Lord, don't put that box for'ard—gotta have the weight in the centre."



Ralph felt meek, horribly useless, in everybody's way. He was tremulously polite to Louey, the youngest and most bored guide, he was filial to Charley, to Woodbury he was absolutely reverent; and when the great white chief condescended to hear his tribute, "You certainly do know this game Wes," he was grateful.

For all of Woodbury's sales-manager efficiency, the work somehow did somehow get itself done.

The cargo seemed to condense as it slid into the canoes. There had apparently been twice as much load as they could carry, yet by magic the canoes seemed only half full.

Amidships of each canoe was a nest for one of the white men, his bed-roll as seat and his toys at hand—fishing-tackle, gun, even a paddle (though Woodbury had to sit in the stern when the motor was running). The Indians didn't at all mind the tenderfeet pretending to help propel the unwieldy canoes now and then, providing they were careful not to spatter water from their paddles. Indeed they scarcely laughed at their efforts, after the first few times.

Everything was complete except Woodbury's especial charge, the outboard motor, and that was clamped in place, all pretty and shining, all ready save for one thing—it would not start.

It would not give one sputter. Not after half an hour of profane jerking at the starting cord could Woodbury get it to take hold.

Ralph looked wistfully from the log wharf down on the raging Woodbury. He was alone. The population of Kittiko, five whites and nine Indians, had come to gape at the expedition, but in his present disillusionment about life Woodbury was not so cordial as usual, and they had drifted away. The Indian guides, their loading done, squatted on a pile of sawdust ashore and let the sun shine.

Whether they started this week or next year was the same to them, providing the bacon and cigarettes lasted.

Ralph knew as much about motors as the average man who has driven a car for only ten or twelve years. He knew a steering wheel from a hand brake, and he could pour water into a radiator. The outboard motor was a heathen mystery to him—a round something with a finned single cylinder, a long handle, and nothing else identifiable.

When Woodbury had for a moment given up, when he stood looking bitterly at the motor, as though he was wondering how he could best hurt its feelings, Ralph ventured:

"Do you suppose the feed-pipe might be plugged up?"

Woodbury, swaying in the canoe, raised his hands to heaven in the protest of a dying martyr, then patiently gave voice:

"It must take a great brain to think up suggestions like that! You're certainly helping me a lot! Of course I've only cleaned out the feed-pipe a couple of times now, while you've been looking on!"

Ralph retired to the end of the wharf; he considered two mud-hens and a clump of weeds, and longed for the Yale Club.

The Hudson's Bay factor ambled down to the wharf. Woodbury could be seen stiffening, down in his canoe, ready to leap the five feet up on the wharf and choke the fellow at his very first suggestion. The factor, who looked like a preacher and who had a magnificent flow of divine language, squinted one eye, heaved with amusement, grunted "Vent choked in tank," and humped away with a scorn which reduced to pitiful greenness not only Ralph but the great E. Wesson Woodbury.

Ralph saw Woodbury swell like a pussy-cat's tail while he sought for proper language. But also he saw him examine and poke at the vent in

the gasoline tank; seize the starting-cord and jerk it.

Instantly the motor spat and ran clear, with the sound of a very tiny airplane.

Woodbury stood up in the canoe, his fists clenched, glaring at Ralph, daring him to say one word. Ralph looked as blank as possible. Then Woodbury glowered the other way, at the Indians on shore. They had gone to sleep. The cruelly used leader felt injured. He brooded for a time over all his unprecedented wrongs, then he roared, "Well, are you fellows going on a canoe trip or not?"

So the golden Argosy embarked; so the fabulous expedition started for the unknown heart of the North.

One Indian squaw came to her wigwam door and stared after them. Otherwise, the world seemed ignorant that Ralph Prescott and E. Wesson Woodbury were making history.

Then for two weeks all life was a routine of struggling on and stopping to catch a musk-longe.

Sometimes they poled or paddled through shallow shaly creeks; sometimes Woodbury towed them, the motor's burr as hypnotizing as a humming bee. They came into Lake Warwick, a vast plate of water, island-spattered and stretching to a shore of black cliffs fantastic with orange lichens. On calm days the motor-driven canoe clove the polished water, but with a following wind they sailed.

There were only three or four inches of freeboard to the canoe, and often they took water. Ralph was tremulous as he considered their helplessness in sailing. They were miles from shore, in a shell which would go down instantly if they struck a submerged rock, and he could not have swum a quarter-mile.

He fought himself, he scorned his cowardice, he reproved himself by the spectacle of Woodbury relaxed in the enjoyment of the sail, but he could not keep from speculating as to what chance he would have of drifting ashore if they sank.

Yet it was beautiful: waves glittering, triangular sails like curving wings of a gull till at evening the low sun turned the sails to gold, with that orange glory burning through them.

He hated the guides during sailing hours.

He had always heard of the "grim, silent Indians." The Wood Crees, at least, exhibited a silence almost equal to their hatred of whisky. They kept quiet enough during the labor of paddling, and the motor drowned their clack when it was blessedly working, but in the stillness of sailing when Ralph most longed to forget his detestable self-consciousness and timidity, to be absorbed in beauty, then his bow-man and stern-man babbled like washerwomen, giggled like little girls, shouted witticisms across to the Indians in the other canoe.

Some of their exasperatingly unending jabber was smutty stories, he concluded from their neighing; some of it, from their glances, certainly was poignant comment on Woodbury and himself. As his own Indians spoke only Cree, he could neither understand them nor tell them to shut up. And he wanted to be a "good sport," to keep from complaining. He listened, and suffered—and grew hourly more irritated.

They crossed from Lake Warwick to the wide Mantrap River, and headed toward Lac Qui Reve, on which was a trading centre where they could renew their food-supply and gasoline—a settlement called Mantrap Landing, with a Revillon Freres store, a Hudson's Bay post, and a free trader by the name of Joe Easter; a place with a vast population of perhaps a dozen whites and, in summer, when they loafed after the winter's trapping, fifty or sixty Indians.

Ralph felt hardened. He could sleep on the ground as in a four-poster, he could relish bacon, he was only a little apprehensive about sailing and

rapids. He had watched his Indians zig-zag their way down half a dozen smoking rapids now, and had come to see with indifference the rocks rushing up at them.

But he could no longer endure E. Wesson Woodbury.

Woodbury had developed from fussiness to nagging. He criticized Ralph's kit, his fly-casting, the amount he carried on portages, the way he strapped his bed-roll, his shrinking before a swim in icy water, as though Ralph were his office-boy and given to losing messages. Whatever his mood, Woodbury was unrestrained about it. His jovialities were as hard to endure as his bad tempers, and there were many of them to endure in the forced intimacy of tent and meals, and fishing from the same canoe. When he had a feeling for smoking-room stories, he shouted them and emphasized all the dirty words. But worst of all was his early-morning jokiness.

Before Ralph had even washed his sandy eyes, or swallowed a drop of coffee to strengthen himself against pleasantries, Woodbury would be bounding with dreadful good spirits.

He would poke Ralph awake and yelp: "Going to pound your ear all day? Well, there's one thing you can do decently—you can sleep. Ha, ha, ha!" (But the sound wasn't really a ha; it was a more gurgling and complacent noise, and more enraging.)

As they went down to the water's edge, frowzy in rumpled shirts, to wash their faces, Woodbury would playfully splash a bit, and whoop, "All you need is a little water on you to look like a drowned rat, dearie. Didums got bad temper when ums wakes up?"

Of the matter of the odd slice of bacon when they boiled the kettle at noon, "Oh, don't mind me, Ralphie—just eat all the chow. I can live on air!"

And when Ralph spoke of anything more profound than bonds, the stocking business, golf, or motors, Woodbury croaked, "Great little talker, ain't you! You'd make a fine college professor. Let's have a lecture on evolution!"

He was full of bright sayings and winning ways.

Ralph was not ridiculously meek. He snapped back at Woodbury sometimes, but his effort was to endure everything from cold to wittiness. And here, so wholly submerged in a life new to him, he had almost ceased to be the self-reliant Prescott who would never have tolerated rudeness in a courtroom. In the arts of fishing and the canoe, in the strangeness of camp and portage, among the silent lakes and noisy Indians, he could not predominate. These alien surroundings pointed by implication more strongly than Woodbury by decision his complete feebleness, and pointed it so strongly that he could not imagine any environment in which Ralph Prescott might perhaps be respected.

He had, for a time, no soul of his own. He became a serf to Crees and to Woodbury, with little thought, small feeling, and only a numb sense of his own stupidity—an insignificant figure crawling over the giant lakes, amid the engulfing gloom of forests.

"But how long can I stand being disciplined like this?" he wondered, when for a moment the breeze cleared away his torpor.

AT NIGHTFALL, after travelling too long in search of a good camping ground, they came to the portage beside Wardrum Rapids, the most dangerous current on the Mantrap River. They heard rushing waters far off, and the unrelenting rumble disquieted their weary senses.

The beginning of the portage was a sloping bank of clay, riddled and befouled by the feet of many canoe parties, no suitable place for their tents. But Woodbury said crossly: "Oh, let's camp here. We're too tired to make the portage and go on."

It was a lowering, unhappy dusk, the air wetly fresh. Ralph sat stiffly in his canoe, on his bed-roll, as the two canoes nosed up under the poplar shadows. Even in the looming distant growl of the rapids, he felt choked with stillness at the cessation of the motor's whir. The Indians crawled ashore, silent and morose, and morosely they lifted out the cargo, turned over the canoes on the muddy beach, pitched tents and made fire. No one spoke as they drank their evening tea. The bacon was burned. Wet clay seemed of itself to crawl over their boots, their cold hands.

And no one spoke as they crawled into blankets.

It was not till Ralph was half asleep that Woodbury grumbled: "I wish there was some way of getting you to remember not to leave your duds all over this tent. Here's your boots under my

### Synopsis of First Instalment

THE August instalment of "Mantrap" introduces Ralph Prescott, a New York lawyer of the prosperous and aesthetic type and E. Wesson Woodbury, vice-president of the Twinkletoe Stocking Company, a successful business man, self-made, and loud and boastful of speech. He was breaking into society, as best he could, and came in contact with Prescott through a golf club. Prescott had decided on a holiday and Woodbury, who was an explorer of wild places, suggested the Mantrap river country in Northern Canada. With boyish delight Prescott outfitted himself and purchased a heavy and expensive equipment, consisting of a large number of unnecessary articles. His enthusiasm knew no bounds and money was of little consequence for he was a partner in a rich law firm.

He and Woodbury arrived in the Canadian West and reached Whitewater, the point from which they were to operate. They registered at a second rate hotel, controlled by a third rate man, who took very great delight in making their short stay as miserable as possible. Finally they made their escape into the open with their guides. Prescott had by this time discovered that he and his travelling mate had but little in common, Woodbury being boastful, arrogant and self-assertive. Notwithstanding Prescott's judicial calm, the close contact was becoming annoying if indeed not unbearable, but he was in the North country and thrilled with his new experience and he must not be a quitter.



bed-roll. Even if you do want to lose 'em and go barefoot with your pretty tootsie-wootsies, you might show a little consideration for other people!"

Ralph's drawing of breath was audible as he started to snarl back, but he clenched his jaws and kept still.

He was awakened by the violence of rain on the tent. As he reached for his watch, with its radium-painted dial, he found the khaki ground-cloth of the tent soaking. Water was running down the slope on which they were pitched, flooding them. But there was nothing to do. There was probably no better site for miles, and the clouds had smothered the world with darkness.

Half an hour later Woodbury generously woke him to explain that it was raining.

They were both on edge when they crept out at five, in oilskins, to drink bitter coffee and gnaw wet bacon, but Ralph said with what he considered measured mildness, "Guess we'll have to stick here all day."

"Stick here, hell!" observed Woodbury. "On this slope? Sit in a puddle? We'll push right on till we find a camp with some shelter."

The rain promised to continue all day. Silently they began the portage, the Indians trotting with the inverted canoes on their shoulders. Ralph, as had always been his custom, and Woodbury's, prepared to carry his own shotgun and fishing-tackle on the portage—a seeping mossy path, among dripping ferns, under poplars and birch beside the welter of the rapids. But this morning Woodbury chose to be zealous and generally disagreeable. He loaded himself with suitcases and food-boxes till he staggered and dropped a box or two. He tried to adjust a tumpline round his forehead to carry the boxes, and failed, while Ralph stared at him like a meditative calf.

Woodbury screamed, "If you can't help us by portaging, day like this, you might at least give me a hoist with my load and not stand there looking foolish!"

"Oh, shut up!" Ralph heard himself say, with more savagery than he had shown for years. But he repented; he mumbled, "Be glad to," and loaded on Woodbury's proudly athletic shoulders at least one third of the normal pack of an Indian on the portage. Himself, he was shamed into carrying his own duffle-bag as well as gun and tackle.

The strain of the weight on his back as they set off was slightly less of a torture than being burned at the stake.

While Woodbury wavered ahead, along the wet path, in the green light through the showery trees, he sonorously kept up his sermon:

"Of course the Indians are supposed to work for us; but there comes a time when they can't do everything, and wet day like this, when we want to make time and get on to a decent location where we can camp comfortably, I should think even a tenderfoot like you would want to pitch in and help 'em out. Besides, they ain't dumb animals, you know! They're human beings just's much you are! They may not belong to the Yale Club and wear lovely expensive whipcord pants and be able to spiel about music like you can, but, Gawd, they do have some rights! Matter of fact, don't see why you shouldn't do a little of the work all the time, and not just sit around and think how doggone clever you are and—"

"I do as much as you do, Woodbury!"

"Oh, you do, do you? You do like hell! Say, can you beat it? And me with all the care of the motor on my hands—filling it, cleaning it, keeping it running all day long, so's I almost never get a chance to sit down and loaf the way you do—Can you beat it!"

That this was true did not soothe Ralph, but it did keep him silent.

He had been looking, always, for something useful which he could do, but he had neither the strength nor the training. What would to him have been an aching load on the portage was to the trained Indians but another insignificant ounce; what would have been an agony of paddling, to them was play. It had seemed absurd to kill himself on this "pleasure trip" without particularly relieving the guides.

As if they didn't have a beautiful loaf all the while the motor was in use . . .

And weren't they paid for it, and . . .

So he brooded, now miserably, now hotly, while they slushed along the path, dropped their loads, and went back for more. All the while Woodbury growled at him, at the Indians, at the rain, at the fish which, with a sudden feeling of injury and suspicion, he now remembered having lost off his hook day before yesterday.

The rain beat with gray resolute steadiness as they loaded the canoes and started up the river,

motor-driven, at an unvarying pace, past an unbroken smear of rocky shores, of pines and poplars. The river banks were as lacking in human kindness as they were lacking in the bigness of mountains or open lake. Ralph's body was dry enough in oilskin coat and overalls and fishing hat, but the canoe was soaked with a wetness which seemed to pierce through oilskins to his dreary heart. The Indians had covered the cargo with the heavy canvas of their tent, but the canvas was drenched. Greasy pools of water lay in its folds or leaked through. When Ralph drew it up about his chest, for a little warmth, the canvas was clammy to his hands. He envied, he respected, the Indians in their stolid patience. They were so wet now that they could be no wetter, and without even the nasty covering of the canvas to protect them, they sat unmoving, hunched over, expressionless.

But Ralph found himself creating a tolerable sort of shelter, crouched on the canoe bottom, his back against a bed-roll, the canvas making a doubtful roof. He had lost all feeling. They would go on forever, through eternal rain, joyless and

stupid and kind—I'd stick by him through everything, no matter how rough. I haven't complained once, have I? But I'm through.

"I'd leave him here and now—if I could! Oh, people would call me a quitter. Let 'em! I've gone beyond the point where names matter—gone through to reality.

"But how can I leave? How could I talk to my Indians and tell 'em where I wanted to go? Charley's the only one who understands English enough to interpret, and naturally dear Wes would grab him. Here I am, imprisoned. Have to stick till the trip's over. With that blatting counter-jumper!

"No. Be fair. He's not to blame. I annoy him equally. What he needs is a companion who likes smutty stories and fishing. Nobody to blame. It would be just as silly to try to find out which of a divorced couple was to blame, when they just didn't get along together and that was all. Once I start really analyzing him I'll become desperate. Must keep cool. Either find some way to shut his mouth or get out of this.

"I wouldn't mind the rain, if there were some civilized people to laugh with after a day like this."

He was besieged by a vision of easy people, well-bred people, gracious people, talking on a sheltered porch facing the stormy sea, and all morning the thought of them tormented him as he crouched and waited.

For many miles there was no fit camping-place. The rocky cliffs rose too steeply, and so close did they come to the water that when the expedition reached a long shallow rapids, there was no path for portage. The water was not deep enough for motor or paddling, and Woodbury's Indians jerked their way up the pebbly current by poling.

But Ralph's bowman, a reckless and fantastic youth named Jesse, who resembled a Chinaman, being now so cold and wet that coldness and wetness had ceased to be important, leaped out into the water and lined Ralph's canoe up the rapids, towing it in front while the Indian at the stern poled. Ralph crawled out as the canoe hung ashore for a moment, crept up the slippery rock face of the cliff above the river, and miserably made his way among the poplars, whose wet leaves slapped his face at every step.

Jesse was a slant-eyed genius at picking his track through rough currents, and a genius at Indian quadrilles in log cabins, but with his genius went a certain domestic undependability. He did not watch his footing as he trudged ahead through the shallow whirl—he had not troubled to remove his trousers or soaked moccasins. He hummed and regarded the heavens, pulling with solid strength, the line over his shoulder.

He jested at Charley's poling in the canoe ahead.

He remembered Red Wing, the belle at Mantrap Landing, and as he splashed on he bawled to the other Indians his highly-colored opinion of her, all in fire-cracker Cree. Just then he slipped, sprawled under water, let go the line, and the canoe shot back.

Looking down from among the poplars on the high bank, Ralph saw his canoe turn broadside and bump a rock. The Indian at the stern, pushing with his pole, lost balance and tumbled out, while the other Indians cackled with delight. As Jesse splashed and galloped after it, the freed canoe gained speed, struck a fanged rock which

*Continued on page 51*



*Alverna the wild young heroine with whom you will fall in love.*

with no destination, no hope; so why tear himself with desire? And as his body ceased demanding, his brain ran clear.

With all his stilled misery, he was rejoicing that for once the Indians were too soggy to chatter, and that he was free of Woodbury's nagging. Ahead, in the other canoe, partitioned off by the loud hum of the outboard motor, the man was abolished, a nuisance forgotten, so far back in history that now he seemed almost diverting. Ralph's mind began to tick as steadily as the motor.

"Even if I am a dub—yes, say it, a weakling!—there are people who think I have certain qualities . . ."

"Definitely, I've had enough of this—enough fishing—enough of the wilderness—it's all alike. And more than enough of Woodbury.

"Blatant fool! Empty-headed buzz-saw! Hog! Lord, if he were real—intelligent, solid, or even



# It's Easy to Forget

By Grace Carlyle

**A**FTER Irene Vincent had given her mother a lunch, she took her knitting and they went to sit on the verandah. Mrs. Hardy began looking at her watch every few minutes.

"What's the matter, mother?" Irene asked. "You are giving that timepiece a great deal of attention."

"I'm so anxious to see the boys. Don't they let the small ones out at three-thirty or do I have to wait till four?" She took another look at her watch.

"Listen to the fond grandmother!" Irene laughed. She was busy at a sweater which she hoped to finish before Jimmy needed it. A fond aunt had sent Bobby one and now the other twin must be clothed.

"The little dears. I'm just so anxious to see them. Do you realize that I've only seen them once, as babies?"

"That's right, you have missed all their cute little ways! But just wait," their mother replied, grimly. "After a few days you will be sorry you didn't stay away till they were grown."

"Indeed I won't. It has been no fault of mine that I haven't been out West long ago. I still think you might have brought them down to see me." Mrs. Hardy looked reproachfully at her daughter.

"That's lovely for you to think, mother, but to do . . . I took them to Ida's when they were two and it's only half as far. The trip nearly killed me. Once safely home, I told Mac that was the last; I'd never take them any place again till they were grown. It was just the same as travelling with a menagerie, only not half as interesting."

"You modern mothers make me tired; with only two or three children. Do you know that your grandmother came out from Ireland with nine children, the oldest fourteen, and travelled all alone? Father was here first. They hadn't any conveniences then and were on the boat over a month. And you complain about taking the two boys on a three-day trip with sleepers and a diner!" It was evident that she regarded the modern mother as not in the same class at all.

"I'll bet grandmother never went any place with them again," Irene said shrewdly.

"I don't suppose she did; money was scarce then and there was no place to go."

"That's it," triumphantly. "One trip finished her."

"Had there been anywhere to go I am sure that one experience would not have stopped her," Mrs. Hardy said, loftily, taking another look at her watch.

"Well, then, she must have been of the stuff that martyrs are made of, for my first trip was enough for me. They acted like perfect little fiends. I never got so many nasty looks in my life as I did from my fellow passengers when they howled."

"Poor little things! Some people make such a fuss over a child crying."

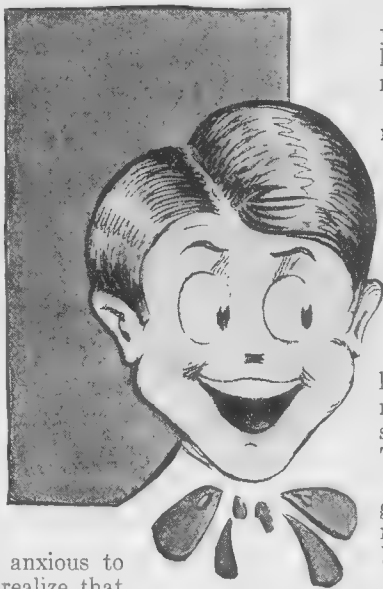
"So would you, if you ever tried to sleep when Bob and Jim start one of their famous duets. You'll have that watch worn out."

"Surely they will soon be here. I can hardly wait to see them. My first grandsons!" And she walked out to the gate to look down the long dusty street.

"It won't be long, but after a few days you may be sorry that school doesn't last till bedtime." Irene had no illusions about her twin sons.

"My child!" Mrs. Hardy was shocked. Such a way to talk. As though you didn't want your children around the house."

"Neither I do, sometimes. When they put glue in the cat's fur to see if it is good enough to stick their kites with or some such gentle little trick.



Jimmy

Wait, as I said before, wait till you get a good working knowledge of their performances and you'll be sorry they aren't in a boarding school," picking up the stitch she had dropped when illustrating her remarks.

"I very much doubt if they are anything like you were as a child. You don't remember it, but life was no bed of roses for your poor mother, let me tell you."

Irene's reply was interrupted by the phone ringing. As she went into the hall to answer, Mrs. Hardy picked up her work and began to knit rapidly. The rate Irene was going her mother doubted if the sweater would be done by the time Jimmy outgrew it.

She was a little thin lady with snow-white hair but her face was smooth and her eyes winked as though her fifty-odd years sat lightly on her.

Irene finished her talking and came back to knit. No one seeing her slim figure and bobbed head would have imagined her old enough to be the mother of twin boys whose conduct at home and school had earned them the name of "The Terrible Twins" from unfeeling neighbors.

"It is almost four now, mother," she said. "I've got to run into Mrs. Cowan's for a committee meeting. So I will leave you here to welcome the boys."

Her mother looked at her disapprovingly. "You should be at home to welcome your children."

The effect of her words surprised her, for Irene sat down on the steps and rocked with mirth. Mrs. Hardy couldn't see anything funny about it. She was genuinely distressed at the levity of her child. You'd think from her actions that children were a joke, instead of a life responsibility.

"It is not funny, Irene. Think of your children more and your committees less. Why, when mine were young, nothing in the world would have prevented me from being at home to welcome them after school."

"I remember, mother," Irene wiped her eyes. "But I couldn't help but laugh at the idea of putting off anything just to welcome the twins, who are far happier with a good supply of eats. They go off at once to play ball. Let me tell you that there's a great difference between raising children in town and in the country. The boys wouldn't thank me for being at home to welcome them."

"That is because they are not used to it."

"I tried it the first few months they were in school. But they just dash in, grab some food and hurry out to play. In town they have so many playmates."

"Too many," Mrs. Hardy said, shaking her head. "Why don't you keep them in their own yard?"

"Tried to, but I'm not strong enough to endure it. I must run. They will be here in a minute," and she was gone.

**M**RS. HARDY rocked away with the air of one trying not to think harsh thoughts. These modern mothers! Irene could give the boys more time if she would; yes, and have her time count, too.

Did she see someone turning the corner? Two little boys dashed up the street and in the front gate. They hurried up the steps, stopping in their mad rush before the strange lady. They'd completely forgotten about her coming. Grandmothers weren't anything in their young lives; so far they hadn't found out just how fine they are to have around the house.

Mrs. Hardy rose quickly. "My precious lambs!" and took Bobby into her arms before he could escape. Then, to add insult to injury, she kissed him. "Aren't you darlings glad to see your granny?"

In spite of her doubts of Irene as a mother, the twins were too well trained to say what they thought and only giving her a blank stare, hurried into the house in search of food. Mrs. Hardy followed them.

"Just a minute, duckies; I know where your mother put some cookies," and she brought them out. The boys took four each, ate them and asked for more, neglecting to say that their mother refused them anything but plain bread and butter between meals. Then, with one in each hand, they started for the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To play ball," Jimmy obligingly held the screen door open for the flies.

"But I wish you would stay and talk to me. I haven't seen my darling little grandsons since they were babies." Such lovely children. Really, the nicest she had ever seen.

"We've got a game on. Jim is second base and I'm pitcher," Bobby proudly waved his glove.

"But I want to get acquainted and . . ." Her remarks were interrupted by the door banging. The boys were gone. Oh, well, they must have some fun. She forgot her suggestions to Irene that they stay in their own yard. The darlings had to have some play.

At the supper table, Irene demanded their reports. "I met Miss Knight down town and she said they were given out yesterday."

Reluctantly, the boys went to the hall and fished them out from under the bench.

The Vincents read one each; read them in dead silence, exchanged and looked at each other. The twins tried to eat their fruit in an unconcerned manner, but it was obviously put on. Then their father began to read aloud.

"Conduct, unsatisfactory. Is there any lower mark, Irene?"

"No." She knew, having been a teacher. "That means they are as bad as can be."

"Well, their teacher is truthful, to say the least. Writing, poor. Drawing, poor. Reading, fair. Oh," he looked up, pleased.

"Fair is a very poor mark," Irene said. "When they have been in school over six months, they should read better."

He sighed. "Arithmetic, poor. Spelling, unsatisfactory. Handwork, poor. Let me see, are they both the same?" He examined them carefully. "Not quite. Bobby got poor for his spelling. Tell me," to Irene, "Did you ever give a child a report like this?"

"Never." She was looking at the twins with battle, murder and sudden death in her eye.

"Could a worse one be given?"

"I don't see how. They have the lowest possible in almost every subject, including conduct."

"They may be dumb, but at least they could be good. Do I have to sign these?"

"Yes," Irene sighed.

Taking out his pen, he wrote on each report in handwriting that no one could possibly read. The boys weren't old enough to notice that, and too scared to mention it if they had. But Mrs. Hardy, sitting at his right hand, tried vainly to make out the scrawl. Failing, she gave the boys a pitying look and opened her mouth to say something; then remembered one should be careful what they said before children.

"Well, this means no pony for the boys this summer." Mac leaned back in his chair.

"Oh, gee, dad!" It was a cry of pain from Bobby. "You promised us one."

"On the condition that you got a better report and that you tried a little. Tried to be better, both in conduct and work,

was what I meant. You have evidently tried, all right, but to learn nothing and to be as naughty as possible."

"No, we did try but there was nothing to learn." This from Jimmy.

"Miss Knight said we were better," Bobby added.

"If so, it's funny she did not mention it in this report."

"Maybe she forgot. Teachers do. You say mother can't remember where her head is and she was a teacher," Bobby said.

Their father laughed. "I do say that and she has a poor memory but not so poor that it means she couldn't remember whether you were good or bad. Miss Knight likely knew what she was doing when she wrote this."



Bobby

Bobby



Both boys began to talk at once, but their mother stopped them.

"Your father is right. I'm ashamed to have children of mine bring home such a report. You are far too naughty for us to dream of getting you a pony. There will have to be a decided improvement before it is even considered again. Why, I'd have been ashamed to take a report like that home when I went to school. You boys have no shame."

The twins choked. Not for worlds would they cry, but there was a suspicious huskiness in their voices as they excused themselves and bolted out.

Their mother looked after them. "Poor little kids. It seems pretty hard."

"After seeing these reports?"

Mac waved them at her.

"True. Never in all my life have I seen ones like that. And to think that our children get them. They simply must improve before we even get one more plaything for them, much less a pony."

"You bet. This time they improve first, then we mention rewards," he said determinedly.

Mrs. Hardy started to speak again but Elsie Saunders came in to borrow a pattern and stayed an hour.

OUTSIDE, the boys were feeling very sorry for themselves when Gordon Morley yelled from his yard next door:

"Come on catching gophers. We get two cents a tail now," he invited.

Bobby and Jimmy promptly accepted and forgot their troubles in the efforts to snare the elusive gopher and to figure out how many tails would net them a cone and a chocolate bar each. They worked away, but in two hours had only one each and that just as the eight o'clock train whistled. Gordon was pulling up his sixth.

With all their naughtiness, there was one rule the twins never forgot; they had to be in their own yard at eight. So, giving Gordon one longing look, for he was hampered by no such rules, they sped across the prairie, sorely tempted to stay.

Why, the gophers were just beginning to come out and goodness knows how many cents they were losing. But after the expression on their father's face, they didn't feel like taking any chances.

Not bothering to put away their traps, they dropped down under the maple tree near the back door and took stock of their troubles.

"S'pose we won't get that pony?" Bobby asked.

"Guess not. He was pretty mad."

"S'pose why? They weren't so awful bad. Benny Prouse got a worse one."

"They were some bad," Jimmy was forced to admit. "But he needn't of made such a fuss."

There wasn't much to say on the subject, knowing full well they could have worked harder for the coveted pony. So they turned their conversation to their grandmother.

"How long do you 'spect she's going to stay?"

"Don't know. S'pose for a year. But, oh, gee, I hope she goes soon. Hear her call us lambs?" Great disgust.

"And precious! If any of the fellows had been heré! We'd never hear the last of it."

Bobby's mouth opened and stayed open till he looked like a fly-catching Kewpie. The mere thought of any of the boys discovering that they were called names like that in the home circle was too much for him. Why, they'd never be able to live it down!

Then he thought of his own private grievance, much bigger than Jim's. "She kissed me. You've got nothing to kick about."

"Wasn't I smart to get away?" Jim giggled. "Golly, Bob, if you could have seen yourself." He rolled over in his mirth.

"S'nothing to laugh at. Bet she gets you next time."

This sobered Jimmy. "Maybe she'll be gone before that," he said, hopefully. "Couldn't we put some of them tails in her bed? That'd scare her so's she'd be sure to leave."

"Yes; and when mother catches us, what then? Get a better think than that." Bobby knew there were limits.

"Think yourself this time. I did."

They were both silent for a while. Finally Jimmy said:

"Maybe if she didn't like it here, she'd went."

"Maybe, but how are we going to fix it so's she doesn't, I'd like to know?"

That stumped Jimmy for awhile, then he had a sudden brain wave. "If we make an awful lot of noise, banged the doors and . . ."

"And was as bad as we could be," Bobby interrupted. Once getting the idea he was eager to add a few helpful hints.



When they stick glue in the cats' fur to see if it is good enough to stick their kites.

"Mother'd be cross," Jimmy was sure of that.

"Likely," Bobby replied, philosophically. "But we can pretend we didn't mean it."

"She'll scold and maybe lick us."

"Yes, and if Grandmother keeps calling us lambs and kissing us all the time . . ."

"You bet." Jimmy saw that point clearly enough. "But do you s'pose she will go if we make noises?"

"Sure." Bobby was poor on first ideas but after that you couldn't stump him. "She can't bear noise. Mother said we'd have to be special quiet while she was here."

"Then let's here tonight so maybe she'll leave tomorrow."

THEY got up and walked round the house and into the front hall. Just as Jimmy was preparing to slam the door hard enough to have it all off its hinges and Bobby had the traps lifted high to drop with a thud, their grandmother's voice came to them:

"As I said, I'd think both of you would be ashamed treating the poor lambs like that."

Jimmy and Bobby looked at each other. She must have been talking of them. They didn't notice the "lambs," but moved softly closer to listen.

In the living-room mother was knitting, while their father leaned back in his rocker and smoked. Mrs. Hardy was sitting bolt upright in a chair and glaring at the other two.

"Mother thinks we are regular tyrants, Mac," Irene laughed.

"So you are. Poor children. Think how boys love a pony. The pleasure they would have with one."

"Maybe," there was no softening in Mac's voice.

"I'd get a lot of pleasure in signing a report that didn't make me blush to read."

"Perhaps; but as far as the signing went, no one but a handwriting expert would know whose name it was," Mrs. Hardy replied, drily. Mac had grown up next door to Irene and her mother felt no scruples in talking to him.

"That's the truth, mother; I often tell him no one can read what he writes," Irene laid down her knitting. This promised to be good.

"That's different. I'm not at school."

"And no one would ever know you had been; to see you write. Then you refuse the boys a pony you can well afford, just because they aren't at the head of their class."

"Now mother," he grinned, "they are not even in the middle. Number in class, thirty-five, standing in class, thirty-fourth. I believe Bobby was and Jimmy thirty-fifth."

"That was nothing to make a fuss over. Someone has to be last."

"I know, but I hate to have my family monopolizing the place," Irene said. "If I had ever given a child a report like that it would have worried me sick, not that I blame Miss Knight," she added hastily. "And, mother, Mrs. Smith showed me Jean's and it said: 'doing very well.'"

"You shouldn't compare them with girls. Boys are naturally naughtier."

"Or unnaturally," Mac observed.

"It's no use, mother. I know you are sorry for the boys but if you had to live with them, you'd know they could be better if they tried. And why get them the pony till they are?" Irene sighed. She couldn't forget the boys' stricken look as they went out.

"I'm not saying they could not act better," Mrs. Hardy spoke with the air of one who has not finished her little say. "All children could be better than they are; but what do you want, two sissies? Then, too, I can't remember either of you being the model of our street. I had my worries, and if I remember correctly, Mrs. Vincent found you no treat, Mac."

"Oh, now, mother, we weren't so bad as children," he said.

"Maybe I wasn't an angel but I never got reports like that. I'd have been ashamed to take one home if it read like their's," Irene said.

"Do you think so?" her mother asked.

"And not only their reports but their general conduct is the worst I ever saw. They think of more naughty things to do in a day than I ever did in a week." Mac was sure of that.

"Oh! Do you remember the nest of mice you put in the teacher's desk and how she went into hysterics. They had to call a doctor."

Out in the hall the boys looked at each other. That was a good idea. And they knew where there was a nest, full of little tiny, pink ones. But they might miss something so turned back to their listening. Mac was protesting.

"Are you sure it was I, mother? I can't remember doing anything like that."

"I can," Irene said. "You got a terrible licking and were kept in for weeks. You certainly were no example for the boys."

"And neither were you." Mrs. Hardy showed no favors. The poor boys needed someone to take their parts. The lambs! "I found this in the attic just before I came out so I brought it to show you, never dreaming I'd need it to protect the boys." And feeling in her pocket, she produced a small report card, yellow with age.

"Irene Hardy, age nine. Reading, poor; writing, poor; arithmetic, poor; spelling, poor; conduct, unsatisfactory. And in the margin, 'Irene is very naughty and unless she improves in her conduct and goes to work, she will be put back a grade'." Mrs. Hardy looked triumphantly at them.

Irene flushed. She'd forgotten ever bringing home a card like that. But Mac reached for it.

"So this is why the twins are so bad!" He read it over, shouting with mirth. "Irene! And you always pretending that their habits came from

Continued on page 47



# Veteran Canadian Author Relates Stirring Incident in Confederation History

*Charles Mair, LL.D., Canadian Poet and Patriot, Had a Long, Adventurous Career. Was Nearly Hanged by Louis Riel When Imprisoned at Fort Garry. Escaped With Dr. Schultz With the Help of Mrs. Mair and Robert McBeth (Father of Rev. Roderick McBeth of Vancouver), Original Selkirk Colonist.*

"I HAVE been pioneering all my life," remarked Charles Mair, LL.D., veteran Canadian author, poet and patriot, when interviewed in Victoria, B.C., recently. "I have pioneered in the Red River, in the Peace and Mackenzie river basins, in the embryo cities of Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Lethbridge, Fort Steele and Kelowna. In the latter Okanagan town, I built the second frame house. Yes, and I was also a prisoner in Fort Garry during the most troublous times experienced in the West — put there, too, by Louis Riel himself. Had it not been for the bravery of my dear wife, I should have been hanged; so would Dr. Schultz and several others, but we escaped. I tell you, we all carried our lives in our hands in those days—but we were determined nevertheless to do all in our power to foster the interests of a united Canada. But let me tell you how we celebrated the first Dominion Day at Red River."

Mr. Mair, whose book, "Tecumseh and Other Poems," by the way, is being republished and is now on the press, went on to relate that a friendly band of loyalist settlers, knowing that the district of Assiniboia was soon to become a province, decided that on the first of July, 1869, the first Dominion Day for all the provinces (except British Columbia, which came in later) should not be allowed to pass without a fitting celebration. Confederation had been effected in the East, and though the formalities at Red River had not been finally completed, they would soon be concluded. Accordingly it was agreed that a flag should be made, for no loyal demonstration could be carried through without a fitting emblem.

But a flag was of little value without a stout pole on which to hang it—and the getting of such a pole was not a light matter. "But we began to get everything ready in good time," continued the veteran author. "My wife, assisted by Lady Schultz, who, by the way, is still living at an advanced age in Winnipeg, began to make the actual flag. Industrious, for weeks ahead of the first great national anniversary, they sewed until it was finished. The flag was a beauty. We were all proud of it. It was a splendid Union Jack which bore the word 'CANADA' across it in block letters—but for all of our hopes and hard work, that flag, to our sorrow, was never destined to remain floating in the breeze above our heads, as we had so fondly anticipated.

"We were all very proud of that flag, especially as nearly every family living in the Red River colony at that time had taken an interest in its manufacture; and we were determined that on the day it should be run up, we would make a great holiday, with ceremonies proper and fitting to the occasion. So, with the help of William Drever, brother of the good lady who is now the wife of Bishop Pinkham of Calgary, I went out to Pointe du Chien, and cut a beautiful spruce tree for a pole, bringing it in thirty miles over rutty dirt roads to Main Street. The spot chosen for its erection was on the corner of Dr. Schultz's lawn, which bordered the main thoroughfare then, in the rising hamlet of Winnipeg.

"Well, our enthusiasm continued, and we got a hole dug into which we put the 100-foot pole in due course on the last day of June. All details were completed. On the morning after, Red River would commemorate its first entry into confederation; it would become a unit of Empire.

"But all was not as well as surface conditions indicated. There were rumblings of discontent around us, of which we were somewhat uneasily aware. The Kildonan settlers, for instance, were not all unanimous about the entry of Assiniboia into the Federation, and some very interesting history surrounds that part of the matter, if you care to look it up. They were very loyal to the old regime, and to the interests of the old Company

By Mary H. T. Alexander



Chas. Mair, LL.D.  
Dean of Canadian Authors

which had been responsible for the growth of the colony in the first place, and they were very conservative. There were others in opposition, however, of a more desperately serious kind.

"Opposite Dr. Schultz's house on Main Street, the Winnipeg of those days boasted a tough public house—a gaming, drinking place—known as the 'Red Saloon.' It was a regular road house where teamsters, rough travelling men and Irish harvesters of a similar calibre gathered and played their games of chance, in off moments of taking their ease. It was headquarters, too, of more than one political faction and included some Fenians from over the international border. Two such characters were seated on chairs in front of the saloon, watching us, and spitting, talking and swearing, as we erected the flagpole. They were active ring-leaders in the Fenian disturbances named Bob Lone and John Lenan, and had drifted over the border after the American civil war—but though we saw them, we did not dream of the nefarious scheme they had hatched in their bad minds; so after our work was done, we all went home contentedly to bed, mayhap to dream of the day when Canada would take its place in the concert of nations. What was our dismay next morning on turning out with full hearts to begin our ceremonies and salute our beloved flag, to find a hostile group gathered in readiness to oppose us. What was our dismay to find the Union Jack torn down by the crowd, some of whom made off with it, while others ran up their dirty Fenian flag in its place!"

MR. MAIR went on to tell that the flag over which their loyal women-folk had labored so long and so lovingly, was never recovered again, and even though a lapse of fifty-seven years had occurred since that time, there were traces of fire in his tones, as he told of how it had been reported that the indignity of trampling upon it, and of spitting on its beautiful embroidery, had been part of the outrages which those rascally Fenians had committed.

"We were astounded and indignant," continued Mr. Mair, "so after consultation with the committee, Dr. Schultz, myself and a few others

decided to teach these scoundrels a lesson. Consequently seventy of us got our guns and, gathering together in a mass to prevent interference, we deliberately took aim and firing, did not stop until that dirty Fenian rag was in shreds and tatters. The Fenians were helpless to attack us, as we were the larger body of men."

Much of Mr. Mair's undaunted spirit remains with him still, as in the evening of his days he sits quietly in his room in a nursing home in Victoria, B.C. Though eighty-eight years old, his ability as a clear, coherent raconteur is quite undimmed. He has none of the usual rambling garrulousness of great old age, but is concise and very entertaining. Full of tales of the Canada which he has seen grow up, he can yet talk interestingly of other countries. His literary knowledge, of course, is well known to hundreds of book lovers throughout the entire Dominion, but though he was born in Ontario, he is as keen a Scot as if he had been born in Edinburgh. Indeed, to hear him quote old border ballads and talk of Auld Reekie, Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh, is to be transported to that beautiful land as exactly as if the speaker had been born there himself. Mr. Mair is of Scottish descent, and is proud of it.

Born at Lanark, Ontario, on September 21st, 1838, educated at Perth High School, he afterwards attended Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, his *alma mater* afterwards awarding him the honorary degree of LL.D. for his services to Canada and to the literature of his country.

IN 1868, Mr. Mair went to Ottawa to pursue some literary work, meeting there a number of kindred spirits, among them the late Colonel Denison, who became the celebrated police magistrate. Full of enthusiasm for all things pertaining to the nation in embryo and for political discussion, these young men met in each other's rooms weekly for mutual intercourse and debate, with the result that they formed the first patriotic and political organization known to the history of the new country, known as the "Canada First Association," the main object of which was to foster national sentiment.

In 1869 Mr. Mair went as one of a party of surveyors, sent to report on conditions in regard to the possibilities for making a road Westward, for the floodtide of emigration was then striking the Dominion. Taking his bride with him, they went on to Portage la Prairie, and then to Red River, where they made their home, and where the incident of the flag outrage took place. Soon after that, the first Riel rebellion occurred and Mr. Mair, with several others, was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Garry.

"I really owe my life to my dear wife's efforts," said Mr. Mair in relating the story. "She was so brave, so undaunted by Riel's belligerent attitude, that she gave us all hearts of grace, and we obeyed her instructions implicitly in effecting the escape. Dr. Schultz, Malcolm McLeod (who, by the way, is also still living and his home is in Edmonton, Alberta) and myself got away, and were helped by the big Highlander, father of Dr. Roderick Macbeth, my old friend, Presbyterian Minister at Vancouver. Dr. Schultz travelled with me on foot many hundreds of miles, but we had a terrible time before we got back to Ontario."

Mrs. Mair has now passed to the Great Beyond and sleeps in a quiet God's Acre in Victoria, B.C., but her memory is greatly revered by the aged widower who says that when he passes on, whether it be in Calgary, Victoria, or any other part of Canada, like the devoted couple in the old Scottish ballad of "John Anderson my Jo," they will sleep together at "the foot" of the hill until the Judgment Day, for he has directed in his will that his late wife's remains are to be exhumed and placed in the same grave as his own.

Continued on page 45



*The Plodder Wins His Reward  
—But Not in This World*

# The End of the Race

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

By Ralph Durand

DIGBY breasted the tape a clear hundred yards ahead of the next runner, and when the time-keeper announced that he had broken the public-school record for the mile flat-race by as much as one and a half seconds such a cheer went up that even elderly aunts who had faced the tedium of the Victoria College sports merely to please dear Tommy or Dicky, caught the infection of the moment and waved their parasols.

In less than a minute everyone on the ground knew that some great thing had been achieved—everyone, that is, except the last of the runners, and he was still plodding doggedly along the track, a solitary and ridiculous figure—all alone.

Fellows of his own age had jeered at Johnson for insisting in running in the mile. His form master had tried for his own sake to persuade him not to enter. Everyone had known that he was physically incapable of attaining anything more than a shambling trot, and everyone had known that he would make an exhibition of himself that would be ludicrous if it were not so pitiful. Johnson got away badly, fell hopelessly out of the race in the first lap, and after that the distance between himself and the last runner but one steadily widened. His limbs seemed to work on rusty hinges. His knees knocked. He breathed gasping with his mouth wide open.

The race was all over long before he had finished the third lap—and yet he held on. Spectators breaking on to the track got in his way; some jostled against him, some jeered at him, some told him angrily not to make a fool of himself. But he heard neither advice nor taunts.

He was too nearly spent. The stitch in his side hurt like a knife. He saw as through a drifting fog, and the drumming of the blood in his ears sounded as if voices were shouting: "Well played, Johnnie! Stick it, old man! Well run! Well run!"

He finished the measured four laps at last, fell and lay panting for a few minutes, then picked himself up and went off, smiling proudly, to the dressing-room. Digby, dressing himself after a shower bath, told him the great news.

"Hullo, Johnnie. Heard what I've done? I've broken the public-school record."

"Have you?" said Johnson. "Good for the old school!"

It was the view that everyone on the ground, with the possible exception of Digby, was taking. Victoria College, as a matter of fact, was not an old school. As public schools go it was a brand-new one, and everyone realized that the great event would do much to raise its prestige.

Small boys thought with pride how they would crow over elder brothers at Rugby or Marlborough. Governors realized with satisfaction that Digby's achievement had brought appreciably nearer the day when Victoria College

would attain to the dignity of a waiting-list. House masters reflected with satisfaction that it might soon be possible to increase the fees.

Digby and Johnson had gone up the school together, Digby taking promotion in his stride, Johnson keeping pace with him (always at the bottom of the form of which Digby was at the top) by sheer force of grinding, hard work. Digby had all the pocket-money that was good for him, Johnson's widowed mother with difficulty supplied him with the minimum that the school regulations demand-

*"Heard what I've done?  
I've broken the public-  
school record"*

ed. Digby was good to look at; nobody wanted to look twice at Johnson.

Johnson regarded Digby with fervent admiration that was wholly free from jealousy; and Digby loved him for it. The two shared a study and everything else they had. They had a common purse and even wore each other's trousers. That, at any rate, was the theory; in practice it was Digby's purse that provided bloater paste and muffins for the study tea, and it was Johnson who wore Digby's trousers—when the latter had no further need of them.

In theory they worked together; in practice, while Johnson quarried among the pages of his broken-backed Liddell and Scott in search of the meaning of the set passage of Homer. Digby used to amuse himself by writing Latin nonsense-verses and polishing them till they sparkled. Then he would pick up the Homer, read the set passage through once, look up a couple of words, and without effort make the passage clearer to Johnson in five minutes than Liddell and Scott had made it in an hour.

"D'you know what?" said Digby as they strolled back to the schoolhouse together. "We must keep this day in memory. On every anniversary of this day for the rest of our lives you are going to dine with me."

"Rather!" said Johnson heartily. "But I say! It was decent of the fellows to cheer me too, wasn't it?"

"You dear old ass, nobody cheered you."

"Someone did," insisted Johnson. "I couldn't recognize the voices, but someone was cheering me almost from the start."

AT OXFORD Digby found that his promise to maintain touch with Johnson was not so easy to keep as it had been to make. They went to different colleges and as time went on saw less and less of each other. In his first year Digby won a place in the university boat. Johnson indulged in no recreation that involved expenditure on anything more expensive than shoe-leather. Digby could not walk a hundred yards along the High without meeting a friend. Johnson seldom spoke to anyone except in hall. Occasionally when his conscience insisted on it Digby went to Johnson's rooms. Johnson never visited Digby's. He was too busy preparing for the ordeal of Smalls.

One night during their second year Digby burst into Johnson's rooms demanding congratulations.

"I've been speaking at the Union and one of the government whips was there. What d'you think?"





He wants me to go down at once and go in for politics."

"But you can't go down till you've taken your degree."

In Johnson's eyes the taking of a degree was a difficult but not impossible achievement, the winning of which cleared the way to fame and fortune.

"Rot! He says that to a man like me a degree is worth no more than a third-down arithmetic prize. He says there's no limit to what I could do if I let him put me up to the ropes."

"I suppose it doesn't matter so much for you," said Johnson, as you haven't got your own living to earn. But don't do anything rash. I should hate you to come a mucker through not taking a degree."

Johnson had the fear of coming a mucker always before his eyes. He knew that his mother was sacrificing capital to keep him at the university, capital which it was understood he was to begin to pay back immediately his degree was obtained. On the subject of the particular profession that was to enable him to pay it back his views were still vague. But as the highest posts are obtained by the men who get the highest degrees, he had determined, with but little encouragement from his tutor, to read for honors.

To this end he worked every day, all day and far into every night, denying himself all pleasures, and — which was even more difficult — denying himself the gratification of overwork. He lived by a dreary time-table: so much time every day for lectures, so much for private study, so much for exercise, so little for the bare amount of recreation insisted on by his tutor lest his mind become stale. The possibility of failure haunted him, but he would not face it. He could not afford to fail!

DIGBY took the whip's advice, went down from the university, and went to school again as unpaid private secretary to a cabinet minister. In due course he was allowed to contest an election. The chance was given him more as part of his political education than because the party managers expected him to win the seat, but he succeeded beyond his backer's wildest hopes. The seat was in his own county, which counted for much. He had inherited a large fortune, which counted for more than it should.

He had the power of expressing in a few epigrammatic phrases what a blue book would need three hundred pages to say. This qualification appealed to serious voters. But he owed his victory in the main to an event that endeared him to voters who would not have known that an election was in progress if the canvassers had not told them. A week before polling-day he rode his own horse in the Grand National and won the race. After that polling was a mere formality!

Digby telegraphed the news to Johnson, and Johnson, who was in the thick of agony of the last week before Greats, put the telegram in his pocket and forgot it ten minutes after he had received it.

Within three months Digby eclipsed all his previous triumphs. He made his maiden speech in the House, and made it so well that in the lobby afterward cabinet ministers prophesied a great career for him, and even members of the opposition congratulated him and generously admitted that his speech had cost them votes. And to make his

triumph complete chance arranged that the following night should be the night on which the Victoria College old boys' dinner was held.

In the afternoon before dinner his contemporaries thought themselves lucky if they got a chance to shake hands with him, modestly allowing themselves to be shouldered away from his presence by men who had been in the sixth when they and Digby were fags; and the Head looked on smiling

course, you're in parliament, aren't you? I'd forgotten that. "I must get hold of a paper and read it. But, you know, you ought to have stayed up till you got your degree. It means so much to a man. Look at what it's done for me!"

A rich, ringing voice announced that dinner was served, and the Head led Digby to the centre table and placed him in the seat of honor on his right.

"Old Johnnie tells me that you've given him a job," said Digby as they unfolded their table napkins. "The dear old boy is as bucked up about it as if he'd won an election. But is he up to the weight, do you think? He only got a pass-degree, didn't he?"

"Barring the misfortune that he is no earthly use at games," said the Head, "he's exactly the sort of man I want. A more brilliant man would all the time be on the lookout for something better. Besides, you don't want a genius to drag the third through Phædrus and Xenophon. If you yourself had to hear fifty false quantities a day it would drive you into a lunatic asylum in six months — but it won't worry Johnnie. He'll keep plodding along like a conscientious old tortoise, always patient and always good-tempered. The boys won't learn much under him, but I swear they'll never forget what little they do learn. Now tell me a bit more about your work in parliament. Everyone will expect me to refer to it when I propose your health."

At the far end of one of the side-tables Johnson sat between two men whom he did not know. They tried to get into conversation with him, found it difficult, and left him to his own thoughts. Johnson wished for nothing better. He wanted to revel in his own thoughts. He had worked for his degree and won it. He had sought employment and found it. The long drain on his mother's capital was over and in little more than a month he would begin to repay her. The anxieties of the past were over and the future lay golden before him.

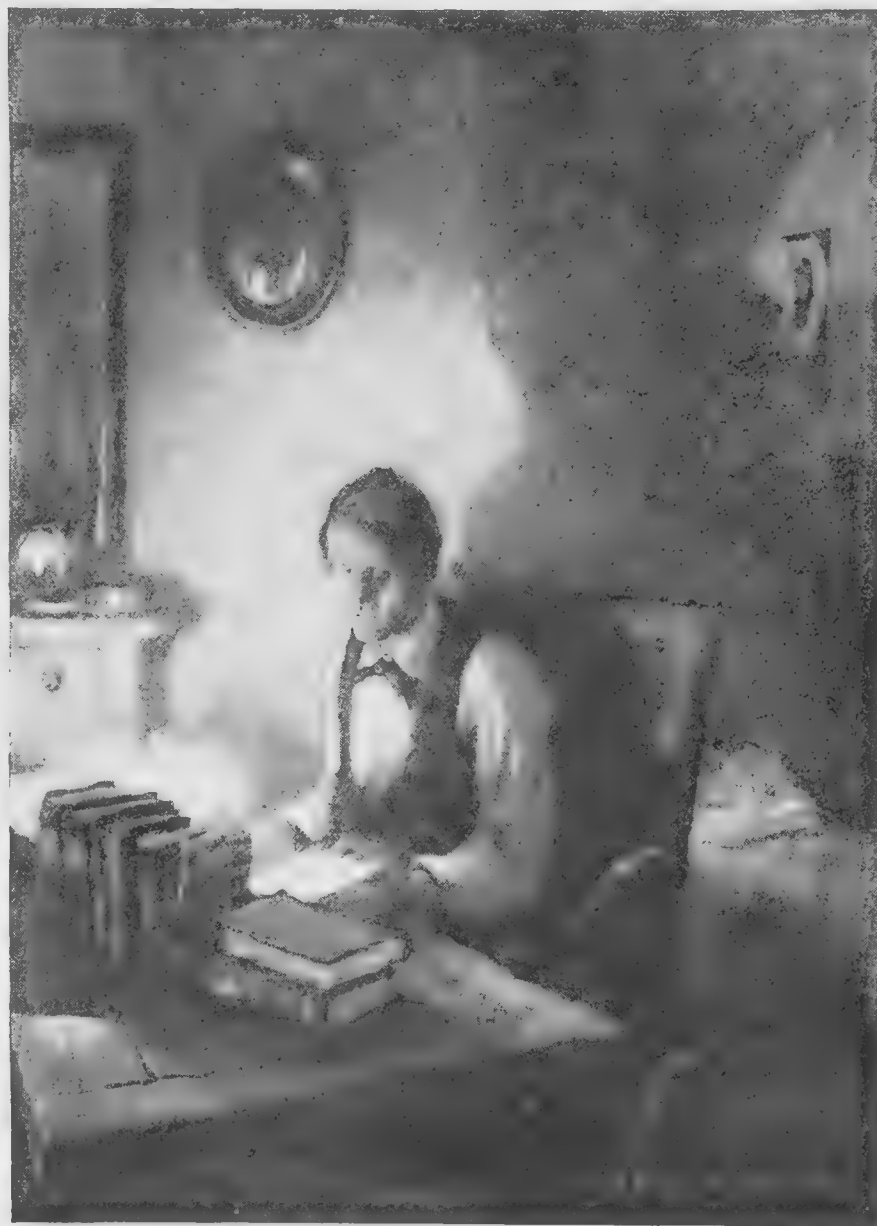
At intervals throughout the meal men who had been his contemporaries at school caught his eye and

nodded, smiling. Johnson supposed they had heard of his success and were congratulating him on it. When the Head rose to make the speech of the evening, the speech in which it was his custom to review the events of the past and the prospects of the coming year, he strained his ears in anticipation of reference to himself. And when the reference came it was in even warmer terms than he had dared to hope.

"I have kept till now," said the Head, after enumerating football victories and scholarships won, "the best item of news that directly concerns the school. Johnson—all you younger ones remember old Johnnie—is coming back to us next term as junior classics master."

Digby and his contemporaries cheered and thumped the table, and the rest of the Head's speech might have been in Sanskrit for all Johnson understood of it. His excitement set the blood buzzing in his ears. The faces in front of him blurred and swam mistily before him. He had had no wine—the cost of wine was not included in the price of the dinner-ticket—but, though he did

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*"To this end he worked every day, all day and far into every night, denying himself all pleasures, and—which was even more difficult—denying himself the gratification of overwork"*

triumphantly as if he and he alone were responsible for the success of the man whom the morning newspapers had hailed as a budding prime minister. But Digby broke away from the throng of his admirers when Johnson came into the anteroom and stood blinking through his spectacles in search of familiar faces.

"What ho, Johnnie!" he cried. "What's your news?"

"Hasn't the Head told you?" exclaimed Johnnie, pumping Digby's outstretched hand up and down. "Why, man alive, he's offered me a splendid job! I'm going back to the old school next term as third-form classics master. I've always had wonderful luck, but I never hoped for anything as good as that. Just the sort of job I've always wanted, too, and no worry about the future. I'll get a pension, you know, after thirty-five years."

"Good for you, old boy!" cried Digby heartily. "But look here. Shan't I see if I can't get you something better? Job in the Education Department or something? I believe I've got some influence with the government after my speech last night."

"Did you make a speech last night? Why, of



# The Name

By Victor Young

Illustrated by K. Allan

IT WAS in the days before prohibition, and perhaps that helped to explain it. That helped to explain a number of things, anyway. But whatever it was, the fact remained that ministers did not flourish long in the near-western town of Gatey. It was hard-boiled. That was admitted even by the inhabitants themselves. The preachers added several discouraging things to that summing word. This they did because they could do nothing with the town, and had to have some excuse for their failures. No sooner had they gathered a fair-sized flock together, when something would happen, like a wolf, and the fold would scatter and disappear once more. Do not blame the ministers too heavily. It was not their fault. In most cases they were not to blame at all. One year the wolf came in the form of a fire which burned down the church. Another time he sneaked in as a plague, a plague of fever, and again the sheep disappeared. Once the minister himself became sick, and died. And so on, down a long list of tragedies, all with the same outcome, the church became poorer and poorer. Not financially poorer, you understand; the ministers would have told you that was impossible, because in their opinion its poverty was already at its extreme. Not financially, but poorer in attendants. It discourages a minister more than anything else to have to get up and preach the gospel to about half a dozen people, when the empty room in the pews could easily seat over a hundred more persons. It was this that caused gray hairs to enter the harrassed head of the clergyman. This, and all the other things that went to make up a complete failure. So when young Roche came to Gatey to handle the spiritual side of the town's affairs, it was predicted that he had not a chance at all, and would come to an early end, considering his youth and inexperience.

But Roche proved those prophets to be wrong. He did do things. He believed in what he said, and his earnest, cheerful young face did a lot more for the white-washed church than had the bearded visages and heavy words of his more experienced predecessors. The people liked him instinctively, for the most part, and that won half his battle. In something less than three months, he had the Church and Sunday School farther ahead and more closely packed than his forerunners had had them after years of patient labor. But he had only started.

Thus far, his congregation consisted of women and children, with just a thin sprinkling of men. He wanted more men. More than that; he wanted the other kind of men; the kind that needed the church. But these men—well, what with a friendly bar on which to lean their elbows, cheap liquor, and hot weather, could you expect them to change from the hardest of the hard-boiled to gentle lambs of the fold all in the short course of three months? Roche realized these arguments, and set out to overcome them. What the church needed, he told himself at nights when he sat in the little study at the rear of the building, was the men of the town who had real influence; the ones who had friends on and off the bar-tender's list of patrons. He picked the names of these choice few, and started out hopefully to see them, with a view of impressing on them their duty to the church and to their fellow men, and with an idea of convincing them that they should set an example to be followed by the rest of the hard-boiled. He started, you understand, hopefully, but he started with Doctor Grant, and promptly struck a large and unyielding snag.

Doctor Grant would have none of the church, none of religion, none of setting examples, and none of any young fellow's cheek. He would have

liquor, that was all. Day after day the town's one and only medical man would take his place in one corner of the Golden Ball, Gatey's well patronized saloon, and there proceed literally to drown himself. Some, when Roche expressed his puzzlement to them, said that the doctor did it to forget, but discreetly closed their mouths and kept them closed when the young minister asked them what it was the other wished to forget. Roche was stopped, completely and indefinitely. Doctor Grant, despite his rather moist ways, was a prominent figure in the affairs of Gatey, and was looked upon by the majority of its people as a leader, which Roche could not understand, and without his support and approval, the plan of the churchman was doomed to an early death. Roche's dream of a full congregation of erstwhile sots remained a dream, and the sots remained sots, and it seemed as though that was the end of it.



THEN, on a hot, sweltering night, a night which only the dwellers of deserts are able to understand, a panting messenger came to Roche and told him that he was wanted.

"It's the Widow Boyce," he explained, to the young minister's question. "She's in trouble, bad. You go down this road north for about two miles, turn to the west, then, and strike along a wide cow trail. It'll take you to another road, and follow it until you come to a house. That's your place. An look, you may be a parson and have religion an' all, but ride like hell, regardless. So long."

The man wandered off in the direction of the Golden Ball, conscious of having done all he was asked to do, and was soon listening to the stories of the rail huggers of the saloon, and had forgotten all about the minister.

Roche saddled his horse and disappeared into the night. For nearly an hour he rode, puzzling out the hazy sense in the other's words, and trusting more to the horse than to his own knowledge to find the way. He wondered what he might be wanted for. The Widow Boyce was in trouble, bad. That was all he knew. Who was the Widow Boyce? He had barely heard of the name in his brief stay in the town. However, he rode on through the darkness, and in a way miraculous to

all but a horse rider, he at length found himself getting off before a small, roughly built house, and quickly tied his mount in an adjoining shed.

"Come in, come in," sobbed the woman who answered his knock, and who proved to be the widow herself, with her still pretty face drawn and tired with recent suffering. "Come in, maybe you're just in time to see him off." And she broke out weeping again.

Roche endeavored to quiet her, and asked the trouble. For answer, she led the way into a small room, where, on a little bed in the centre, lay a pitifully small boy, with large, glassy eyes, burning face, and parched lips murmuring incoherent sentences, tossing restlessly upon the bed.

The mother knelt at once by the side of the bed, and took her boy's hand. Roche saw the staring eyes, the hot, dry skin, the restless moving of the small body, and blamed himself bitterly for not learning something of medicine. The woman sobbed uncontrollably, holding the nervous, small hand of the child in her own as though trying to restrain him from entering another world. A long stream of meaningless words poured from the moving lips of the boy, falling unheeded on the ears of the minister. Only the sobs of the distracted mother, the boy's upturned, burning face, and staring eyes, and the mother's face as she bent over her child, forced themselves on his mind. Roche turned away, sick at his helplessness, and swallowed something in his throat.

"How long has this been going on," he asked.

"The fool preacher," he murmured, "collapsing on the table again wearily. 'Lea' me alone."

"Since last night," she answered, between sobs. "I've done everything I could. He surely isn't going to go. He's so—so— young. All—I have in the

world. His father went—year he was born, nine years ago. I—I couldn't bear—to—lose—him." She sobbed again.

Roche swallowed. "But—but what does the Doctor say?" he enquired, bathing the face of the child. "What does he say, the trouble is, and where is he?"

The woman's eyes flashed for an instant. "In town, drinking, I suppose," she replied, with bitterness in her voice. "He hasn't seen him. I don't know—"

"What? Hasn't Doctor Grant been out?"

"No."

"Why not? Didn't you send for him?" Roche saw the mother tighten her lips and shake her head.

"I never sent for him because it wouldn't have made any difference," she answered. "You don't know Dr. Grant, sir, I guess. He drinks all the time. Never attends to cases any more, now. Ten years ago it was different, very different, but now—" She shook her head. "He wouldn't be of any use if we did send for him, and he did get here; he'd be drunk. You don't know him."

A restless movement of the child drew her attention back to him again, and her hands sought to soothe his weak outburst. Roche's eyes took in the scene again. The little room, full of flickering shadows in the uncertain lamp light. The mother kneeling by the side of the sick child, perhaps the dying child. The boy's unnaturally bright, staring eyes, his burning hot face, the murmurs and sobs, the sobs and murmurs. He turned his eyes away, maddened at his complete helplessness. The child was dying for the lack of medical knowledge. The Doctor was probably in—

"I'm going to get the Doctor," he announced, rising from his chair.

The woman looked up from the bed. "It won't be any—"

"I'll get him, then we'll see."

She looked at him again. Was there a glad light in her eyes. Then—

"But you can't; he won't come with you."



"He'll come with me," promised Roche, grimly. "I'll bring him back with me. Now, don't you worry. I won't be any longer than I can possibly help. We have to get the Doctor out here; he's the only one that knows what to give the child."

He left the house and went out to his horse. Then followed the long, dark ride back through the half known country, always with a vision of a sick child and a kneeling mother rising up before him. He urged his horse faster. After a long, long time, or so it seemed to him, the vague outlines of the unlighted town rose before his eyes, and he galloped down the street.

He drew rein at the door of the Doctor's house, jumped off, and started to knock at the door. No answer from within. He pounded again, and waited, impatiently. The other door was tried, and the same result obtained. A passerby caught his attention, so he hailed him and questioned the man.

"Doctor Grant?" repeated the other. "Sure, there's only one place where he'd be at this time, sir. Go to the Golden Ball. That's where he'll be, sir. Any trouble?"

"Thanks, yes, the Widow Boyce's boy is sick," returned the minister, disappearing in the direction of the saloon.

A MOMENT later he pushed in the swinging door, and entered the place. Through the blue haze of tobacco smoke and the reek of spilled liquor he made his way to the bar rail and looked around. The men nearest him stopped talking, and stared at him curiously, some of them shamefacedly hiding their glasses. What was this young minister doing in here? Was he going to preach to them. He was not.

"Can you tell me where Dr. Grant is?" he questioned the bar-tender that came to him. The man's kindly eyes sobered instantly, as he glanced across the room. He nodded his head to the corner, and pointed to a table.

"He's over there, sir," he said. That man sitting at the far table with his back this way. He's pretty far gone, though, sir. I hope there's no trouble?"

"A young boy sick," returned the minister. "I'll go over to him."

Roche went to the table pointed out, and found the Doctor sprawled across it in a drunken stupor. His head was buried in his arms, and he appeared to be lifeless. The minister leaned over him and gently shook the other by his shoulder.

"Doctor Grant," he called.

The older man raised himself a little, shook his head, and slowly opened his eyes. For a moment he peered up into the face of the other.

"S the fool preacher," he murmured, collapsing on the table again wearily. "Lea' me lone."

"Doctor Grant," started the minister, "you're wanted at once. There's——"

"Not wanted," muttered the other, irritably moving to one side to avoid the other's hands. "Leave me alone, I tell you."

"But Doctor Grant," spoke Roche, attempting to raise the other again. "You're wanted, bad. A child is sick, maybe dying. You're the only person that knows what to give it to help it. He——"

"Take han's off me," came a sleepy murmur from the Doctor. "Go 'way."

"But there's a child dying," interposed Roche. "Dying, doctor, dying. Come at once and try to save it."

"Quit shakin' shoulder," commanded the other, raising himself listlessly upon one elbow. "Stop it."

"Well, will you come?"

"What for?"

"Why," gasped Roche unbelievably. "I told you that there is a child sick. I want you to come and see if you can do anything."

"Can't do nothing," asserted the Doctor, picking up his empty glass and raising it unsteadily to his lips. "Can't do nothin' but drink. Here, Chips, bring me and the parson here some——"

Roche interrupted. "You have to come with me. This boy is——"

"Won't go with you," corrected the older man, leering up into the face of the young minister. "Won't go anywhere."

"But——"

"Keep quiet," said the Doctor. "Let me talk. What're you doin' in the Golden Ball? What're you doin' in a saloon? Havin' a drink, eh? I bet you. Fine minister, you are. Go home."

Roche began to get more worried. He was wasting time. The memory of the sick boy flashed across his mind again. He had to get the Doctor out there to that vision in reality. Out to the little home in the darkness; out where the mother was sobbing over her boy. He had to. But——

"Doctor Grant," he shook the other again, "you have to come. It's a case of life and death. The child——"

"You here yet?" demanded the Doctor, looking up. "I tol' you I wouldn't go with you, didn't I? Go 'way."

"But it——"

"Go 'way."

"You can't——"

"Go 'way."

"I——"

"Go 'way."

THE minister stared down at the figure of the wreck that was once a man. It was plain that the other was beyond the helping stage. He needed help himself. And yet, with his medical knowledge, he was the only man who could do that sick

child dying. He's the only person in the town with any medical knowledge, isn't he?"

"I'm afraid so," nodded the other, polishing the surface through the force of habit, "and he's impossible to budge when he's in the state he's in now, too. I know him."

They fell silent.

"By the way, who's the sick child, did you say?"

"The son of Mrs. Boyce," returned Roche, brows creased with thought, "and I——"

"Does he know that?" interrupted the other, looking up from the shining surface he was polishing. "Did you tell him that?"

"Who?"

"The Doctor," said the bar-tender. "Does he know that it's the Widow Boyce's son that you want him for?"

"No, I don't believe I mentioned it. Why?"

"Now, I wonder if it would make any difference," spoke the other, in a musing tone, and look in the direction of the Doctor's table. "Oh, sorry, sir. You see, I think it might make all the difference in the world if he knew that, though I can't be sure. Ten years ago and more. Doctor Grant and a man named Boyce were rivals for the Widow Boyce's hand in marriage. She took Boyce, though for what reason I don't know. He was a fine fellow, of course, but then, so was the Doctor. Never came in here at all, then, and had a good

practice, and was a very well respected man in these parts. When she turned him down, he went to the dogs, as you can see now. Maybe if he knew it was for her sake, though, he might go with you. Then again, he mightn't. Can't tell. Ought to try it, anyway."

"Thanks," said the minister, as the other man moved away to attend the wants of a newcomer. "Thanks very much. I will try it."

Roche walked back to the side of the Doctor. He found him in the same position as he had left him; sprawled face down on the table. Roche looked down at the unkempt head of the older man, and thought. Then he smiled, and walked back to the bar-tender.

"Say, do you happen to know the maiden name of the Widow Boyce?" he asked. Then he thanked the other again, and turned away, with the eyes of the kindly bar-tender following him.

He went back to the Doctor. He leaned over, recalled the name the pleasant bar-tender had given him, and whispered in the ear of the other:

"It's for Nancy Haynes's sake, Doctor; for Nancy Haynes."

FOR a moment there was no movement from the other man to tell that he had heard, then slowly the unshaven face of the Doctor rose from the table. Slowly his eyes sought those of the man beside him, and gazed into them. Then slowly he dropped his to the surface of the table. Silence seemed

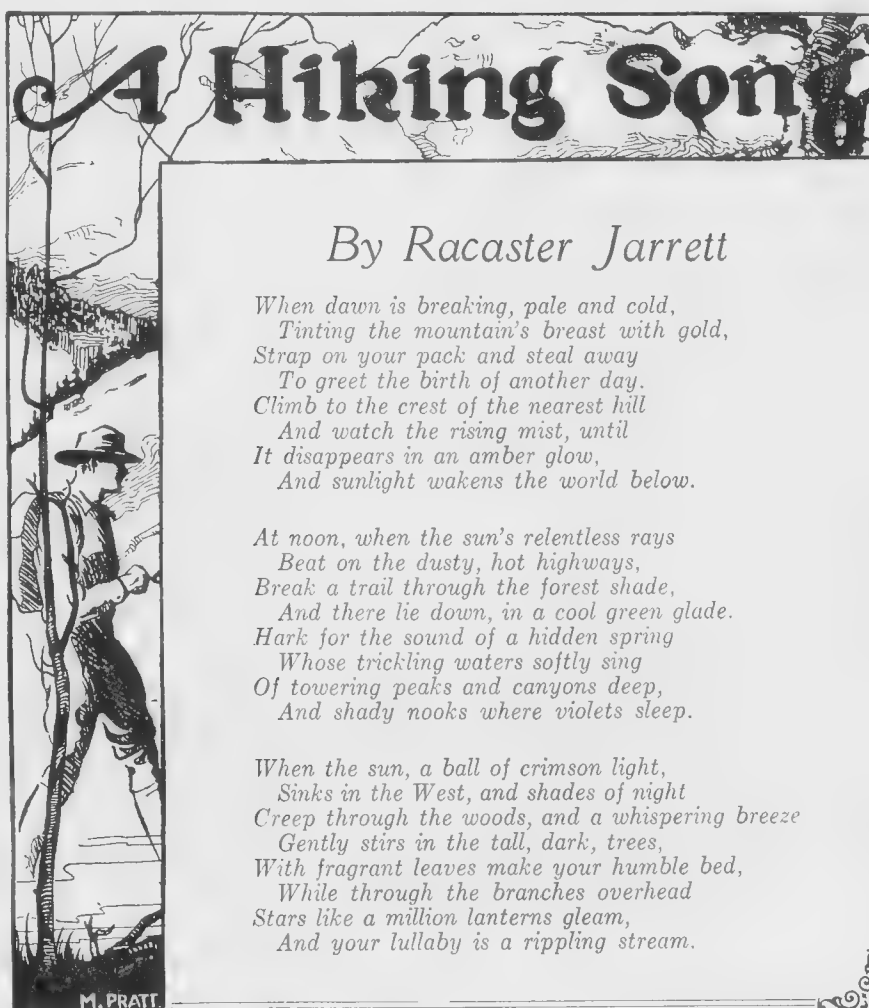
to have fallen on the room. Listening silence. The men at the rail forgot their glasses, and stared at the two. The noisy players of a card game ceased their talk and play, and turned their eyes towards the table in the corner. The groups of men at the tables throughout the room stopped whatever they were doing, and watched with the others. Watching and listening silence. It was as though the men realized the memories, the forgotten hopes, the jealousies, and the struggle that was going on within that hazy, liquor-dazed brain of the haggard man in the corner of the room.

The face raised again. "Did you say it was for Nancy Haynes's sake?"

"Yes," answered the minister, gravely watching the fight going on in the other's eyes. "For her sake. She wants you to come and save her boy."

The head of the Doctor sank again. Roche knew what was going on beneath that rough outer surface. He saw the fight of unforgotten love against ancient jealousies. The Doctor stared at the table, with unseeing eyes, looking back into the mists of years ago. Only his hand, resting on the smooth surface, clenching and unclenching until the knuckles were white, showed any of the emotions that were raging within him. The silence throughout the room became dense, the men seemed

Continued on page 70



## A Hiking Song

By Racaster Jarrett

When dawn is breaking, pale and cold,  
Tinting the mountain's breast with gold,  
Strap on your pack and steal away  
To greet the birth of another day.  
Climb to the crest of the nearest hill  
And watch the rising mist, until  
It disappears in an amber glow,  
And sunlight wakens the world below.

At noon, when the sun's relentless rays  
Beat on the dusty, hot highways,  
Break a trail through the forest shade,  
And there lie down, in a cool green glade.  
Hark for the sound of a hidden spring  
Whose trickling waters softly sing  
Of towering peaks and canyons deep,  
And shady nooks where violets sleep.

When the sun, a ball of crimson light,  
Sinks in the West, and shades of night  
Creep through the woods, and a whispering breeze  
Gently stirs in the tall, dark, trees,  
With fragrant leaves make your humble bed,  
While through the branches overhead  
Stars like a million lanterns gleam,  
And your lullaby is a rippling stream.

child any good. What was he to do, Roche asked himself. Force could not come to his aid, even if he might want to use it, for then the other man would be worse than useless. Yet, he had to get the Doctor to realize how important it was that he should go with him out to that home in the wilds. He had to make him realize the necessity. But, how could he?

He walked back to the bar, and stood thinking. He would have to give the Doctor a few minutes' rest, at least, before asking him again. But what then? The drunken man was almost certain to refuse again. The child. The Doctor. The weeping mother. They buzzed through his head; the different pictures, and always the thought of how he was to take the Doctor out to the child in the foreground of his thoughts. He had to get the Doctor out there. He——

"Did he give you any trouble, sir?" It was the bar-tender.

"Yes," Roche looked at him thoughtfully, wondering how the man came to be in these surroundings. He did not appear to be one of those to whom this place would appeal, yet here was, in it. Roche liked his looks, and wondered how he came to be here. "Yes," he answered, thoughts returning to his unsolved puzzle. "He wouldn't consider accompanying me. A very serious case, too. A





# She bought Fels-Naptha for its *extra* help!

*The extra help of safe, dirt-loosening naptha and golden soap, working together.*

This is why she kept on buying it: She was a young bride. When she started housekeeping she used Fels-Naptha Soap, as had been her mother's habit.

After awhile, however, she was tempted to try chips, powders and other cleaners. She wondered whether any other soap really could do more for her than Fels-Naptha.

When she had tried them all and found

that none did as much so easily, she came back to Fels-Naptha, and came back to stay!

She knows that Fels-Naptha gives her *extra* help! She knows that it makes clothes clean more easily and more quickly! Because Fels-Naptha is more than soap. A great deal more than just naptha soap. It is exceptionally good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined. This gives you *extra* washing help you'd hardly expect of any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price!

Thousands upon thousands of housewives have been getting Fels-Naptha's

*extra* help for years in all their household cleaning. They know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Why not go by their experience, and get this *extra* help, too?

Many women get the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha in the washing machine. They dissolve it first, or chip it directly into the machine.

They get more than just soap suds. They get suds enriched with dirt-loosening naptha—and that means *extra* help! Chipping Fels-Naptha only takes about 50 seconds. No bother. No fuss. No waste. Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# "Little Fool!"—Was She?

By May L. Armitage

THE tea-hour was at its height; the soft glow of electric lamps, the pungent odor of tea and cakes, numbers of smartly gowned women, voices a little more animated than earlier in the afternoon—

A group in an alcove somewhat detached from the others discussed their subject with vigor.

"But what, Adele, can you possibly gain?"

"Yes, and look at all the friends you will lose—"

"And the newspaper notoriety you will get—"

"Surely you're not going into it from the viewpoint of principle, are you?"

Adele—evidently the one of the group at whom all these remarks were fired, turned her rather mischievous brown eyes on the last speaker.

"Believe me or not," she said, "I am going into it from that very viewpoint."

"But politics—my dear, you make me smile! You certainly are young at the game!"

"So much the better! I'm not hampered by any moth-eaten precedents which were all askew anyway at the start. In plain English, I am going to take people as I find them, and I'm going to believe in the principles of my party until I get them disproved."

This was rather a long speech for a small lady under fire and Adele was flushed at its finish.

"And do you believe in Santa Claus too, my dear?" asked one of the older women with a cynical twist of her lip.

"If you don't look out," returned Adele good-humoredly, "I'll make a speech and then you'll know what I do believe; better come and hear me Wednesday evening for I'm honest-to-goodness going on the platform that night!"

The women in the group looked after the speaker with pitying glances as she made her farewells to her hostess.

"Another good girl gone wrong," sighed one with a head-shake.

"Little fool! They're just using her, of course; what's her husband thinking of?"

"Do you know I can't help admiring her just the same," said the youngest and fluffiest lady of the group; "it takes a lot of pluck to do it."

"She can get away with the platform part, too," quoth a near-sympathizer; "she was always a good debater at school and she ran the college paper; I'll bet she spends some midnight oil on it."

"But, my dear, you needn't tell me—there's something back of this (this from the eldest lady once more), there always is in politics; see if friend George doesn't land a magnificent job if the party makes good."

ADELE walked slowly homeward through the snowy streets; it was going to be harder than she had thought. Already some of her friends were looking askance, and there was that miserable "What-are-you-getting-out-of-it" atmosphere. "I suppose I won't dare wear any new clothes for a year after election even though I have my own income and George his practice," she murmured to herself.

"And yet those women would work their heads off for a polo tea or an unnecessary bridge" she thought. "Why can't they see that the political situation should be the first interest in view of what it means to their own homes and children if they don't want to go any further outside?"

On an impulse she altered her course and turned into a business street which brought her to an office building; entering she phoned upstairs and asked for a few moments with the candidate for whom she was working, Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Simmons greeted her warmly. Women voters were a puzzle to him; they had raised Cain till they got the franchise and now it was almost like having to raise the dead to get them out to vote or to show any interest whatever in politics. Adele was a bright spot on his horizon; she didn't always agree with what he said, but she asked intelligent questions and she was willing to help when needed.

"I'm believing in Santa Claus, according to the other women," was her greeting, "don't look astonished, they've just been ragging me—but I do want to talk this thing out."

"I'll tell you how I feel about it," she went on

without waiting for a reply, "I've studied the subject, used my brains as I would for anything else; I believe you are right—that your solution for the tangles of this country is feasible, therefore I'm behind you, and I want to influence the other women to get behind you. One thing I must ask you, though, Mr. Simmons—and you must not mind my asking—your election promises, we may omit the word 'election' and call them promises, may we not?"

"Mind you I'd vote against you in a minute," she hurried on, "if you thought the other way on the outstanding points of your platform; friendship or personality has nothing to do with it, but how am I going to convince my audience of my sincerity when I speak, my friends who are already asking me what I am 'getting out of it'?"

Simmons was an old campaigner, a politician of many years experience, yet with it all a man who had kept his ideals. He said nothing for a moment as his eyes rested on the snowflakes fluttering outside his window.

She didn't mind, at least, till after school, when Junior, aged seven, came in, his blue eyes woeful, his rosebud mouth a-quiver.

"What is it, my darling?" asked Adele on her knees beside him in a moment.

Junior had difficulty in expressing himself. "Mother—I—I wish you'd—you'd—just be a common lady," he managed, with a rush at the last.

"A common lady, darling; but am I not just a common lady?"

"No, mother, you're not—your name's in the papers and the fellows say you're a politishun, and I—well I—"

Here the overflow almost came. Adele scrambled to her feet and gathered him up with her, big boy though he was.

"Never mind, son. Mother has made just as scrumptious ginger cookies as any 'common lady' ever could. You bring Jim and Billy and Bert in and we'll have a party and play ball in the attic. Mother'll come up and be back-stop!"

Junior was off like a flash and the rest of the afternoon was a strenuous one.

It hurt, though. Just a "common lady," eh? Her son of seven years—was it worth while?

George blew in for dinner and was inclined to be facetious. He chuckled her under the chin with: "Know what the fellows are saying? 'How does it feel to be Mrs. Burgess' husband,' and 'Does your wife talk like that to you at home, George?'"

"And what did you tell them?" she countered.

"That they were jealous," he said from behind his paper. Still—he didn't quite like it; she knew the intonation.

Was it worth while? She thought it out that night. There she was with her gift of speech, her convictions, her ideals for her country, and against it stood the disapproval of her convention-bound friends, reluctant approval of her husband, uneasiness of her small son—

She recalled the glow of gratitude in Mr. Simmons' face when she finished her platform talk; she recalled the hand-clasp of the shabby old lady after the meeting and her tremulous "My dear, you do me good!"; she recalled the start with which some of the apathetic women in the meeting sat up as she whipped them into interest with her fire of facts—

It was worth while; why should her personality be drowned by convention or stupidity? Why should "the gospel according to Adele" in the political world be sneered at any more than if she were teaching a bible class? To her these principles meant progress for the country and prosperity for the people. Why should she not enunciate them?

If she had been given the brains to reason things out and the capability and personality to pass on in a magnetic manner the fruit of her reasoning, would it not almost amount to a sin if she should not make use of these God-given abilities and endeavor thereby to do something towards her share of assisting the progress of her country?

She turned over and went to sleep firm in her resolve to hold fast.

JUNIOR came rushing in from school next day somewhat disheveled but with shining eyes and words tumbling over one another.

"Mother, I know now why you vote for Mr. Simmons—us boys have been talking it all over—it's because he goes up and down the country making good laws; isn't it, Mother?"

"Indeed it is, Junior. Don't you think Mother is right?"

"You bet you are—I'm behind you, Mother—I just bloodied Jake's nose for him about it—you go to it Mother—I'll round the fellows up—"

Adele's smile had quick tears behind it as she washed her son's grubby paws. Loyal little soul! He's thought it out for himself too—according to his own reasoning—and he was going to "back her up" Worth while? Rather, if only to give him the chance!

"Too big to give Mother a kiss?" and the hug she gave him was a "big bear" one, sure enough.

## Her Laugh

By Abbie Craig

*THE nip of autumn, Jimmy Boy, has caught the out of doors;  
Ah! Smell the bitter hickory leaves and yonder orchard's breath  
Some day when I put down the plough these acres will be yours.  
I like to know my furrows will keep running after death—  
But think a bit about the bride you take to help you, lad;  
Be sure she has the laughter that your mother had.*

*Sometimes I can't remember, boy, the color of her eyes;  
I rather think that they were blue, I know her hair was brown.  
She kind of matched the butterflies in flitting walk and size;  
Her little twelve-year sister could have worn her wedding gown.  
But bells and brooks and bobolinks were never quite so sweet  
As just her rippling laugh across the golden wheat.*

*Down where the rows are apple-red I used to see her go,  
A baby clinging to her hand, her laughter full of joy;  
Sometimes it tinkled merrily, sometimes it bubbled low,  
But always it could make me smile in answer, Jimmy Boy.  
When trouble came, it was her laugh that helped me to forget.  
For me in every meadow path it echoes yet.*

*Sometimes the shrieking winds of March across the quaking hills  
Have mixed a happy tilting like a silver-hearted bell,  
As when I thought to bring to her the spring's first daffodils  
I heard her fluting, joyous trill, and knew the world was well—  
Son, all the hurts of yesterday have faded healingly  
Because I had a comrade who could laugh with me.*

"Such voters as you, Mrs. Burgess," he said when he spoke, "are the greatest force in the country for keeping politics clean. I give you my word of honor that my platform promises are honest, that I shall exert every effort in my power to keep them. By your attitude in asking assurance that I keep them you are of the greatest possible help to me. What we have to contend with all over is the flippant reception given a political programme. So few seem to take an ideal or a project seriously, hence the temptation to the vacillating man not to take them seriously himself. Believe me or not, but we have to work against the apathy of our supporters when we are in office as well as when we are out of office, instead of being urged on by their expectations."

"You will find the women are going to expect enough of you, Mr. Simmons," said Adele as she rose to go. "You have re-established my confidence; I shall try to pass it on tomorrow evening."

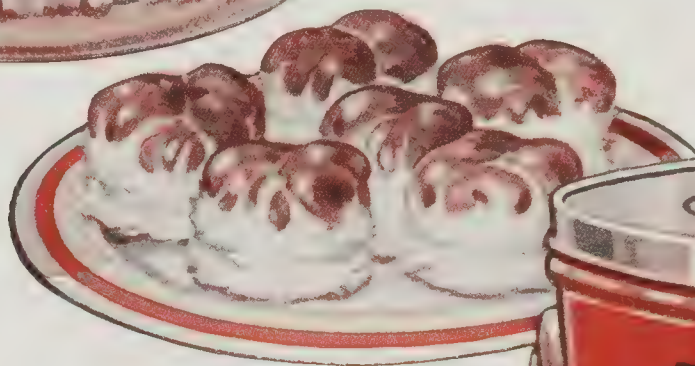
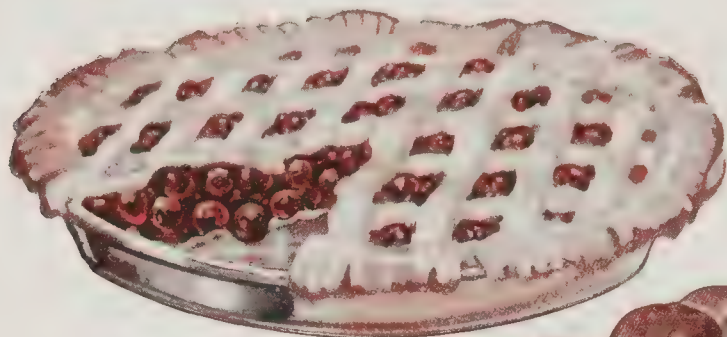
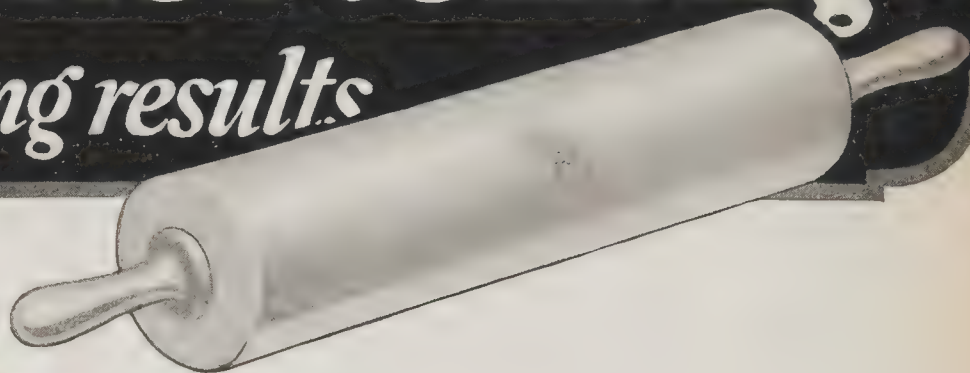
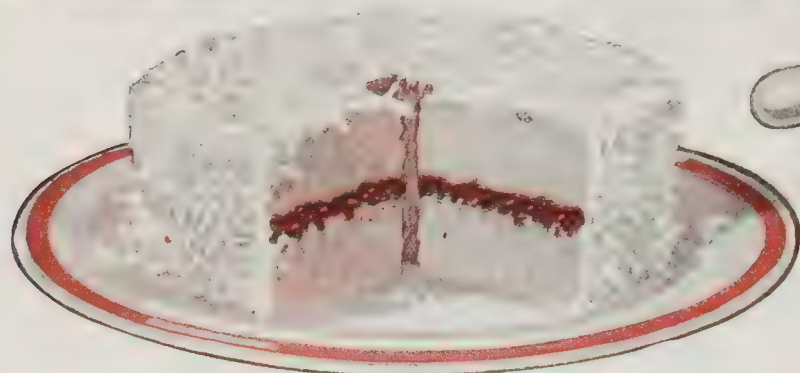
ADELE did pass it on the next evening. She was an easy speaker, and when alive to her subject, a magnetic one. Even her apathetic friends were half impressed that she was in earnest though they still breathed: "Little fool!"

The following day the papers were full of it, of course; some rather unkind things were hinted here and there, still, this was politics; Adele was exhilarated with her meeting—she didn't mind particularly.



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## “Jeannie Macgregor”

By Vincent G. Perry

Illustrated by K. Allen

**W**HAT becomes of all the Polyannas and other make-believe persons when they grow up? Do they cease being make-believers? This is the story of a make-believe girl who never ceased and became a make-believe old lady—perhaps that's because she was a Scotch Polyanna of the long ago.

For over sixty years Jeannie Macgregor had been making believe, and indeed she was so adept at it, that not for one moment had anyone in the village of Whiteport, the little New England nesting-place, realized her great deception. To begin with, she had no right to be called Mrs. Jeannie Macgregor at all—her name was really Jeannie Dougall. You'll need to know about that.

We'll go back just sixty years to find Jeannie Dougall seventeen. No bonnier lass was in all Scotland, and her heart was as happy as the heather on the hills, for Jeannie Dougall was betrothed and to the bravest lad ever—Donald Macgregor. In truth, at that moment many a lass would have been tearful of eye and sad at heart, for that very day Donald had sailed to America. But not Jeannie! Her heart was too full of love for the lad and hope for their future to let a sad thought creep in—and hadn't he gone to prepare a “hame” for her, a “hame” among the great rich folk in the land over the water. The waiting wouldn't be long, and it would be such fun making-believe in the meantime.

No-one had quite understood Jeannie, not even Donald; and now that he had gone the villagers whispered and condemned the lass for her lack of sorrow. While other maidens would have stayed home and waited in abject patience, Jeannie Dougall was on the hillsides singing—and such songs they were, of the future, of his letters, of his love, of their happiness. There was no-one to hear save Jeannie herself; though sometimes a shepherd who had wandered close in with his flock would pick up a scrap of her song and wonder what strange note it was that gripped at his heart strings.

But sorrow descended on Jeannie Dougall. Donald's letters had ceased. In her happiness she had not quite realized when they did cease—for when the first, second and even the third mail

had come without a letter from him, she had put aside the twinge of disappointment by making believe the letters had come; and would read their imaginary contents aloud to herself on her hills where only her beloved heather or an occasional grazing sheep could hear.

It could not go on; make-believe had to surrender to time—for weeks had stretched into months and mail had followed mail without one word from Donald.

“He's forgotten the lass,” neighbors would whisper; but Jeannie Dougall had no ear for their mutterings. Misfortune had come to her man, he was in trouble, ill—perhaps he was dead—and with those distressing thoughts the smile fled from Jeannie's heart and dull ache took its place—and oh, an ache in the heart is the one thing that won't permit make-believe.

At last the uncertainty of it all was cleared up—for Jeannie at any rate. A visitor from the strange new land, America, brought news of a scourge that had swept the great city where Donald had gone—yes; it was about the time his letters had ceased. Her Donald was dead—Jeannie knew it now; and a feeling of triumph had come to her soul—triumph over the doubting suggestions of others. Not that she had really doubted her Donald, she had known he was true, but now she had the proof—her Donald was dead!

Straightway Jeannie started in to sorrow as befitted a lass who had lost her betrothed—and it was the sorrow from a heart that had known a great love.

Jeannie wasn't the moping kind. Her's was too sunny a nature to be weighed down. After the first stinging blow had passed, she started in bravely to recover, and that's where make-believe helped out.

**A** RARE nature like Jeannie's could love but once. Her love had been the one greatest thing in life, and now that death had robbed her of it, she could not let it go. How she tried to forget, tried to find joy in the companionship of

other lasses and lads—and plenty of lads there were hungry for one smile from her dark eyes or one word of encouragement from her pretty lips—but it was all without avail. Jeannie could not forget.

Happiness returned with make-believe. Almost before she knew what she was doing, the big change had been wrought, and her mind had taken on the old dreams again. In them Donald was not dead, he was still in America and his letters were coming regularly; her “hame” would soon be ready. Once again she sang on the hillsides; the smile came back to her heart and reflected its presence on her face.

“The lass took it hard, but she's over it now,” the good neighbors murmured among themselves, and then added, “Tis well, she's a bonnie wee thing, and there's mony a lad will be wanting her.”

Indeed it got whispered about that some lad had already spoken, for was not the bonnie Jeannie making bridal preparations—though who the lad was no one could say; it was expected he was some young highlandman from a neighboring village, for Jeannie was known to take long walks among the hills. And Jeannie's mother, a quiet, aged, little body, who bothered with little things about her—either could not, or would not offer any enlightenment on the subject.

Even the death of Jeannie's mother—she went as quietly as she had lived to join the soldier husband who had never seen his bairn—brought the villagers no nearer to the truth; and after the funeral Jeannie went to Glasgow to an uncle.

It was ten years after; and now Jeannie was thirty; when she came back to the village to close up her mother's house; her uncle had died and she was going to America. Although Jeannie did not tell them, the villagers read from the happiness shining in her eyes, that at last she was to join the man who had kept her waiting so long.

In the stillness of the evening Jeannie Dougall went to her never-to-be-forgotten hills and started in again on her game of make-believe—a game that was to last through the years. Here she had parted with Donald Macgregor and this was the trysting place they had selected for the homecoming. The hills were heather-laden now, and the

*Continued on page 22*



# Non-Breakable Barrels Dropped 3000 feet!

## The Pilot's Letter

June 16, 1926

The Parker Pen Company,  
Janesville, Wisconsin.  
Gentlemen:

At 4:10 P. M. yesterday I took off in my Yackey plane from Checkerboard Field, with a Parker Over-size Duofold Pen in the cockpit beside me, and instructions to drop it from an altitude of 3000 feet.

I circled the field until my altimeter told me I had reached the prescribed height, then I picked up the Parker Duofold and leaning over the side, I let it go. I hated to do it—it seemed a shame to crash such a big, fine-looking pen.

A few minutes later I made a landing near my starting point. The crowd that had been watching this test swarmed toward me over the field. The pen had landed on hard ground and had been picked up. To my great surprise it had not been damaged in the slightest by its 3000-foot drop.

I always thought the Parker Duofold was the best pen made, and now I know it.

*Milton J. Addema*  
Pilot

Signed with the PARKER that  
dropped 3000 feet



For nearly a year we kept secret the fact that Parker Duofold is made of "Permanite" until a series of grueling tests proved it will not break.

FOR nearly a year we've been making Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils of a new non-breakable material—lustrous, beautiful, light in weight—called Parker "Permanite."

We've tested the "Permanite" barrels under the wheels of buses, on cement floors, from the tops of high buildings—even from aeroplanes.

And no guarantee against breakage that any maker can offer is half so conclusive as these actual tests that the Parker Duofold has withstood.

We do not assert that "Permanite" is indestructible—that cannot be said even of steel. But "Permanite" will not break, though you drop the new Parker Duofold Pen or Pencil a hundred times. And it won't lose its lustre and color, or shrink and come loose.

This combination—the "Parker Permanite" Barrel and Cap and the Parker Duofold Point—makes the greatest writing instrument the world has ever seen—Barrel and Cap non-breakable; point guaranteed for 25 years, not only for mechanical perfection, but for wear!

Even the Fine and Extra Fine Points are guaranteed, the same as the Medium, Broad, Stub and Oblique.

Choose your Parker Duofold Point, choose your Parker Duofold grip—Over-size, Junior or slender Lady Duofold. And choose your color, too—rich Black and Gold; or Black-tipped Lacquer-red—handsome to carry, hard to mislay.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without this classic pen, or the Parker Duofold Pencils to match.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens:  
Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO 3, ONTARIO

### The Leak-Proof Test

Try it in a glass of clear water. Empty your pen. Screw the cap tightly, then press the button. Not a bubble. [Then make the same test with other pens.]



Rich Black and Gold or Black-tipped Lacquer-red

Made in Canada  
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With Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point  
Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5



dying rays from the sunset had taken on a heather tint as if in honor of the great event. How often in her little heart of make-believe had Jeannie rehearsed this scene—and as she held out her arms to a lover who would never be there—he came to her in a make-believe vision, and took her in his arms—such strong, hairy arms as only a big man could have.

"Oh, Donald," she whispered, "I knew you would come for me, and I'm ready to go with you. We'll be married tonight, Donald, and we'll sail in the morning."

Back through the hills to the village she lead her make-believe lover, and to the little Presbyterian chapel. One who saw her enter, alone, thought she had gone there to pray, and wondered that the dimly lighted building held no fear for her—but to Jeannie Dougall that night, the little chapel seemed lighted with a thousand candles, and the pews filled with people. It was her wedding night; down the aisle she was escorted by the man of her choice—and such a man! The good old minister, asleep no doubt in his bed, was also part of her vision, and solemnly, it seemed, he read the marriage service word for word—to which she responded really and Donald responded in her dream. At the end, she went out gaily on his arm, smiling to the pews and blushing at the tight squeeze she felt upon her fingers.

And so it was that Jeannie Dougall arrived in America as Mrs. Macgregor; and settled, in due course of time, in the tiny village of Whiteport.

DO not for a moment think that Jeannie Macgregor was of unsound mind, or really believed Donald Macgregor alive or that she had become his wife. She knew him to be dead—but make-believe was a game she played, and part of the game was bringing him to life. From the day of her uncle's death; the good old man had left her a legacy to keep her all her days—she had governed her life to better play the game.

For instance, the trip to America and the settling there. If Donald had lived, she reasoned, that's where she would have gone—so she had played as near the reality as she could—and that had brought her to Whiteport.

The pleasure the game brought to her life was too great to permit unhappiness even in the hours free from make-believe. So it was that to the villagers of Whiteport, she was Mrs. Macgregor, widow of a certain Donald Macgregor, and a bright whimsical widow she was.

The cottage with its two acres in fruit and flowers was just such a cottage Donald would have chosen for her, so she had bought it, and there made her home.

It was truly a cottage that snow-white house in Whiteport and there was a bride's pride and joy in the heart of the merry little Scotswoman who toiled daily to keep it the kind of a home to please a man like Donald Macgregor. All day Jeannie worked, and when evening's shadows flickered in through the windows, make-believe time came. Then the blinds went down, and the supper table was set for two.

Oh how well Jeannie Macgregor played her game. (We must call her Jeannie Macgregor now). What a joy it was to have Donald there opposite her at the table, and what a pleasure to see him enjoy the good things she had prepared specially for him. Then as soon as the supper was over, Donald would sit in the big chair she had bought to rest him after his day of toil, and she would hurry over her

dishes. It would have been easy to put Donald's dishes away spotless as they were, but that would not have been playing the game—so they, too, went into the dishpan and were washed each night with the rest; for hadn't Jeannie seen with her own eyes her good man eating from them.

Those evenings! She would pull her own little rocker up beside his great arm-chair, and Donald would take her hand. Sometimes she would read to him, or he would read to her; again she would sing to him those old songs of her hillsides; but usually they just talked, whispered little plans and enjoyed one another.

One night Donald had mentioned—yes, she had heard him quite distinctly—the time when there would be little children in their home—and Jeannie had blushed at the thought of it and the great anticipation.

If Donald had lived and her life had turned out as she made-believe it had, then there would have been little children. Jeannie worked it out in her mind and formed a solution.

That very night as she and Donald sat together

wee Donald—but when she thought it over, she realized that parents have not the choosing of their children, and she must not build too much upon a son; so she formed her plan to carry with it a weight of uncertainty. The baby would need to be just a few days old, and its parents would have to be Scotch, nothing else mattered. The next step would be a visit to the nurseries in the city, and there she would select the first child that answered to these two conditions.

And so, when all her plans were complete, she left for the city, and returned in three days with an infant, one week old—a girl. Jeannie Macgregor had built so upon it being a boy! When she had found upon her visit to the very first nursery that there was a baby of Scotch parentage there, to be adopted, she cried out with joy. When the matron had added, "a girl," a lump of disappointment had risen in her throat, but Jeannie had quickly swallowed it, for had she not pledged herself to take the first child regardless of all else but age and parentage? When they brought the child to her, and she had taken it in her arms, thrown back the covering from its little face and heard its weak cry, all the disappointment fled. What mattered then whether it was a boy or girl—it was a baby—her very own—and all the mother love in Jeannie went out to the helpless wee mite.

Donald was pleased with it, to; and though she never let him hold it, for fear his great arms would bungle and let the tiny thing fall, there never was a more devoted father than her fancy painted him. She named the baby Margaret, for her mother—it was such a tiny, quiet thing, the name seemed fitting — and Donald had liked that name.

AND so the little game of make-believe went on — and Margaret Macgregor thrived and grew. Came the time when she was more than two years old, and the old yearning for a man-child came back to Jeannie. Once again she journeyed to the city and came back with two babes instead of one—but the second child, like the first, was a girl—for Jeannie had kept to her rule of choice and had taken this child, like the first, without a murmur. Donald it was who suggested the second baby's name, and Jeannie had felt proud, for the baby was named for her—little Jean.

When Margaret was almost five and little Jean well past two, Jeannie went again to the city. The house and children were left in charge of a kindly village woman, and it was well that it was so, for Jeannie was gone for several days.

This time surely she would not be disappointed — there would be a Scotch baby boy. But there was not—there was no baby to be adopted from Scotch parentage at all; and after she had gone from one nursery to another and met only with failure, poor Jeannie despaired.

At a charity hospital was found the first gleam of hope; though here, too, she had met failure at first—there were babies to be adopted, but not one Scotch baby, and she was about to turn away when

suddenly a young intern remembered:

That very day a young Scotswoman had been brought to the hospital in a serious condition. Her husband had been killed at his work a few months before and she was destitute. For days she had been without sufficient food or warmth. Her baby

Continued on page 27



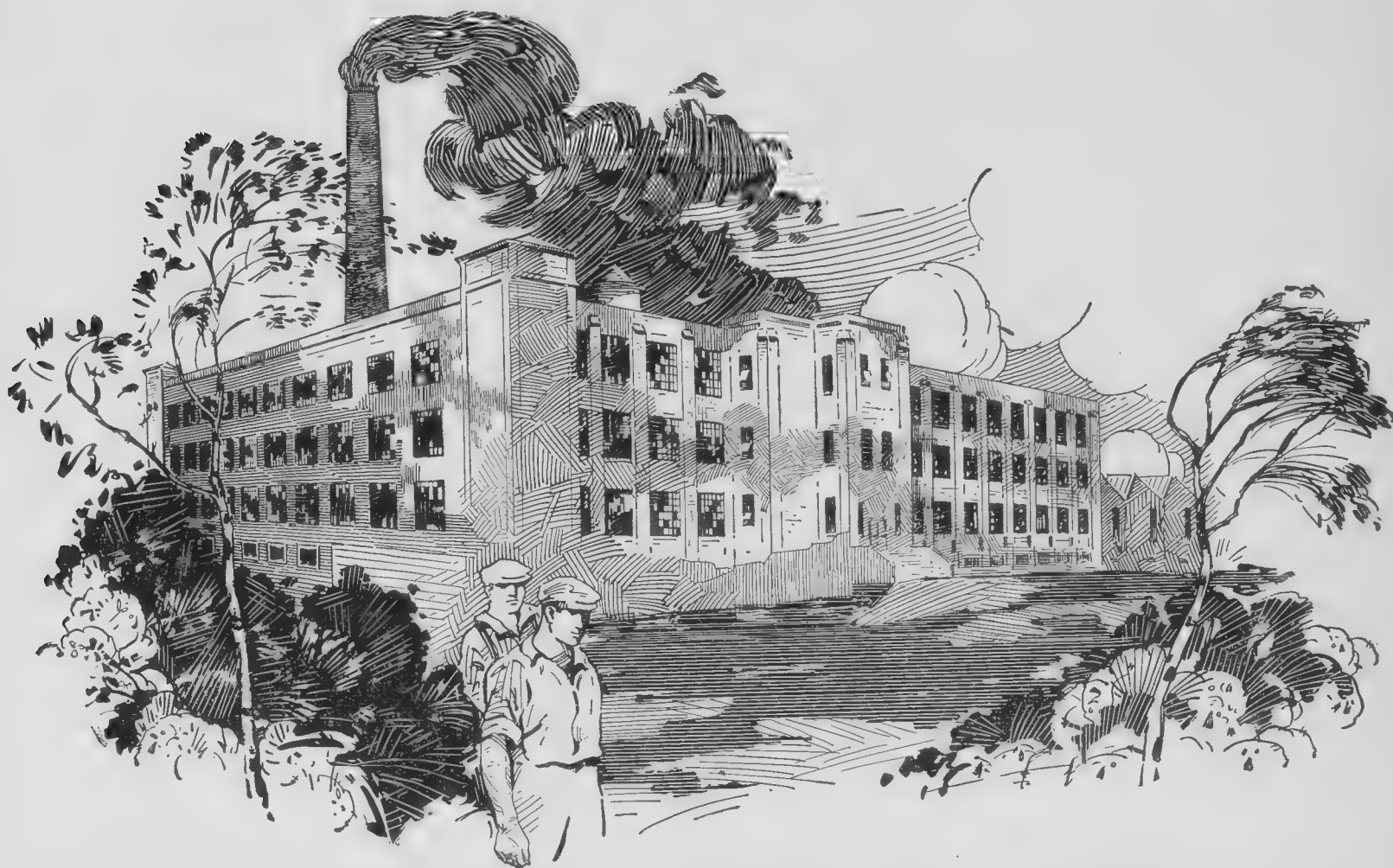
*That very day Donald was to sail for America but Jeannie's heart was too full of love for the lad and hope for their future to let a sad thought creep in.*

in the twilight, she whispered to him the great secret—and she felt him take her in his arms very tenderly; and there she had remained until she had fallen asleep—a sleep filled with beautiful dreams.

Jeannie Macgregor had really decided to adopt a child—and from that day she made preparations. How her heart longed for a little man-child—a



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# Dawn in the Night

By Archie Joscelyn

THE Leftovers, as they have been called since the day of their discovery, are really a long and broken strip of beach and inland country, the sea at hand studded with rocks and treacherous shoals. Yet the land lying behind their sheltering walls is for the most part fertile and sun-kissed, dotted now with farms and tiny villages, very peaceful by day, with sturdy and industrious, unimaginative folk who go about their tasks with never a vision beyond the tossing horizon to the westward.

Very law-abiding, very peaceful they are by day. Yet at night, through the surrounding darkness keeps well the illusion of the day, a subtle something is different, as these people of the Leftovers still move placidly to and fro, engaged in a more profitable trade than their occupations by day, a nefarious trade according to the men who, both by land and sea, attempt to enforce this law (with scant success) and stop smuggling. For the Leftovers is a place naturally adapted to success in smuggling, and the lure of the game is bred in the very bones of the people, coming down through many generations. And moreover the code and the laws of the people of the Leftovers are very strict, and implacable in their workings.



Among the Leftovers, Peter Wright was one of the undisputed leaders in all the enterprises of the night. Though still under thirty, Wright had shown himself to be possessed of a swift, daring skill and ability to do the right thing in an emergency (and in the night toil of the Leftovers emergencies are always popping up) and he had the qualities which men who follow demand in a leader. He was powerful, though no bigger than the average, but much quicker than most of his companions. And his flaring yellow hair above bright blue eyes seemed always to radiate cheer and good-fellowship, a sort of joyous humor as unquenchable as the sun.

It was at twenty-six that Peter Wright first looked upon a woman with more than passing glance. And indeed Jennie Winslow was worth any man's second glance, as vivid in her type of beauty as Wright was in his looks as a man. Standing only to his shoulder, slender but with the same alert eagerness for life, which in both of them contrasted so oddly with their slower moving, placid neighbors, Jennie dark of hair and eyes yet very fair of skin, it was only natural that the two should be drawn each to the other.

But Peter Wright had not made his first serious move for half a year, until the names of Jennie and Noyes Thrift began increasingly to be coupled together, and the matrons to prophesy the founding of a new family. Then, one night, arriving at her gate in his headlong way, five minutes before Thrift pulled up in his carriage to take her to a party, Wright asked for her company, and while she hesitated, demanded bluntly:

"I've wanted you from the first—an' intended to have you. I thought you knew it. Do you prefer to go with me or Thrift tonight?"

"You," she admitted, "but I—I've half promised to go with him—"

"Half to him means all to me," Peter Wright informed her, and as Thrift drove up and demanded an explanation, laughed in his face and walked away with her.

Thrift was the bigger man, and in his way a leader also among the Leftovers, jealous always of Peter Wright because of the latter's larger leadership. Thrift was thirty then, and yet the men, even the graybeards, waited always the word of Peter Wright and accepted it as law. So from the moment that Peter took his girl from him, Thrift became an enemy.

The enmity of Thrift meant little to Peter Wright, who went steadily on his way, the accepted lover now of Jennie Winslow. The breach between the two men had occurred in the early fall. During the dark days of storm which came with the winter, Peter went on his way as cheerily as before. But when the winds of March betokened advancing summer, a change seemed to come. Peter Wright

was more sober, so that it was as if the sun had dropped under a cloud.

The matrons of the Leftovers nodded their heads and agreed together that Peter Wright, having decided to take unto himself a wife, was very properly sobering now, and giving thought to a new house, to a new home when the season merged to June.

OUTWARDLY, we have said, and by day, the people of the Leftovers are placid, unimaginative folk. But by night and ever under the exterior they are, by nature of their calling, an imaginative and suspicious people. So now the men, who had worked as comrades side by side with Peter Wright since the days when his legs had grown sturdy enough to bear him about among them, these men had trusted him implicitly and accepted him ever a leader, began to regard him with growing suspicion.

This suspicion was fostered and fed to a flame by Thrift, who saw therein the key to his desires. And the suspicion was not wholly without foundation. When a man of the nature of Peter Wright grew quiet and stared often to the distant horizon, they reasoned, and partly from bitter experience, that he had grown tired of the little life of the Leftovers, and had turned his thoughts and his desires to the outer and greater world, beyond the breakers. It was a world of opportunity, and men of the nature of Peter Wright could go forth and pick its fruits, if they chose to do so.

And Peter Wright was thinking of these very things. Till a year ago he had been quite content as a smuggler, outwardly a tiller of the soil, but known to all the world for what he was, even though uncaught. Peril lay ever in the evil breakers along the shore, in the guns of the officers who sought to enforce the law, prison and ignominy if caught. Few ever faced the latter, but many a man sailed away in the dusk and was brought back a corpse in the dawn. Of all this he had long reckoned well, and cared not a jot. But if he married it would be different.

For himself, the life of a smuggler was well enough. But it would not do that his children should follow such a trade, nor have for father a man who did so; and Jennie as his wife would be a woman different than the other women of the Leftovers, a woman who deserved the bigger and better things of the world. So, quite as they had suspected, Peter Wright had determined to take her and go away forever from the Leftovers.

To him never occurred the idea that they, his comrades, would expect him to betray them to the officers who were ever knocking at their gates. Peter Wright well knew the dark suspicions ever lurking in the minds of his fellows, but that they should think such thoughts of him was incredible. He gave them higher credit and thought not of it. He well knew the tradition of the Leftovers—that no son or daughter might depart for the outer world. Though on the surface all were free to come and go, the people never went. It was the unwritten law, and to attempt to break it was death.

For an innate savagery, bred of generations of contact with the chill ravaging sea and the Leftovers, had grown in these people, still primitive beneath the surface. This, Peter Wright well recognized. If he went away, he would communicate with one of the government police boats, take Jennie and row quietly out to it in the night, go on board, and disappear forever from the Leftovers. And in making his plans, Peter Wright did his comrades the credit of believing that they would understand and still think well of him.

But, fed by Noyes Thrift, their minds came back to the inevitable reason of any native for departing the Leftovers. Peter Wright would go out to a police boat with Jennie (they understood the reasoning of his mind thus far, for to a certain point all the people of the Leftovers reasoned the same) and then he would sell their secrets, betray them all, and fatten on the blood-money received—perhaps receive as a reward the command of the police boats to hunt them down. Therefore, accepting him with never a word or look of doubt as their leader, they were all grimly prepared to see that he should die on the night that he attempted

to make his escape. He would be violating the unwritten law, and such was the penalty. No exceptions were ever made. On the next day the householders would comment on the latest victim of the sea and give him a commendable funeral, with deep mourning for the untimely passing of an esteemed citizen.

In many ways Peter Wright was not unlike the other men of the Leftovers, and it was therefore characteristic that he should make his plans without confiding in Jennie, trusting to her love for him and her duty as a woman to follow unquestioningly where he led. And of all the other women of the Leftovers he would have had no cause to doubt an implicit obedience, but, as he was unlike the other men, so was Jennie Winslow unlike the other women.

ON A night in May, Peter Wright rowed offshore alone and visited the captain of one of the police boats, who readily agreed to his proposition, which was to take Peter and Jennie on board the next night, marry in his capacity as a captain on the high seas, and then, out at sea, place them safely on a big liner that would be bound for a far country. It was a matter of dollars and cents, and the captain, knowing that Peter Wright was a dangerous leader of the smugglers, was glad to aid him in this way and so easily get rid of him.

Though Peter believed himself unobserved, a spy—Thrift himself—had seen him row away and return, and on the following day the acquaintances who calmly passed the time of day with Peter Wright knew that on the coming night it would be their duty to kill him. But Peter, while realizing that a certain danger attached to his venture, did them the credit to believe that, even if they had known of his plans, they would trust him sufficiently to stay quietly in their houses. He had forgotten the power of a crooked tongue such as his enemy possessed.

Late in the evening, Peter told Jennie, instructing her to make a bundle of such things as she desired to take with her. And, startled, hesitant (for the gossip had not come to her ears), Jennie finally obeyed, protesting faintly that she had not planned on any such thing, and did not want to leave the Leftovers.

"It will be better," said Peter gently, and taking her bundle, guided her very quietly down to the shore where he had left his boat. And, because caution was a habitual part of the man, he had hid the boat well, in a place where even the searchers had failed to find it, and so together, on a rough sea, in tense blackness, they embarked safely. But between them and the police boat lay many of the boats of his erstwhile comrades.

For many minutes Jennie sat silently, while Peter rowed steadily. Then:

"Peter," she said suddenly "I don't want to go."

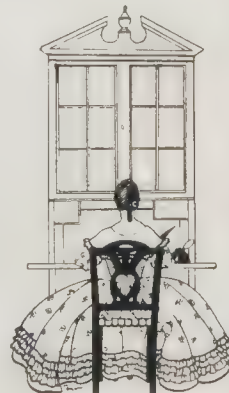
He stopped rowing and faced her in blank surprise, though the darkness hid this.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I—I just don't want to leave the Leftovers," she confessed.

"It will be better," he argued, somewhat heavily. "I'm doing it for your sake. Here there's always danger—some morning, any time, you'd be apt to be a widow—"

"Oh, so you're afraid to stay—afraid you'll be killed," she cried, though she had not intended to say these words at all. "Noyes said you were



a coward."

"Noyes said that—that I was a coward?" Peter Wright's voice was ominously quiet. "Noyes told you that—and you believed him?"

Jennie's nerves were distraught by the sudden and unexpected happenings of the night, and hysteria was gripping at her.

"Well, it looks like it, doesn't it?" she demanded, "running away because you're afraid you'd get hurt?"

Her voice had risen, loudly over the waters, and now, from close at hand, came an exclamation—the voice of Noyes Thrift.

Continued on page 49



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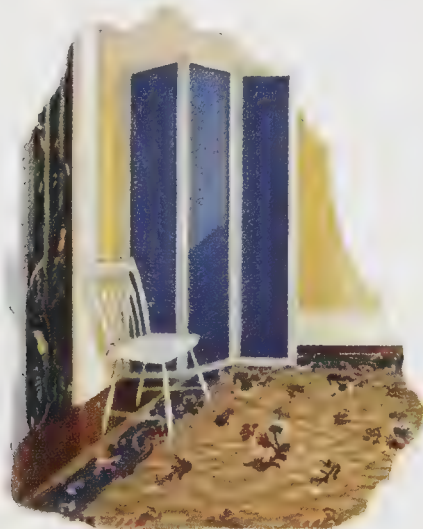
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# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



# "Jeannie Macgregor"

Continued from page 22

was expected but so weak was the condition of the mother and so great had been her sorrow and suffering, little hope was held out for the child—and the mother's death seemed inevitable.

Jeannie's kind heart was filled with compassion and she pleaded that she might see her unfortunate countrywoman. When she had gained consent and was taken to the poor wasted creature she offered up a prayer, not only that the child would be alive, but that the mother might be spared to feel the comfort of it in her arms—and yet as she prayed she realized how difficult it would be to bring this girl-widow back from the brink, so frail was she and so lifeless.

All that day Jeannie waited in the reception room for word of the mother and the child that was to be; and finally the word came—the child was alive, the mother had died—almost as she had fulfilled her duty to humanity, the little mother had passed on.

It was a tearful Jeannie who leaned over the cot in the nursery ward of the hospital, as she watched with wondering eyes the kicking, squirming little piece of flesh and blood and marvelled at the great strength in a child born under such conditions. They had not told her but as she watched, she knew this child was her man-child, the wee Donald Macgregor she had hoped and prayed for almost since the dawn of her womanhood.

To the cottage in Whiteport came Jeannie with her third charge—a boy who was to become the idol of her heart; and that night, in her make-believe land, was the most wonderful of all, for she had brought to Donald a son—a man-child to carry on his name.

Thus the little family at Whiteport was founded and grew. The three children—without a tie by blood—grew as brother and sisters, and loved Jeannie Macgregor as fondly as ever children loved a mother; and she loved them as if they were her own.

There came a time when the children had grown to the age of reasoning—the girls to young women and Don to a youth of seventeen—that Jeannie Macgregor told them her story and let them into the secret of her make-believe game. In her explanations they found the answers to the things that had puzzled them as children—the references to a father they had never known; the extra place at the table for evening meal, the big chair by the window never used, the long conversations Jeannie Macgregor had by herself in the twilight—and because the children loved Jeannie Macgregor with all their hearts they understood, and respected her memories and her dreams.

Life had been such a beautiful thing it was all too short for Jeannie Macgregor, and the years passed by and the children left her as children do—the girls to husbands and homes of their own—the boy, Donald, to the city to commerce and accomplishment.

They visited her frequently in turns, but once a year, on her "anniversary" they came together to celebrate this one great day in her memories. And at the end of the glorious day they left her, happy in the thought that she would not be lonely; for when evening came she always had the company of her Donald. She had never given up her make-believe game, you see.

THERE came an anniversary day when young Donald—he was always young in the eyes of Jeannie—did not arrive on the morning train as had been his custom. Jeannie Macgregor was old and frail—the daughters noticed how very old and frail she was for

the first time this day, and for the first time they saw her show anxiety.

"Something must have happened?" old Jeannie declared. "My little Don wouldn't keep his old mother waiting;" and although Margaret and Jean put forth a dozen reasons for his delay, she would listen to none of them.

The afternoon train came, but Don was not a passenger. Jeannie Macgregor had built hopes upon that train, and now that it had come without him she was ill with disappointment and anxiety. No other train would be in that day.

Try as she would Jeannie Macgregor could not be cheerful—disappointment is keenest at eighty.

"Mother dear, why not play the make-believe game," suggested Margaret in an attempt to set the old lady at ease.

A worried frown crossed the wrinkled brow. "That's just it—I canna play the make-believe game. It's two weeks now since I could bring Donald back to me—my old brain is giving out," the little old lady sobbed miserably. "The loneliness of it's got into my heart; and now something has happened to Don, or he's neglected his old mother, and my heart's breaking."

Such a pallor had come over Jeannie's face, the daughters were immediately filled with fear. So the great change they had noticed was not imagined—Jeannie had changed and had aged dreadfully—they knew why now.

"Oh, mother, we should never have left you alone like this," the youngest daughter cried as she threw herself at the old lady's feet, "after what you have done for us—oh mother, forgive me!" And the older sister too pleaded forgiveness.

"There's nothing to forgive, lassies," Jeannie smiled in her own sweet way. "It's just that I am old, and perhaps a bit weary."

After that Jeannie Macgregor asked to be helped to her little rocker in the sitting room beside the chair of her beloved.

"I cannot bring him back to me, but there's comfort in sitting here where I've sat with him so often," Jeannie told them; "and now, dears, leave me alone."

They were two tremulous women who sat in the kitchen and listened for sounds from the next room; a great blow had come to them this hour, and for the first time they realized that the mother who had given herself to them was soon to be taken away.

"Why, oh why, doesn't Don come?" Margaret asked of her sister. As if in answer to the question, a motor sounded and stopped in front of the garden gate.

"He has come now—it's Don," Jean cried. "He has motored from the city. I knew he would not fail on this day."

It was indeed Don, a Don flushed with excitement.

"Where is mother?" he demanded without greeting his sisters. "Where is she?" There was more than ordinary eagerness in his tone.

"Hush," Margaret cautioned. "She's in there—she's ill—oh, Don," and she ran sobbing to him.

Don's face paled. "She's not—not—" he stammered.

"No, no," Margaret interpreted his meaning, "but Don, it won't be long, mother is a very old woman, and she's so changed. She's upset over you, and she hasn't been able to play the make-believe game."

"She won't have to any more," Don cried, in his eagerness forgetting all else but the great discovery he had made. "He's alive—her Donald Macgregor."

Continued on page 81



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### What is Real in History?

THE revival of the Manitoba Historical Society, after thirteen years of inactivity, has been made the occasion of comment in newspapers, in the East as well as in the West, on the great desirability of more attention being given to local history. Two letters have been received from readers of the Monthly, expressing regret that there is not keener general interest in the early history of districts, villages, towns and cities in Western Canada. "When I was a boy in Ontario," writes one of these correspondents, "I never realized that history was something close at hand, as well as the story of Alfred the Great, or of the Battle of Trafalgar. It did not occur to me that the old grave with a rude cedar fence about it, among the brambles, at the foot of our farm, the grave of one of the pioneers of the township I was born in, was history, too. It was part of the history of the making of Canada. In that grave was laid to rest the body of one whose life, like thousands of other faithful, unrecorded lives, laid the foundations of the Canada into which I was born—faithful, unrecorded lives of men and women whose courage and patience in suffering hardships and steadfastness in working for the future should not be forgotten." Local history should be studied and the names of the pioneer men and women perpetuated. School children should be taught local history, as well as history in its wider meaning. They should know what life meant to the pioneers, how they lived and worked, their joys and their sorrows. Their hearts throbbed as ours do, they knew happiness and they knew grief, their lives were journeys between two eternities, as ours are, under the same light of day and under the same stars at night, from day to day and from year to year. What, after all, is there in history that is real, except human lives?

### Work for the Spirit of Unity

IT IS common in speaking of the French-Canadians, who are the descendants of the first-comers to Canada from Europe, and the Canadians of British descent, to say that they are racially different. But it may well be argued that they have a common racial ancestry. Professor Wrong, who is the head of the department of History in the University of Toronto, sets forth this argument. The chief emigration of the French to Canada, he points out, came from northern France. In that region in times of which there is historic record, there was a mingling of the original Celts with the later invading Teutons. The regions nearest the Rhine frontier were peopled by those Teutonic Franks from whom France takes its name. Farther south, in Brittany, the Celtic element endures. Later the Teutonic northmen made Normandy their own—and many of the French Canadians are of Norman descent. In England there were the same waves of population. The Celtic population was displaced and assimilated in varying degrees by the later conquerors, the Teutonic Angles and the Teutonic northmen. And then there was the Norman conquest, by William the Conqueror and all his followers from France. "In England, as in France," writes Professor Wrong, "the racial proportions vary in different localities, but the elements are the same in both countries. There is in reality no barrier of race to keep the English and the French apart in Canada. The two peoples are identical in racial origins. Since in Canada they live together in the same scene, there are not differences of environment. The differences are those of education and tradition. There is no mysterious gulf of race to be bridged." But, surely, the people of Quebec and the people of, say, Saskatchewan, can hardly be said to "live together in the same scene." It is accurate to say that "there are not differences of environment?" Moreover, there is the difference of language. When all the differences are considered, when the problems presented by Canada's wide extent are duly thought upon, it must be admitted that immense progress has been made in establishing Canadian unity. We have had in the past controversies and divisions over racial and religious issues. But the serious problems in Canada now are economic in their character. Solutions of these problems in the best interest of Canada as a whole must be worked for. To help in this work by doing everything possible to strengthen the spirit of devotion to the national welfare, the spirit of united Canadianism, is a duty to which every Canadian worthy of the name should devote himself.

## The Philosopher

### Health and Civilization

COULD anything be more striking than the contrast presented by the figures of infant mortality in such a country as Russia and in a country like our own? In Russia, out of every 1,000 infants, nearly 300 die in a few days, or a few weeks, or a few months, after birth. In Canada the infant mortality is 87 per 1,000. How is the contrast to be explained? Obviously, it is to be said in answer to this question that in Canada we have a high state of civilization, while in Russia the conditions of life over immense areas are primitive. But is not this simply saying that civilization and public health go together? Without good general health in a people there can be no true civilization. And if the foundation of civilization is sound public health, the foundation of public health is the health of children. If the children of a country do not come into life sound and healthy, if they are not rightly cared for in their infancy and childhood, if they die in large numbers, the most valuable portion of human life is being lost. It is true now, as it never was before, that the potentialities in child life are immeasurable. Of the average adult it is to be said that he has his course already fixed for him. When his life comes to be summed up at the end, it may be found that he has succeeded in making it a life of good deeds and worthy achievement. But more, perhaps, than half of his life has been lived already. The child's life is yet to be lived. In nothing has a greater change, a greater improvement been made in all the progressive countries of the world than in the promotion of public health, which includes as its fundamental requisite the promotion of health in infancy and childhood. The conservation of human life, which is incomparably the greatest and most valuable of any country's resources, is the most important thing for the progress and welfare of the country. And by conservation of human life is meant, first of all, that children shall be born sound and healthy, and shall grow up to be men and women with sound and healthy bodies and minds.

### A Point of Behavior

A READER of The Western Home Monthly sends a clipping from some newspaper containing an article about "the fashion which has become prevalent in all classes of society for the gentleman to take the lady's arm when they are walking together," and writes that he may be old-fashioned, but he thinks it more suitable that "the lady should take the gentleman's arm." Where, he asks, did the new fashion come from? He goes on to say that the old fashion came down from the age of chivalry, when men wore swords, and the correct thing was for the lady to take the gentleman's left arm, leaving his sword-arm free to defend her. He wants The Philosopher's opinion about it. Well, men no longer carry swords. Moreover, women are no longer the clinging creatures they were in "the age of chivalry." A woman whose opinion The Philosopher asked for told him that it is only when a woman needs some assistance from a man with whom she is walking that there is any occasion for arm-holding, and that in such circumstances it is much more comfortable and much more of a help for the woman to take hold of the man's arm than to have him clutching at her arm. Which sounds sensible. But, on the other hand, what is sensible in matters of behavior does not always find favor. For example, how often one sees a man standing aside, with every air of believing that he is acting with exquisite politeness, and allowing a woman companion to precede him, when he should precede her, as in leaving a street car? He should go ahead, so as to be able to assist her in alighting from the car. When he lets her alight ahead of him, he cannot help her—and she may need a little help in stepping down in the middle of a street crowded with quickly moving automobiles, especially on a rainy night, when she may have to step over a bad spot on the pavement. Surely common sense should always govern behavior, and it should not be forgotten that circumstances alter cases.

### In Regard to Given Names

ONE day a few weeks ago The Philosopher was in the office of the manager of a big business in Winnipeg, who showed him a letter from an applicant for a position of responsibility in that office. The letter was well-written, brief and business-like. The writer said she was twenty-six years old. In signing the letter, she used a diminutive for her first name, like "Ollie"—that was not the name but will do for it here. The manager shook his head over the letter. "A woman out of her teens who signs a business letter 'Kitty,' or 'Polly,' or 'Dolly'" he said, "is probably temperamental, and not always to be relied on for steady-going attention to her job." Which statement, in regard to the writer of the letter before him, may have been grossly unjust. But it shows the unwisdom of the use of the diminutive in the signature. Then, again, there are some people, and this is without distinction of sex, who are burdened by the names their parents unwisely chose for them. If your name is John Spiffkins, do not christen your son Napoleon Bonaparte, or your daughter Coraline Esmeralda. Your son, of course, may turn out to be a very great man—you never can tell; but if you christen him John Spiffkins, or giving him in addition his mother's family name, Smith, he will make the name John Smith Spiffkins great. Few things are more pathetic than to see ordinary, insignificant persons staggering through life under the weight of names made great by other people.

### "Social Intelligence"

THERE is a deeply marked distinction between high abstract intelligence and what the psychologists call social intelligence. High abstract intelligence can carry off all the honors to be won in university examinations, but it does not always succeed in winning practical success in after life. Abstract intelligence knows what should be done, but social intelligence knows how to get it done. The importance of this in public life is evident. It is no less important a requisite for success in private life. In tests which were made on a thousand college students in the United States it was found that women scored higher in this qualification which the psychologists term "social intelligence," which includes intuition and tact, than the men. One psychologist accounts for this on the ground that for countless ages, woman has had to do with tact and intuition what man did with brute strength. That is to say, being dependent upon the will of her cave-man husband, she found that in order to live comfortably she must be able to discern his mood with a high degree of accuracy, and do it quickly. In short, she developed her intuition from her anxiety to anticipate his wish, avoid his displeasure and at the same time lead him into doing the things she wanted done. Which may all be true, but must it not be admitted, in looking at the world of men and women of today, that we have come far, indeed, from the cave-dwelling era?

### A Lubricant of Life's Wheels

WAITING, with several others, his turn to be served at a counter in a busy store one day recently, The Philosopher, whose philosophy does not always save him from the unwisdom of being impatient, had his impatience dispelled agreeably by a pleasant smile from the competent young woman behind the counter, who said to him, while serving somebody else, that she hoped to be able to attend to him in a few moments. He then turned his attention to the manifestations of impatience by some of the others who were waiting, and at the same time he watched the admirable manner in which the young woman behind the counter, who was hard driven by her duties in waiting upon so many people, was unfailingly agreeable to them all. It would probably be something of a shock to many shoppers if they could read the thoughts of those who serve them. The young woman behind the counter often, no doubt, has occasion to classify her customers. To her left she places, without any indication of what is going on in her mind, those who give no sign of appreciating her best efforts to satisfy them; to her right, those who say "Thank you." It is commonplace that it costs nothing to be polite. It costs no more to add to politeness that extra touch of goodwill which, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. The pleasure and pain of life are largely the sum of the pleasures and pains in little things. There is a homely old saying that "fine words butter no parsnips." But they are a wonderfully effective lubricant of the wheels of life.



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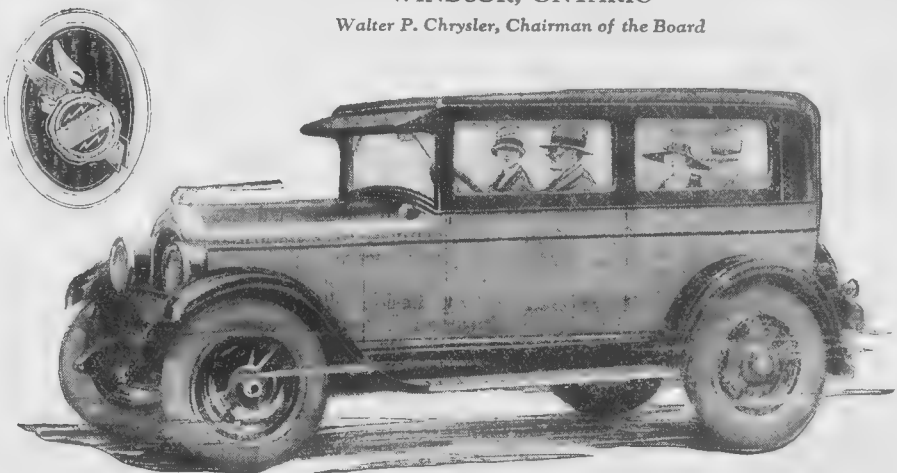
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# CA "Dog-Gone" Dilemma!

By Francis Dickie

"CONGRATULATIONS on your appointment as J.P.," said

Corporal O'Connor of the Mounted Police at Lesser Slave Lake Post as he drew rein before the home of Gustave Leroux in the little settlement of Mink Lake.

"Merci, monsieur," Leroux replied, smiling genially from his doorway. "You will stop a while?"

"Not today, thanks. But here's something the inspector instructed me to bring you."

O'Connor rummaged a moment in his saddle-bag, bringing forth a stiff marble-leather-bound book of considerable opulence. "It's a criminal code," he explained, as Leroux took it from his hands. Neither the inspector nor O'Connor was aware that the French-Canadian could not read; and Leroux swelled with the importance of his recent appointment, did not care to make known his failing. So he gave profuse thanks to the smiling officer, and was still repeating them when O'Connor rode away.

Entering the house once more, Leroux laid the book in solitary state upon the center of the parlor table, which, in the event of any cases coming to trial, would be changed temporarily into a judicial bench.

Beyond Parallel Fifty-three in the Canadian Northland, in addition to the Mounted Police, representing law and order, and for the hearing of such cases as may come up in their particular districts, are local Justices of the Peace, receiving their appointment from the crown. Such a position is always assigned to some old-timer of good reputation, and who has the confidence of the scattered population of his community.

These requirements of office seldom go with a liberal education; often very much to the contrary; and hardly ever is one of these appointees possessed with the least glimmering of a knowledge of law.

The Justice of the Peace for the Mink Lake district, Gaspard Clement, had passed away two weeks previously. A few days following his demise Gustave Leroux, being the best known and respected man in Mink Lake community, had received word from government headquarters, two hundred miles away, of his succession to the office.

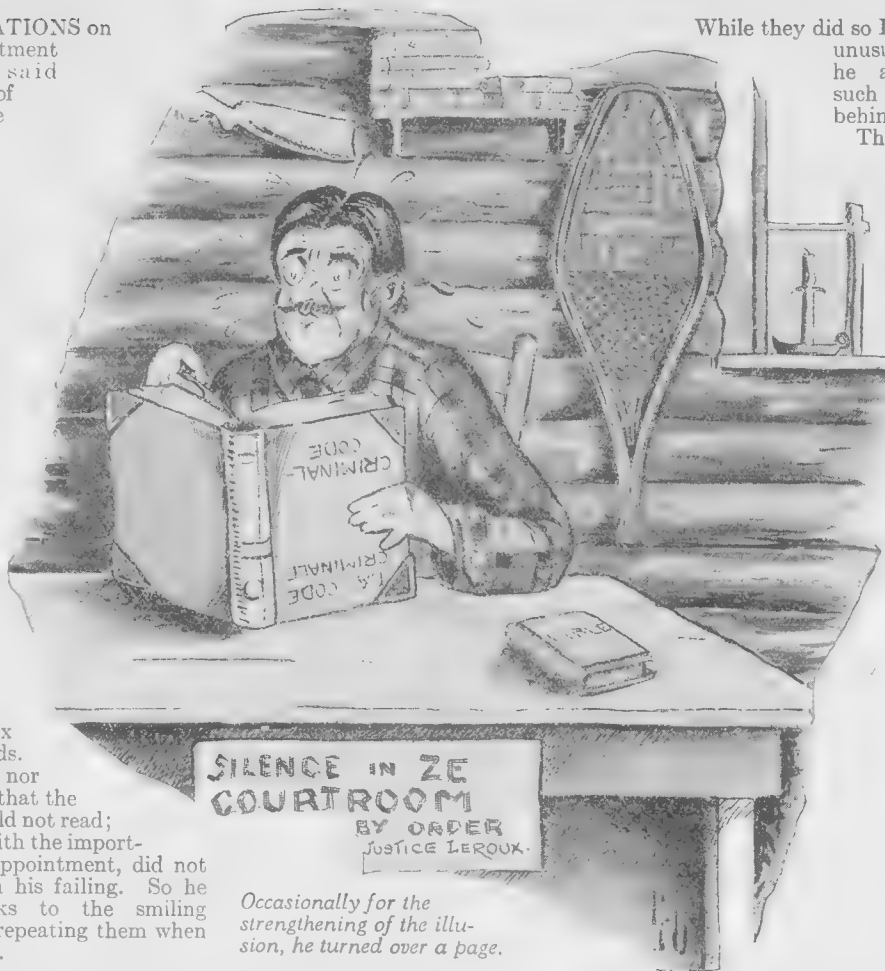
Now Gaspard Clement, during some sixteen years on the bench in Mink Lake, had succeeded in establishing a reputation for much legal knowledge, and made a record for fair decisions. However, unlike many of his fellow legal dispensers, he had been a man of much reading; had studied the law carefully.

In view of his reputation, Leroux now viewed this new position with no little inward qualms. But for his pride, he would have been glad to forego the honor of filling a role that to him was full of terrors.

Viewing this bulky law-book the mounted policeman had just left only heightened his fears. He turned over the pages with deep respect and yearning. Upon them was written a vast number of things, the knowledge of which he sorely required, but was forever denied by lack of ability to read.

Suddenly a great idea came to him. He closed the book hurriedly. Tucking it under his arm, he went out of the room toward the home of Dr. Odillon Lemare, half a dozen doors away on the other side of the settlement's single street.

Dr. Lemare was a very worthy man.



Occasionally for the strengthening of the illusion, he turned over a page.

Widely travelled and read, possessed of a keen judicial mind and a deep understanding of men, he was one of those strangely out-of-place persons who are occasionally to be found in out-of-the-way places of the world.

To the kindly old physician Leroux confided his fear that he might fail in his judicial duties, and begged advice.

Presently, after careful thought upon the matter, Dr. Lemare gave counsel:

"My friend, whenever a case is brought before you, listen carefully to all the evidence. Then, when all parties have spoken, bid them return on the next day, stating that in the meantime you wish opportunity to give the fullest consideration to the case. This will always flatter them—and give you time to come under cover of dark to my home and relate the matter to me. Then, with my knowledge, and with the aid of the criminal code the police have given you, you shall be in a position to render a fair and, I hope, satisfactory verdict on whatever the case may be."

Immensely relieved, Leroux repaired to his home. And, by aid of the doctor's wise counsel, in the next two years following his appointment, he became noted throughout the all neighborhood for wise and impartial decisions, till the fame of his legal acumen overshadowed even that of his predecessor.

WHILE sitting beside the fire one bitter afternoon, Leroux was roused out of his bachelor calm by a pounding on his door. Opening it, he saw with astonished eyes his sister's husband, Baptiste LaFleur, from some twenty-five miles up the lake, surrounded by Alphonse LaRose and half a dozen men, both English and French, from the same neighborhood. From their bearing, Leroux sensed that Baptiste was nominally a prisoner.

His quick-come suspicion was verified by the storm of voluble French that LaRose immediately poured upon him. Always a stickler for judicial dignity, Leroux motioned for silence, remarking as he did so: "Proceed to the court-room, and let the case be heard in the proper manner."

Brought to a proper sense of the majesty of the law, the little crowd trooped into the tiny parlor of Leroux's log-walled home and settled themselves around the room.

While they did so Leroux, assuming the unusual severity of mien he always affected at such times, took the seat behind the parlor table.

The court duly called to order, he listened gravely to the statement of Alphonse LaRose charging Baptiste LaFleur with the killing of his dog. On Baptiste's pleading not guilty, the justice put LaRose on oath and the case proceeded.

There had been bad blood between the two Leroux learned. This had arisen a short time before out of LaFleur's buying a cow from LaRose, which had died the day following the purchase. Claiming that the cow had been diseased, LaFleur had requested the return of his money, which LaRose had refused. In revenge for this, LaRose claimed LaFleur had shot his most treasured sleigh-dog.

Now, in this particular region, the French-Canadians and half breed farmers combined winter trapping with their small agricultural operations. So the killing of a valuable dog was a crime most heinous.

Aware of the gravity of the offense, Leroux proceeded with the case with particular thoroughness. Each of LaRose's six witnesses he questioned and cross-questioned. Their evidence left no doubt as to LaFleur's guilt.

Two of them had been emerging from the bush on a point of the lake that touched one end of LaRose's farm when they had heard a shot. Hurrying into the open they saw a dog lying on the ice, and halfway across the lake and heading for his cabin on the other side, had been LaFleur, a rifle in his hand.

These two witnesses had quickly informed LaRose. The three had then gone to LaFleur's cabin, picking up on the way three other neighbors. Reaching the cabin of the accused, LaRose had charged him with the crime, receiving a stout denial. But on the gathered men examining his rifle, only one cartridge was found gone from the clip of the .303 filled with soft-nosed bullets. That the dog had been killed with such a projectile, each man testified, was evident from the size of the animal's wound, a type of wound only made by soft-nosed bullets.

On the strength of these facts they had forced LaFleur to accompany them to the house of the justice.

The case for the prosecution all in, Leroux, as usual, made his little speech, similar to ones he had been delivering since his first ascending to the bench. He spoke English as being more impressive, and for the benefit of the English-speakers present.

"Dis is a ver' serious case, my frien's. I mus' have de time to look careful in de book." Here he tapped with great solemnity the marble-covered code, a little worn now with much carrying to and from the house of Dr. Lemare.

But for the first time in all his judicial career this speech brought forth a storm of protest from LaRose and the gathered witnesses.

Astounded and thoroughly angry, Leroux with scathing rebuke commanded order. When silence again reigned LaRose, somewhat chastened, but still

in a very decided tone, requested an immediate decision.

"We lak for you give decision now. We come ver' far; we got much stock to feed at home, and can't stay here for de night. Besides, it is easy to know he keel my dog."

Leroux hesitated—and was lost. "Eh bein," he said after a moment. "Court is adjourn for one-half hour; den I give my decision."

He had hoped they would file out and down to the village store, and thus give him a chance to hurry to Dr. Lemare, but they all remained in their seats, conversing in low tones.

Now, his reputation would permit of no leaving the court-room. So Leroux slowly opened the criminal code, staring with pretended deep concern at the meaningless printed page.

Robbed of the advice of his keen-minded aid, he sat on, wondering what to do. Had it been any other case, Leroux would not have been so deeply concerned; but the present one was further complicated by his personal relations with accuser and accused.

Of his brother-in-law, LaFleur, the Justice cared not a snap; but he had a wholesome respect for the terrible tongue of LaFleur's wife, his only sister. Besides, if he found LaFleur guilty, the only fitting punishment was jail; and with LaFleur in jail, the support of his sister would recoil upon his own head.

On the other hand, in his hopelessly easy-going way, Leroux had borrowed five hundred dollars from LaRose some five years before, giving as security a first mortgage on his farm. The five hundred still remained unpaid, and, in addition, two years' interest. Should he now fail to render a verdict satisfactory to LaRose, the latter might turn from a very easy creditor to an insistent one.

With the realization of all these things, the justice sat staring at the open book before him.

He must deliver a decision. Cold sweat came upon his brow. He raised both hands, and with them shaded his eyes from that breathlessly waiting little crowd. With fingers pressed against throbbing brow, he remained apparently absorbed in the mysteries of the book. Occasionally, for the strengthening of the illusion, he turned over a page.

But no solution came. His heart began thumping so loudly he feared they would hear it. One moment he decided to find LaFleur guilty—but horror of the happenings resultant from it stayed his words. The next instant he was for declaring the evidence insufficient, and let LaFleur go—and out of this verdict saw himself homeless.

Then there was his legal reputation, established these past two years. Leroux was queerly proud of this. And to find LaFleur "not guilty" in face of such evidence would forever rob him of standing in the community.

THEN suddenly, out of nowhere, but gloriously revivifying, come a wondrous thought. His breath escaped in a little hissing gasp of relief.

With the great idea come fully to clearness, he leaned closer to the book, appearing to study the words upon the page before him with added interest. Then he turned to the back of the book as if consulting a reference to make sure of an important discovery.

A moment he dwelt solemnly here; then straightened up with the air of a man at last arrived at a great decision after painful toil.

Clearing his throat, he called the court to order.

"Alphonse," he said, turning to LaRose, "I want you for point on de map so close you can w're your dog was keel." As he spoke the Justice pointed to the large local government map of the district that adorned the nearby wall.

Astonished at so strange a request, LaRose crossed to it and, after some little study, marked with a pencil his judgment of the spot where the dog had lain. When he had done so, Leroux descended from the bench, crossed to the map and examined the spot with great care.

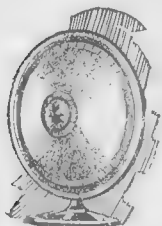
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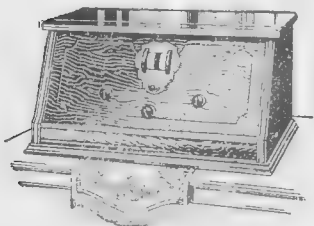
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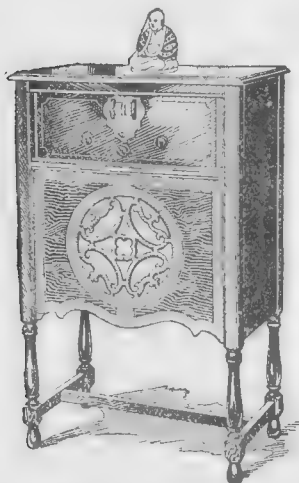
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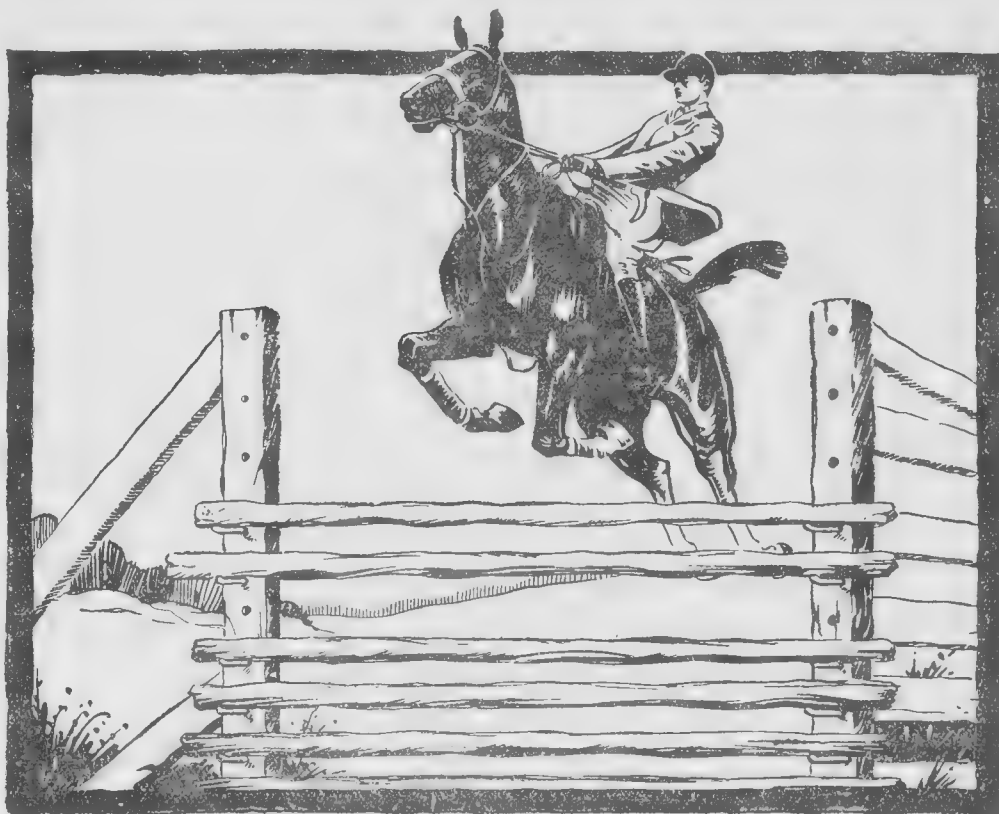
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# Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

IN THAT admirable work, "The Drama of the Spiritual Life," Miss Sears concludes her chapter on "The Problem of Religious Idealism" with these words, "We cannot doubt or deny that there has been such a thing as religious experience itself, whether or no this experience signifies all that is held to mean of God and of ultimate value."

At this point Miss Sears turns to an investigation of prayers, hymns, poems and other records of religious experience to discover for herself which elements of religious experience are universal and, in what sense, if any, actual religious experience is a revelation of God to the world.

In somewhat the same spirit may we approach a new publication, "The Anthology of Jesus" by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. (Toronto, Cassell & Co.). For this truly beautiful collection of prose and poetry mirrors the religious experience of several hundred great minds, beginning with a thirteenth century Persian poet and ending with the Te Deum. Keeping in mind that this anthology limits the field of religious experience for it includes only the thoughts of those whose revelation of the Divine has come through Jesus, nevertheless it is a valuable addition to the library of all interested in the study of theology, of spiritual evolution, of the psychology of religion. In fact it might well stand between William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience" and Miss Sears' volume already mentioned and is most decidedly a very interesting addendum to that exhaustive and perennially fascinating anthology "The World's Great Religious Poetry" by Caroline Miles Hill.

For the student then Sir James Marchant has done valuable work in bringing together four hundred passages relating to the character, the work, the influence and the teachings of Jesus. But not students alone are indebted to the anthologist. Orthodox Christians will find this book like unto a fragrant garden where they refresh their souls. Those who do not subscribe to the tenets of Christianity but who nevertheless find spiritual solace in venerating the world's great teachers and who delight to linger in their company will also thank Sir James Marchant. And lastly—although I am quite aware that this is not the purpose of the "Anthology of Jesus," there are a great number who will find much joy in this collection because of the beauty in style and imagery of these passages. For tenderness of conception and delicacy of expression it would be hard to rival such passages as Jellaludin's "On the Threshold," and the poems by Phineas Fletcher and Francis Quarles—but I could quote until I wearied you. There are publications and there are books. The publications are paper and print. The books are living pulsing effective creatures that alter one's day by their existence. I would put the "Anthology of Jesus" in this latter class. I felt "hushed" (I can explain it no other way) after spending an hour listening to the soul proclaiming its joy in its Source. There will be members of all creeds who will find loveliness in this expression of one powerful, living, phase of religious experience.

## Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot?

PERHAPS some of you remember my review of "The Farthing Spinster" which I enjoyed so much? Its author Miss Catherine Dodd has just published another novel "Clad in Purple Mist" (Jarrold), which she ought, by rights, to have written first! For it deals with the forebears of the Farthing family, Michael the Quillman and his large family and his beautiful sister-in-law Molly Christane.

"Clad in Purple Mist" is not an easy book to read but it repays for all the trouble it gives. First and foremost its style delights me. Miss Dodd couldn't write a quickly moving best seller if she tried. She is too cultured a woman to wish to dabble in sensationalism and her knowledge of the English language is too intimate to permit her to write except "exquisitely". I put this word in inverted commas because I think it so describes

Miss Dodd's style. Her novel is like an exquisitely woven piece of embroidery, not machine made according to the latest pattern offered by modern books on journalism, but by the hands of an individual loving and understanding her art.

"Clad in Purple Mist" gives us a most vivid and remarkable picture of the Manx people a hundred and more years ago. A thrifty, superstitious, uneducated people living on potatoes and herrings although they've money for meat, resenting the incursion of the English tongue into the schools where their children go, ever ready to pick a quarrel, contemptuous of the niceties of life, yet sensitive to natural beauty and with an ear for ballad rhythms and a taste for fairy lore.

I think the part I enjoyed most in this fascinating chronicle of other times and other people, was the description of the school at Liverpool whither our beautiful and earnest Mollie Christane went in the hope that she was wise enough to teach young ladies entrusted to the care of a Mrs. Mardon. Miss Dodd is, as I told you in my previous review a very distinguished educationalist, and so, when she describes school life and the standards of education at the different periods of our history her touch is not only sure but subtle and slyly humorous. Who can read her description of Mrs. Mardon's examination of the beautiful Mollie to discover this young lady's qualifications without suspecting Miss Dodd of a twinkling eye and inward laughter?

"Clad in Purple Mist" is a quiet tale except for one incident that so aroused my wrath, it makes me hot to relate it! Mollie's lover is accused of horse stealing by his rival. He is quite innocent but

such is the state of justice in the nineteenth century that he is convicted on trumped up evidence and actually deported on a convict ship to Australia. The description of the life aboard the convict ship, based on an account found in C. A. Browning's "England's Exiles" published in the nineteenth century, is appalling. To think that such a state of affairs could exist a hundred years ago. I think the time will come when "Clad in Purple Mist" and "The Farthing Spinster" will be looked upon as more than finely written novels; they will be respected as chronicles, contributions to history, and milestones in the progress of the education of women!

## Leacock, The Reaper

ROSE MACAULAY that brilliant and satiric writer was expressing herself the other day on the subject of love. She bemoaned the fact that all her life she has bestowed unrequited affection upon squirrels and actors. I know just how she feels. Mine has flowed continuously and warmly to babies left outside shops in perambulators—and to Stephen Leacock. No responsiveness has ever gladdened my day. Oh yes occasionally a baby has given me a fleeting smile. Stephen Leacock nothing. Whenever a new book has bubbled from his pen, I have dragged my secret love into public, but without avail. Never once has he rewarded me by as much as a printed form posted by his secretary telling me that he is obliged for the favour of a copy of my review of his latest novel. May Sinclair has called me intelligent, Ernest Raymond kind, Eden Phillpotts and Hamlin Garland bestowed upon me such encouragement as made the earth ascend to heaven, and one, a versifier, threatened to prosecute me for

speaking of his "pomes" as "jingles". But Stephen Leacock ignores me. And yet my love grows and grows! The other evening I read aloud several chapters from his latest publication "Winnowed Wisdom" (The Bodley Head) and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Somewhere or other Shakespeare says "Bitter torture shall winnow the truth from falsehood." Leacock has not told us if he suffered when he went a-harvesting for sheaves of modern ideas from which he collected his winnowed wisdom. They which he offers us may be now free from falsehood but certainly not from chaff! I remember once listening to a learned disquisition on knowledge, understanding and wisdom. Knowledge I believe is something we obtain from another's brain but wisdom comes from ourselves. That is what makes this book so delightful. Stephen Leacock reaps from the field of modern thoughts, cults and crazes, subjects his harvest to the threshing machine of his satiric humour and lo the winnowed wisdom is stuff from which is made the bread of truth and the champagne of laughter. The faculty of the Manitoba Agricultural College may say my metaphors are sadly mixed but Stephen Leacock will not mind. He is so indifferent to my love!

"The Country-Side in May" (page 115) is delicious. It reminds me forcibly of "Beachcomber" the columnist of the "Daily Express" when he is at his very best. And this, Beachcomber, "my young Pippin" to use your own phraseology is the greatest compliment I can bestow upon you. For I always feel when reading a Stephen Leacock book "Here is something good enough throughout for 'Punch'." Here is something that "Punch" sometimes equals for real wit.

There is more in the chapter "How We Kept Mother's Day" than meets the risible muscles. It is very funny but it is also poignant, for stripped of its exaggeration, it is a bitter truth, that is revealed. "All aboard for Europe" (page 167) is another excellent chapter. Everyone who has travelled will punctuate his reading of this with the exclamation "That's just it." I love the concluding paragraph written by the Jester with his cap and bells temporarily laid aside. Hark to the winnowed wisdom—"My friend, this is a parable. As is the Atlantic voyage, so is our little pilgrimage in life, a brief transit in the sunshine from shore to shore, whose short days are all too often marred by the mean disputes and the poor worries that in the end signify nothing. While there is still time, let us look about us to the horizon."

## Who is The Devil?

TOLSTOY in the Kreutzer Sonata made it fairly clear that woman and devil are synonymous terms! Aylmer Maude who knew Tolstoy intimately and whose translations are, in the opinion of Tolstoy himself, the finest that could have been achieved, has translated an hitherto unpublished manuscript known as "The Devil" (New York and London, Harper Bros.).

The theme is somewhat similar to that of the Kreutzer Sonata—woman's power to wreck man's spiritual nature by her dominion over his sexual life.

We are not here concerned with the truth of Tolstoy's contention. It is not for the book reviewer to open a discussion on the Russian attitude to sex as compared with the British. Nor is it a reviewer's business to offer the opinion that the incident related by Tolstoy taken, so Aylmer Maude says, from his own life is not worthy of forming the plot of a story. Nor, I suppose, dare I quarrel with the author himself who says definitely that Eugene, the central character to this morbid story was not a psychopath. Were an Englishman of good breeding, educated, financial, stable, and happily married to complain of being a victim to illicit passion, we would at once pity him for the psychopath he is. But we are confronted with Eugene a Russian, and apparently we are to judge him from entirely different standpoint. He is not

Continued on page 41



Olive Borden, Hollywood star, at Jasper Park with a large company of Fox stars to produce Oliver Curwood's story of the north country—"The Country Beyond."



# Some of the New Fashions

THE illustrations on this page will show a few of the new fashions as will be worn in Paris, New York and Toronto.

It will be noticed that more straight lines are being adopted. Skirts remaining about the same length—a wide range of rich materials both for dresses and coats are being used in many new colors and fur as a trimming is more pronounced than ever. The garments illustrated are taken from Hallam's Mail Order Fashion Book for the coming fall and winter, and are representative styles and values. The prices range in Fur Coats from \$95.00, in Cloth Coats from \$14.95, in Dresses from \$8.95, thus offering the Canadian woman latest style at prices to suit every purse.

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# Athletes of the Animal World

Written and Illustrated by Dan McCowan

WHEN a circus comes to town we marvel at the strength of great-bodied elephants hauling ponderous and weighty wagons with apparent ease; at county fairs we watch eagerly and are thrilled when high leaping horses surmount lofty barriers. Reading of the homing journeys of cats and dogs that have found exile unbearable will oft-times excite our wonder and amazement. Yet in the everyday animal world of forest and wilderness, countless feats of strength and endurance are performed and extraordinary physical efforts are of necessity put forth. Now and again comes opportunity to observe and record such happenings but, as a rule, the most notable either pass unobserved or else, so incredible do they seem, are denied a place upon the printed page.

In this article it is proposed to deal with and draw attention to some of the most outstanding performances of animal athletes, giving, so far as is humanly possible, reliable figures and accurate detail. In a preliminary parade of competitors, pride of place might well be given to the high leapers, their efforts and performances being ever spectacular. Amongst large bodied animals which are capable of springing to great heights, the Jaguar would probably lead all others. This powerfully muscled member of the cat family can, without difficulty, spring from the ground to a tree branch that is fifteen feet overhead or, to make the illustration more graphic and impressive, could easily jump from street level to the second story windows of an ordinary dwelling house. Deer are well adapted for high jumping, the hind quarters being abnormally developed and extremely muscular. A Red Deer has been known to surmount a twelve foot high fence. The Canada Lynx, lithe in every movement, leaps upwards with great ease and with little apparent effort. Indeed, when so engaged, this wild cat of the West seems to be part rubber, part whalebone and entirely independent of the law of gravitation. The standing high jump of the lynx is strongly suggestive of a "Slow Motion" moving picture.

Lordly Salmon, hurrying upstream from ocean to spawning grounds are often confronted, yet seldom confounded, by such obstacles as weirs and waterfalls. Many a time has the writer sat by a nut-brown, foam flecked stream in the heart of the Grampian Hills and watched these noble fishes clean run from salty seas, leap in the air like arrows of silver and so doing, contrive to pass over and beyond the rocky steps that made the waterfall. A leap of ten or twelve feet high is not beyond the power of an Atlantic Salmon.

In a running long leap competition the Kangaroo might be fancied to win, for, of

all creatures, this beast seems best able to progress by means of long and sustained bounding. With a single hop this great marsupial can cover a distance of from twenty to twenty-five feet. Such a long jump is impressive but yet far from being extraordinary. A steeple-chase horse has jumped a distance of thirty-nine feet and there is mention in the "Field" of a thoroughbred horse having made the very large jump of forty-one feet and six inches. The latter jump was, however, on ground which sloped slightly downwards. Compared with such prodigious leaping as this, the efforts of the native deer of North America seem insignificant. It is

wild. There are, however, wild animals in the North woods that are capable of setting a fast pace. On a stretch of the Banff-Lake Louise highway that traverses the Canadian Rockies, a great-antlered bull Moose ran ahead of an automobile for a distance of three miles and at a speed of approximately twenty-five miles per hour. Urged to greater effort, the animal broke into a clumsy gallop and almost immediately swerved aside into the thick spruce woods.

The Varying Hare or Snowshoe Rabbit, in consequence of having to frequently flee for his life, has naturally developed into a speedy runner. One hundred yards

in five seconds and one mile in less than two minutes is the record that stands to the credit of an individual member of this much pursued and sorely persecuted tribe of Hares.

In neat and graceful diving, the Seals probably excel. The Polar Bear belies a somewhat clumsy appearance and gait and is really an accomplished diver. Heading from ice cake or berg into the blue-green depths of Arctic seas he plunges "Like swimmer into cleanness leaping" and seldom fails to overtake his prey. In comparison with most creatures of pronounced aquatic habit, the Beaver and the Muskrat are clumsy in diving from land to water.

The Otter is very much at home in lake or stream and there its movements are graceful and elegant. This large water-weasel, for so it is classed, is an extremely proficient swimmer, able to overtake with ease the trout and salmon upon which it largely depends for food. There is a well authenticated instance of an Otter progressing for almost a quarter of a mile whilst submerged and without once being compelled to come to the

surface to breathe. Deer, heavy bodied and spangle legged, are surprisingly good swimmers. Squirrels, despite the encumbrance of furry coat and bushy tail, are capable of swimming for long distances.

In observing and studying wild animal athletes, one notes that they are always in training; that suitable diet is rigidly adhered to; that regular hours are kept. The ability to leap high or far, to run swiftly, to dive cleanly and to swim with ease is not with them a result of partaking in healthful recreation or pastime. It is a vital necessity. To creatures of the wilderness the price of safety is mental vigilance and physical preparedness. Relaxation of training, or disobedience of rules means that, for the heedless, imprudent individual, the great game of Life must of a surety, come to a sudden and premature end.

### Misleading Jollity

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?" "Stay away, niggah; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."—Orange Owl.



The Mule Deer is a noted athlete, leaping with great ease and running very swiftly

nevertheless questionable if any quadruped can jump uphill with greater facility and ease than can the Mule Deer of the foothills of the Rockies. Jumping eight, ten and twelve feet on a stiff upgrade is indeed phenomenal, particularly when it is realized that such method of progression may be prolonged for a considerable period and perchance until the summit ridge of a long steep slope has been attained. There is one other notable jumper to which reference must be made. The Jumping Mouse, a tiny rodent related to the European Jerboa, finding ample room on the great plains of the west for practice, has so perfected the art of long leaping that he now can spring to a distance of ten feet or, forty times the length of his own small body.

OUTSTANDING amongst the more familiar foot runners are greyhounds whippets and racehorses. These domesticated animals, bred solely for speed and sport are singularly fleet of foot and may hardly be overtaken by creatures of the



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# The End of the Race

Continued from page 14

not realize it, he was suffering from the toxic effect of a full meal eaten after a period of semi-starvation. On the day that it was announced that he had won his degree he had promised himself that he would take no more of his mother's money. The determination had been difficult to keep, but he had kept it—and it had taught him much bitter wisdom.

HE HAD learned that London merchants were not nearly so anxious to employ Bachelors of Art as they were to find really efficient and reliable stenographers; that the second-hand booksellers in Charing Cross Road will give an armful of old schoolbooks scarcely enough to pay for a meal at one of the depots of an aerated bread company; and that the prices obtainable for cast-off clothes are not nearly as high as advertisements in the personal columns of the *Times* would lead one to suppose.

On most days his midday meal had consisted of a roll and a stick of chocolate eaten among the gulls on the Thames Embankment. And his most heartening discovery since leaving Oxford had been that stale but quite wholesome bread and odds and ends of cold meat can be bought for quite nominal sums at cabmen's shelters.

Cleverer men than Johnson, in moments of excitement after long periods of anxiety or semi-starvation, have seen visions or heard voices. Johnson heard voices. Though he could not grasp what the Head was saying or distinguish the faces of the men in front of him he thought he heard fellows saying across the table: "Well done, Johnnie, old boy! Well done, old man!"

The sound of ringing cheers and the tinkle of glass as fists thumped the table warned him that the Head had finished his speech, and he rose to his feet to reply to the toast of his health that he supposed the Head had proposed. All round him men were waving table napkins and shouting: "Speech, speech!"—"Order!"—"Chair!" Twice he tried to utter the conventional opening formula: "Dr. Bates, old Victorians and gentlemen," and each time his voice was so thin and husky that he himself could not hear it above the uproar. Then an unseen hand grasped him firmly by the coat-tails and pulled him back into his seat with a jerk. The slight shock restored him to his senses and he realized that Digby was on his feet, waiting with easy, smiling self-assurance for an opportunity to make himself heard.

"What an ass I am!" said Johnson to the neighbor who had pulled him back into obscurity. "I thought it was my health the Head proposed. I forgot about old Digby. He seems to have made a bit of a hit last night."

"A bit of a hit!" exclaimed the neighbor. "By jove! If he goes on the way he has begun—Hush! I want to hear him."

AS THE years went on many men heard Digby speak and many more would have liked to hear him. Before he was thirty the mere rumor that he would take part in a debate in the House of Commons was enough to cause a queue to form outside the Strangers' Gallery, and his name on a poster sufficed by itself to fill the Albert Hall. Four years after making his maiden speech in the House he became under-secretary. Three years later he was given a place in the Cabinet. For five years he was leader of the opposition, and when his opponents were defeated he returned to the House as prime minister.

But no success ever made Digby a snob, and through all those strenuous triumphant years he never forgot to ask Johnson to dinner on the anniversary of the day on which he broke the public school record.

Digby enjoyed these annual dinners immensely—for one reason because they enabled him for an hour or so to escape his own greatness. When he dined with other people he was never allowed to forget that he was the most important person present. They admired him, or were palpably jealous of him, or pestered him with requests for the use of his influence. But Johnson never seemed to realize that he was anything more than the old form-mate who was efficient in everything from the construing of a difficult passage of Plato to the cooking of bloaters over the study fire. Johnson never wanted to discuss armaments or tariffs. He seldom asked what Digby thought or did or meant to do. Most of his remarks began with "D'you remember—" and for the rest he talked about the school and his share of the work in it.

It was—in Johnson's own estimation—a very full, strenuous, and important life that he himself led. At the beginning of every year he started afresh with a new batch of thick-headed and tongue-tied small boys, dragged them painfully through a maze of pluperfects and gerunds, supines and aorists; introduced them to the simpler passages in the works of Virgil and Xenophon; handed them over at the end of the year to the man above him, and started again with a new lot. But to Digby, Johnson's life seemed hardly to be preferred to penal servitude.

At one of their annual dinners Digby for the twentieth time offered to find Johnson some less monotonous and more highly paid post. But Johnson regarded his own particular rut as the finest of all possible ruts and could not be induced to change it.

"Bates ought, at least, to give you one of the upper forms," said Digby.

"I'd much rather have the youngsters," declared Johnson. "They come to me at the critical age. I ground them well—teach them to tell the truth, play the game, wash behind their ears, and use the subjunctive after *ut*. I don't care who takes them after that. They can't go wrong if they've learned their job properly with me. And they don't—they don't—" Johnson so far forgot the publicity of the restaurant in which they were dining as to thump the prime minister in the ribs. "It's natural that some do better than others after leaving school, but none of them, not a single one of them, has ever come a mucker yet."

ON THE morning of the fortieth anniversary of the day when Digby had broken the world's record for the mile flat-race, Johnson found a letter



on his breakfast-plate that was accompanied by a ticket entitling him to a reserved seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. Digby had written:

Dear Old Man:—I am making a very important speech in the House this afternoon. You might like to hear it. In any case call for me at the House of Commons. I shall be looking out for you at 7.30, and we will go to the Lucrezia or wherever else you like for dinner.

Johnson showed the letter to the Head when he asked leave to get away from his duties for the afternoon.

"Although I've known him all these years," he said, "I've never heard Digby speak in public. I should be very grateful if you could manage to shunt my form onto someone else for the afternoon."

"Why, of course. I'd give a week's holiday for the chance of going with you—today of all days. He's going to explain the terms of the new Pan-Anglo-Saxon Treaty, isn't he?"

"He doesn't say what the speech is to be about."

"It's bound to be about the new treaty, surely. It's the greatest thing in history. Magna Charta was a mere domestic incident in comparison."

Johnson, not having to teach history, had forgotten most of what he had ever learned about Magna Charta, and as he seldom found time to read newspapers he had not heard of the Pan-Anglo-Saxon Treaty. He wanted to go to the House of Commons not because of what Digby was going to say, but because it was Digby who was going to say it.

At half past three, as he walked out of Charing Cross Station into the Strand, dressed in a suit that as a rule he wore only on Sundays, a bronzed, gray-headed, active-looking man touched him on the arm.

"You remember me, sir, don't you?" he asked.

Johnson tilted his head back, the better to focus his spectacles.

"Why, of course. Hallam. Colonel Hallam, you are now, aren't you?"

"To be strictly accurate, I'm Major-General now."

"Are you? Splendid! Why, I haven't seen you for years! Home on leave, I suppose. When are you going to look us up in the old school? Look here! I did mean to go down to the House of Commons to hear the Prime Minister speak. He's an old Victorian, you know, a contemporary of mine. But now I must hear your news. Where can we go? I've not got a club, but we can talk quietly in the National Gallery or somewhere. Remember when you carved your name on the desk in my classroom? It's still there—or as much of it as you had time to do before I caught you at it."

"But I mustn't keep you if you are going down to the House, sir. I hear that it is so packed this afternoon that members are sitting on the floor and the hot water pipes, and Dukes are fighting for places in the Peers' Gallery."

Major-General Hallam took his old form master to the United Service Club, and there, sitting under the portraits of the mighty dead, Johnson asked a score of questions about his old pupil's life and duties, questions that showed such deep ignorance of affairs on the Indian frontier that the General was glad when the conversation turned on school matters.

"Yes," said Johnson. "I still teach in the same old room, the same old subjects—and if it wasn't that one boy has red hair and another brown I

Continued on page 83



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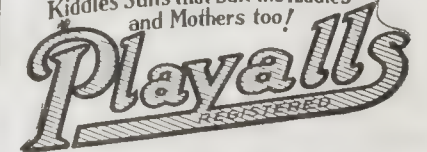
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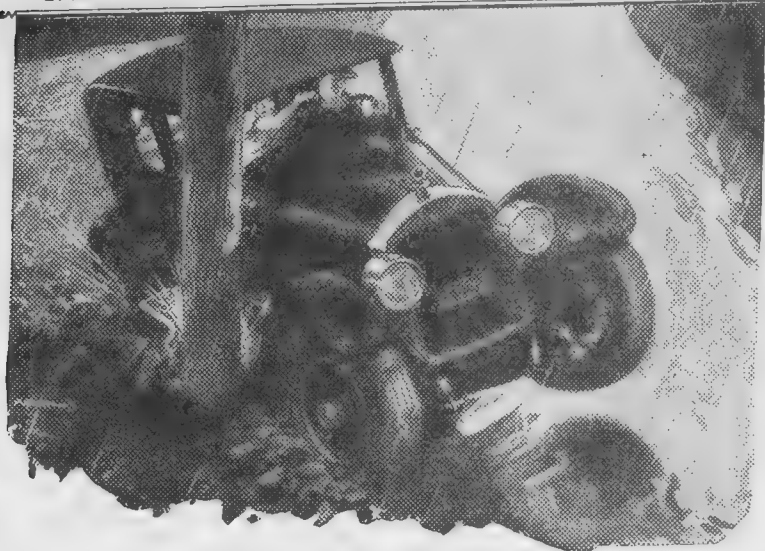
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## WET RUBBER SLIPS CHAINS DO NOT!

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WEED Chains are made in several styles to give satisfactory service on all types of pneumatic and solid tires for all road conditions.

## WEED CHAINS



DOMINION  
CHAIN CO.  
Limited  
Niagara Falls,  
Ont., Canada



(Weed Bumper  
C-25)

Insist on WEED Bumpers and Fender-guards. There is a WEED design correct in weight and design for every car.

## WEED BUMPERS

## Loss of sleep has cost many a man his job!

A man can't work without perfect sleep refreshment. If you wake up feeling tired, languid, ragged of nerve, physically and mentally wretched, *check up on your mattress.*

A great many times *that's* the reason. Perfect sleep refreshment can only be assured on a perfect mattress. Old and "sprung" springs, saggy and bumpy, hard and lumpy mattresses are a menace to health, work and creature comfort.



*Top of the morning!*

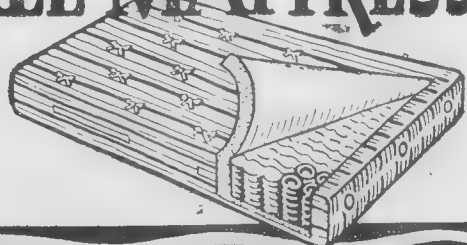
There is only one mattress to consider if you are tired of sleepless nights — A MARSHALL MATTRESS. This perfect mattress is made for perfect sleep. The nested springs are evenly tempered to last for a lifetime; several layers of smoothly even felt spread softness over perfect resiliency; a double strength ticking protects the whole. Start right in—tonight—to enjoy perfect sleep refreshment. See the MARSHALL MATTRESS at your dealers.

Send for our FREE booklet, "THE NIGHTLY VOYAGE." It is a splendid tonic for tired bodies and minds, and shows you how to save money by buying a Bed, Spring and Mattress.



# MARSHALL MATTRESS

GLOBE  
BEDDING  
CO. LTD  
Winnipeg, Man



## Hints for Canadians Travelling Abroad— Across Sweden by the Gota Canal

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

Member of the French, American, and Portuguese  
Geographical Societies

TO THE tripper, tourist, or traveller, Sweden offers scenic delights that challenge any country of Northern Europe.

On the Gota Canal trip of two and a half days we pass thousands of islands that compete with one another in nature beauty.

The idea of joining Sweden's many lakes by means of a waterway is very old. Bishop Brusk was the first to consider it possible to connect the North Sea with

From Vadstena the steamer stops at Motala, where the Eastern part of the Canal offers some of the finest views en route. Lake Boren is passed, and we arrive in a couple of hours at Berg with its fifteen locks, at which place the old Vreta Convent Church may be visited. We then proceed through Lake Roxen and Asplungen to Soderkoping, in ancient times a powerful commercial city, but now an idealic watering place. Near the town is the ruins of Stegeborg, a castle



Stockholm—Harbor and Fishing Smacks

the Baltic, and Christopher Polhem received permission to construct a passage between Gothenburg and Norrkoping by using the natural waterways as far as possible. Later the work was completed connecting the North and Baltic Seas. From Gothenburg, the largest seaport in Sweden and situated on the North Sea, the great water highway consisting of lakes, rivers, and canals, runs like a blue

once occupied by King Gustaf Vasa, and birthplace of King John III. Through the lovely archipelago of the Baltic the steamer enters the Sodertalje Canal on which is the town of the same name, and then continues through Lake Malaren, one of the most beautiful lakes of all Europe, to Stockholm.

Stockholm is undoubtedly one of the most interesting cities of Europe and



Stockholm—Town Hall and Garden

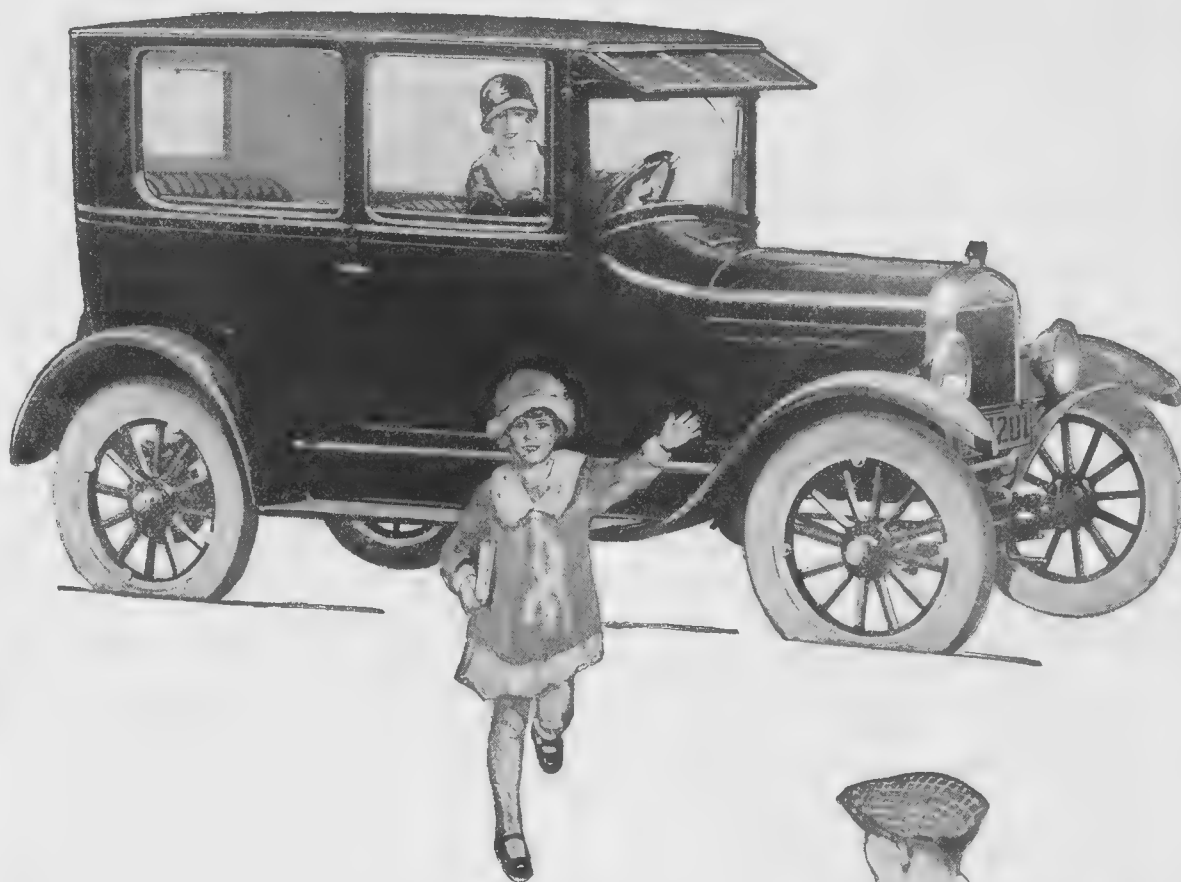
ribbon through the rural districts of Central Sweden, to the Baltic and Stockholm.

The Gota Canal has a total length of three hundred and forty-seven miles. Two-thirds of the distance is formed by natural channels, the remainder consists of canals made by blasting and excavating. No voyage on inland waters could reflect a more restful peace than this journey through some of the most picturesque and prosperous parts of Sweden, holding the stamp of Swedish culture from the dead centuries to the present.

rightly named the "Venice of the North." Among the remarkable buildings are the Royal Palace, the House of the Diet, the House of the Peerage, and the New Town Hall, perhaps the most ornate modern structure of Europe. Stockholm is also renowned for its beautiful environs with royal castles and palaces, its wooded islands and islets boasting attractive watering places.

The passenger traffic on the Gota Canal is maintained by first-class steamers, the service of which is equal to the best ocean going ships.



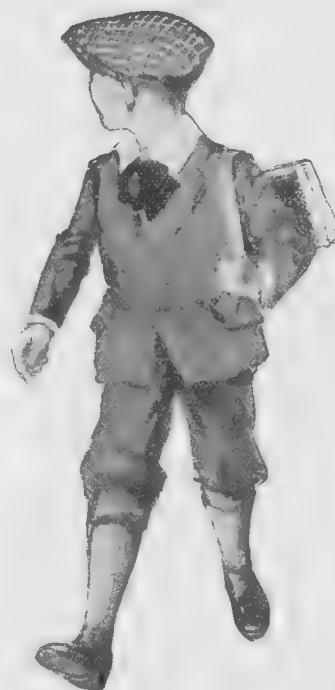


**F**EW cars offer such complete comfort in all weather as does the Tudor sedan. The four large plate glass windows disappear completely below the window sills and the windshield swings outward from the top, making it the airiest of cars for summer. Yet, in a moment it can be converted into a cozy, weather-proof car on wintry days—so providing year round protection of the family's health.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited  
Ford, Ontario

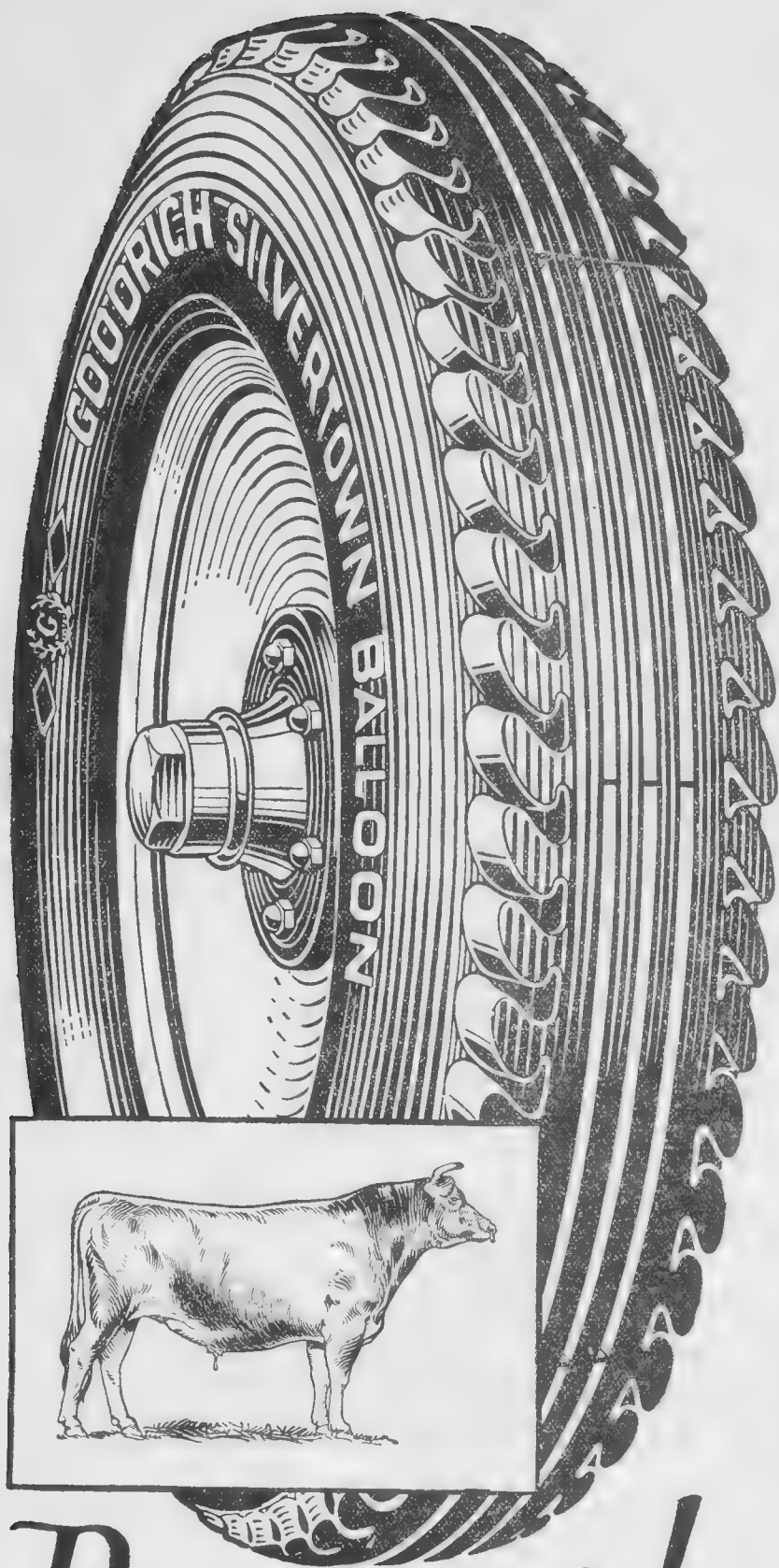
*Convenient terms of payment may be arranged with  
your local authorized Ford Dealer*

**Ford**



PRODUCTS OF TRADITIONAL QUALITY





# Pure-Bred!

Like the pure-bred animal, the Goodrich Tire has unmistakable marks of pedigree . . . and, as with animals, the beauty is more than skin deep.

Silvertown super-performance results from Goodrich experience gained in fifty-five years in the rubber business.

Like pure-bred cattle they are "Best in the Long Run."

There's a Goodrich dealer near you.

Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.

F-2

## Goodrich Silvertown CORD TIRE

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

## The Seasons in Saskatchewan

By A. V. Armstrong

**C**AESARLIKE the Chinook wind comes, sees, conquers; suddenly, with its arrival, the vast expanse of snow vanishes, is succeeded by dull yellows and browns of bare prairie which merge steadily into an advancing tide of green.

Nature awakens to her annual travail; there are days when the sky is gray, haggard and wet as a woman's face; other days come, and Nature lies calm like some exquisite blue-eyed mother, her frail children pressed close to her mighty breast.

Oh, the miracle of Saskatchewan in May! The misty nights, resonant with the cry of the wild crane and the dim, dark prairies stretching into measureless space; the crimson and gold of early sunrise, with the black fields and the green meadows all dank with dew, soon to sparkle opalescently in the bright sunshine; the early dawn, with its scented breeze and the twitter of birds—these are memories dear to the Saskatchewan folk. And, as the sunshine glows more brightly, one sees that these green meadows are flecked with the blue anemone or crocus—its petals darkly-blue without, but snowy-white within; and already, around the marshy sloughs, are to be found the purple violet and the golden buttercup.

But already, too, the war is on—the war between man and Nature, that man would fain make an alliance and cannot. You have scarcely time to be aware of the great illimitable expanse of prairie with its sparse groups of farm-buildings and more frequent "bluffs" of willow and poplar spring up so rapidly now that the dread prairie fire no longer rages unchecked—scarcely time to grasp the effect of space and vastness before all the landscape is astir with strife and bustle everywhere.

Ploughs are first at work, while the cattle wander unchecked in the greening, marshy fields. Then, as the fields dry, the drills or seeders appear. Early and late, while still the air resounds with the call of the crane, the saucy "caw" of the crow, and all the hubbub of the oncoming birds, the drills are busy.

By the end of June, the seeding finished. Spring flashes into summer; and summer—after a brief gorgeous pageant of marvelous sunrises and sunsets, unforgettable and glorious, of roadsides beauteous with roses, daisies, tiger-lilies and kindred flowers, with the lakeside resorts luring both farmer and townsman to a happy holiday, with city and village, alike agog with fairs and exhibitions—summer, I say, flashes into autumn.

Sometimes—rarely—Nature plays the Lady Bountiful, and the harvester finds a rich crop ready for the harvest. More often it is a battle royal. It may be a long spring drought; it may be a sudden, bursting, blasting hailstorm or even an onslaught of the dreadful grasshopper. The worst, perhaps, is to see the gallant green fields slowly redden and then blacken with the insidious rust.

Now and again all is bustle and noise. Binders reaping, cars flitted on errands to town, the great dark threshing machines at work; troops of harvest hands pouring into the West—this is the busiest of all seasons. This bustle also passes; the last threshing machine ceases to hum, the last wagon-load of grain has been hauled to elevator or granary; the fields lie shorn and silent.

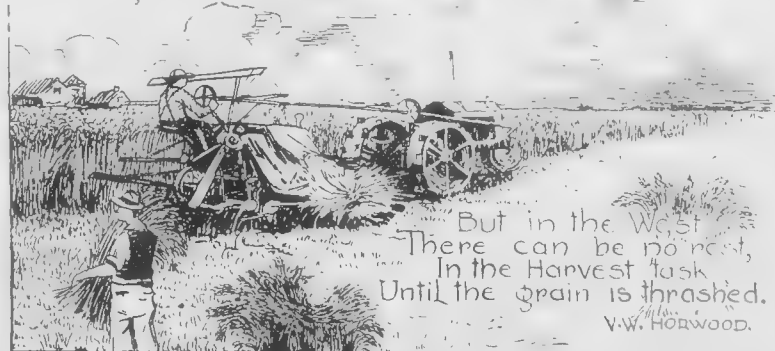
Then follow a few weeks of comparative quiet, with the landscape again all dull yellows and browns, broken now with the glistening black of late fall ploughing, and the reds and oranges of fall leaves. The gardens are being garnered in, other fall work is being done; overhead, the birds are migrating, in great flocks, southward.

There comes a gray, cold day; night falls early, and we waken in the morning to find the scene transformed by our first snowfall. This snow will probably vanish in a day or two—it was only the forerunner of winter, only our "Squaw Winter," and is yet to be followed by a sunshiny period of "Indian Summer." But eventually winter comes; and the farmer and his family settle down to the comparative rest of winter with leisure now for the radio, for reading, or dancing and other sociable pastimes.

## Harvest Time

The hot short summer time  
Long days of coaxing sunshine,  
Has filled to the brim  
The prairies rim,  
With nodding wheat  
All ripe to reap.  
And wind shadows blow  
Over grain fields slow,  
With a ripple of gold  
As the winds unfold  
In the purple haze  
Of the autumn days.

A fairy wand  
Stretches over the land,  
From splashing mountain streams,  
To where the silver muskeg gleams  
And the drone of machines,  
The stamp of the teams,  
With men's hoarse cries  
From the fields arise.  
The Sun's downward sweep  
Lulls the Earth to sleep,  
Drops a flaming lid  
And the fields are hid.



But in the West  
There can be no rest,  
In the Harvest task  
Until the grain is thrashed.

V.W. HORWOOD.



## Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 32

insane, the author says so. His spiritual nature has become the prey of the Devil; in other words he has no control over his sex passions.

With the plot or theme I am impatient. Such a storm in a tea cup. With Tolstoy's art I am more than ever impressed. The Devil is really only a longish short story—a man's life condensed into the space of a hundred pages. Eugène the youth, the married man, the father, the victim struggling in the power of the Devil, the suicide. As I closed the book, I muttered to myself "silly ass" (referring to Eugène who had just shot himself) but there suddenly came into my mind Saint Louis of Gorgonzola who, at the age of twelve made a vow of chastity to keep which he refused to raise his eyes from the ground lest he notice a woman. Call him psychopathic or quite sane, it makes no difference. One must just admit that Saint Louis and Eugène and such men exist and sometimes they become the heroes of stories that are depressing, valueless but, in the hands of a master writer like Tolstoy, marvellous examples of literary craftsmanship. And with this in mind, one thanks Aylmer Maude for giving us the opportunity to read this posthumous novel "The Devil."

### Poor Paris

IF ONE were to believe in the Paris of Mr. Brenning ("Parisian Love" by J. H. Brenning, Cassell & Co.), truly Sodom and Gomorrah are abodes of virtue. From the heights of Montmartre to the dingiest cellars of the underworld—there is not to be met a redeeming virtue.

Cocottes, apaches, unholy passion and ruthless murder figure in almost every page. The one virtuous maiden Marie occupies an equivocal position of her own seeking as the "ward" of the chief villain of this precious set. A sufficiency of villainy is apparently lacking in the degenerate crowd so a super Argentine villain is imported who kills most of the men he meets and seduces many women—others he "crushes to death with his naked hands!" Truly a magnificent villain, fabulously wealthy and fatuously wicked, who "guffaws" and "splashes" brandy into his glass on almost every second page.

No, J. H. Brenning, you strain our credulity, "The Butterfly of Paris" was food for children compared with your latest. It might serve as a lurid cinema theme for a house in Buenos Aires but it cannot pass as a novel for English speaking people with a grain of common sense or a gleam of humour.

### FAME

O, for the lute of Orpheus, or the lyre  
Of gentle Laura's lover, laurel-wreathed;  
Or such a harp as Heaven to him bequeathed,  
Whose deathless, sighing cypress guards the  
pyre

Of his mourned Arthur: so might I aspire  
To woo the fay I worship from afar—  
The fay that lures me like a mystic star:  
With such a harp and, with old Chiron's fire.

Promethean—then would she—idyllic she,  
To my celestial strains her ear incline,  
And condescend, perchance, to smile on me,  
As smileth She upon her Swans divine.  
Disdainful Queen!—Fay of the tiara'd  
brow,

One smile at least bestow upon me now!  
G. Arthur Hallam.

### Knows Folks

"Yes, my friends," said the theological lecturer, "some admire Moses, who instituted the old law; some, Paul, who spread the new. But after all, which character in the Bible has had the largest following?"

As he paused, a voice from the back bench shouted: "Ananias!"—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Insurance Agent: "Don't you want your office furnishings insured against theft?"

Boss: Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

Man (to young clerk behind counter): "Are you the head of this business?"

Clerk (who is the grocer's son): "No I'm only the heir of the head."

Seasoned Boarder (to newcomer): "I say, old man—I don't think I'd touch the rice pudding if I were you—there was a wedding on this street yesterday."



Sedan, \$1210—De Luxe Sedan, \$1385  
f. o. b. Toronto, taxes to be added

# Unseen Sources of Long Life

An open book to the expert  
And revealed to the Owner in terms of Service

The basic sources of motor car value are not always apparent to the eye.

A motor car, like a house, may look more substantial than it really is.

But experts know. And Dodge Brothers Motor Car, subjected to their sharp scrutiny, has received the unqualified endorsement it so richly deserves.

Electrical Engineers, for instance, will tell you that Dodge Brothers starter and electrical equipment throughout, are exceptionally efficient and dependable.

Metallurgists will confirm the fact that in no other car built is so high a percentage of costly chrome vanadium steel employed.

Tanners will tell you that Dodge Brothers, for their leather upholstery, will accept only a distinctly superior grade of stock.

Upholsterers concede that you will rarely find mohair velvet of equal quality and taste.

Automotive Engineers point to Dodge Brothers one-piece chrome vanadium front axle—a valuable and exclusive feature; to the bearings—bigger and better than strict necessity requires; to the spring leaves and spring clips—chrome vanadium, every one; to the motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential, rear axle shaft—all made chiefly of chrome vanadium; and to numberless other examples of high engineering standards long ago established and strictly maintained today.

Sources of long life and dependability that reveal themselves to the owner in terms of upkeep dollars saved, and faithful service over a period of years.

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA

## Will You Wear This Suit?



Show it to your friends and neighbors as a sample of our fine quality, hand-tailored All-Wool suits, guaranteed money-saving values. Take their orders. Keep a handsome profit for yourself and send the orders to us.  
\$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour in spare time. \$75 to \$150 a week for full time. We supply elaborate swatch outfits, large size samples, and latest style pictures. Positively finest selling outfit ever furnished salesmen. Write for yours at once, pick out your suit, and get started making big money right away.

WILSON-BRADSHAW MFG. CO.  
Dept. 125-B Box 1015, Montreal.

## MAPS

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province, postpaid.

For sale at the best stationers, news dealers and drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Ltd.

A Complete Printing Service.  
Bannatyne Avenue Winnipeg  
OTHER MAPS FOR ALL PURPOSES  
Write for price list or further information

## A GRAND PICK-ME-UP

If you're feeling really tired at any time of day or night, there's nothing to equal.

"CAMP" COFFEE  
for "picking you up."  
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.





## A Child's First \$100

First save a Dollar  
Then take it to the Bank  
You will get a Bank Book  
And have a Savings Account  
And if you keep adding to it  
Your money will grow to \$100.00

Any boy or girl can save it by following this plan.

S603

## The Royal Bank of Canada



### Our Charges

Our charges for administering an estate are no greater than those of a private inexperienced individual. They consist of a small percentage on the amount of funds handled, and are fixed by the Court when the estate accounts are being audited. The many advantages to be derived from the services of a well organized and experienced trust company make their costs less in the end.

### THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Established 1882

W. G. WATSON, GENERAL MANAGER

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TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

## Low Mortality.

The Great-West Life selects its risks with extreme care.

Its low mortality contributes to the liberal profits enjoyed by participating policyholders, **THUS REDUCING THE ACTUAL COST OF PROTECTION.**



**THE Great-West Life COMPANY**  
ASSURANCE  
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

It is Maximum Benefit at Minimum Cost.

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We offer and recommend

7% SINKING FUND CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES

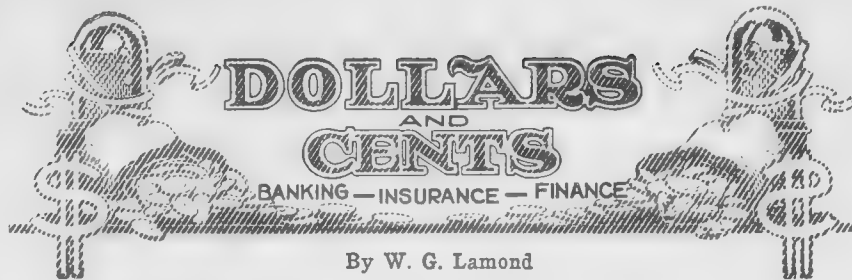
ANTICOSTI CORPORATION at \$97.50 per share, and accrued dividend, to yield 718%.

Full particulars on request.

**F. M. BLACK & CO.**

**FINANCIAL AGENTS**

805. ELECTRIC RAILWAY CHAMBERS, WINNIPEG



By W. G. Lamond

### Canadian Business Review

THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Canada's central statistical office, is now publishing a monthly review of Canadian business statistics. In the June report just issued the Bureau remarks that "the brightest spot in the current Canadian economic situation is the activity of the construction industry, the contracts awarded during May being a record for all time." Attention is called also to the fact that the movement of revenue freight, as indicated by car loadings, was greatly accelerated during the month, being 11 per cent. greater than in May, 1925. The June figures will also show a considerable increase in car loadings over those for the same month last year.

It is now apparent that practically all branches of Canada's internal trade show definite and decided improvement, compared with a year ago. This appears to have resulted largely from the distribution of the proceeds of the large and profitable agricultural production last year, from the continued activity in the forestry industries and in mining, and from the considerable volume of large construction work. Conditions are not yet all that could be desired, but the improvement has been welcome to Canadian industries, many of which had found their resources decidedly strained. A Montreal banker recently remarked that he did not realize how poor business really was last year until the annual reports of the bank's customers began to come in.

### Group Insurance

ONE of the largest group insurance policies ever written in Canada by a Canadian company has been completed and issued in favor of two thousand mill employees of Price Brothers & Company. The policy involves the sum of nearly three million dollars and carries accident and sickness clauses, in addition to the customary death and total disability benefits. The policy is in the Sun Life.

Negotiations leading to the issuing of the policy were consummated on August 2, when the policy was signed by Col. John H. Price, president of the company and H. Stevens, of Quebec, its secretary-treasurer.

The provisions of the policy apply to all employees in the pulp and paper mills operated by the company at River Bend, Jonquiere and Kenogami, and to salaried employees who receive less than two thousand dollars a year.

### Life Insurance

THE Canadian Life insurance companies are again breaking all preceding records for volume of new business, but it is no secret that strong effort is required to do so. If it were not for the sake of breaking past records the present volume would not be written. The figures of the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau, Hartford, covering the business of companies having over 80 per cent. of the business in force, show, for the first six months of this year, an advance of nearly \$22,000,000 or 10 per cent., over the corresponding part of 1925.

Developments in the fire insurance business are not so satisfactory. Losses in the first seven months of 1926, according to The Monetary Times Record, are about \$3,000,000 ahead of the first seven months of 1925. While this is a small change, it is in the wrong direction, not only from the viewpoint of the fire companies, but also of the country as a whole. It is also rather alarming to observe that in five out of the seven months this year's figures are higher and were it not for the very high loss in January, 1925, when several big fires occurred, the difference between the two years would be really substantial.

### North American Life

During the months of August and September, the high producers of the North American Life are enjoying the

results of their efforts at a meeting in the form of a convention. The Western Division met on the 16th, 17th and 18th of August at Jasper Park Lodge.

The President of the Convention Club for the Western Division is Mr. J. C. Nattress of Edmonton, and the Vice-President is Mr. J. A. Collins, also of Edmonton. These men are elected to this high office by virtue of being the leading producers.

A number of the Head Office officials are attending these conventions, among them being Mr. W. B. Taylor, President and Managing Director; Mr. E. J. Harvey, Supervisor of Agencies; Mr. H. W. Manning, Assistant Supervisor of Agencies, and Mr. T. M. Sargent.

The Eastern section are holding their convention at Bigwin Inn on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September. Mr. G. L. Fischer of London and Mr. L. H. Hyatt of Chatham are President and Vice-President respectively for the Eastern section. In addition to those already mentioned, the following Head Office officials will be present at the convention: Mr. C. E. Flanagan, Dr. T. D. Archibald, and Mr. J. A. McCamus.

### Immigration

A STATEMENT made public by the Department of Immigration and Colonization shows that there was an increase of 65 per cent. in immigration to Canada during the first five months of the calendar year 1926, compared with the same period a year ago. The actual immigration was 58,062 in 1926 and 35,114 for the same five months in 1925. For this period British immigration increased from 15,875 to 21,909, Immigration from the U.S.A. increased from 6,535 to 7,860 and from other countries increased from 12,701 to 28,293.

### Mining

ANNOUCEMENT that construction will commence this fall of milling plants, smelter, hydro-electric power plant and railway for the development of the Flin Flon property has been received. Estimates of a total expenditure of \$12,000,000 for the complete programme have been made.

It is understood that very satisfactory results have been secured in the experimental run of 100 tons of Flin Flon ore which was recently made at a Colorado milling plant. The process for the recovery of gold, silver, zinc, and copper from the complex ore of the Manitoba field has been successfully developed.

### Automobile Production

FOLLOWING the record output of May, Canada's production of automobiles dropped slightly to 21,751 units in June, 1926, and compares with a total production of 24,934 in May, 21,502 in April and 15,420 in June of last year.

For the first half of 1926 the cumulative production was 33 per cent. above the number made during the same period of 1925, and the value of cars made, based on selling of the cars produced in the first six months of last year. This year's output to date included 44,880 open model passenger cars, 51,066 closed passenger cars, 15,973 trucks, 12,860 chassis and 99 taxicabs or busses.

### The Employment Situation

IMPROVEMENT in the employment situation in Canada is reported by the Dominion Board of Statistics. On the payrolls of the 5,898 firms which reported to the Department of Labor on July 1, were 850,718 persons, or 20,699 more than in June.

These additions to staff exceed those reported on the corresponding date of any previous year of the record, and the index of employment at 103.7 now stands higher than in any month since 1920. On June 1, 1926, it was 101.0, while on July 1, 1925, 1924, 1923, 1922 and 1921 the index was 96.8, 95.9, 99.5, 91.1 and 87.5, respectively.





This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

THE writer has just completed organizing a joint stock company for the purpose of taking over a partnership business. One of the partners who knew more of business than of law was objecting to the incorporation on the grounds that he would be personally liable for the debts of the new company, and that he preferred to have the business carried on as it had been. To allay his mind and to give him some necessary information we advised him as follows:—

The liability of partners in a business means that each partner is jointly responsible for the debts of the business not only to the extent of the partner's interest in the business but also to any other business in which he has any share. Very often a person wished to venture into a business transaction but hesitated to do so because of the responsibility of failure and loss of more than he originally contemplated. To meet the difficulty the legal fraternity sought to bring into being an artificial being, and they did so by the introduction of the "joint stock company."

A joint stock company really consists of a group of people formed into an association with a certain capital and with the liability of any one person limited to that amount which he is willing to invest. It may be created by special act of parliament, by Royal Charter, or by Letters Patent issued under the authority of some Federal or Provincial Statute, commonly known as the Companies Act. The last mentioned is the commonest method of incorporation, and is brought about by John Jones and his friends petitioning the proper authorities to grant them a Charter creating a particular company to carry on a particular business. If this petition is favourably received, letters patent covering the desired objects are issued to the applicants who meet and organize the new company. Each applicant then becomes a shareholder in this company and this fact is evidenced by the issuance to him of shares or stock certificates.

Provided each shareholder has paid up the full amount for the stock which he has agreed to purchase, his liability for any further sums, or for any of the obligations of the Company, ceases. He can only be held liable for any unpaid balance due on shares. The only exemption is in the case of a Director. Most of the Companies Act contain provisions rendering directors responsible for unpaid wages of employees or servants but this liability only arises if the Company has been first sued and fails to make payment. The liability usually extends only to one year's wages and if the debt were incurred by the Company before an individual became a director, he is not bound to pay.

The affairs of a company are carried on by the directors and the employees of the Company. Generally the by-laws of the Company stipulate the number of shares which a shareholder must own before he is qualified to act as a director. Usually the directors have power to regulate allotment of stock, the making and payment of calls, issue and registration of share certificates forfeiture of stock for non payment, declaration and payment of dividends, the number of directors, their term of office, remuneration of themselves, or employees, the appointment, functions, duties and removal of all employees, the time and place of annual or special meetings, and procedure at all meetings. Very often Directors are also employees of the Company and questions have arisen as to their right to be paid for such services. The general rule is that a director unless employed in a very subordinate position is not entitled to any remuneration unless a by-law of the Company setting out the terms of the engagement has been passed by the Directors and ratified at the first meeting of the Shareholders. If this is not done, any money paid to such a Director-

employee can be recovered by the Company.

If a prospective shareholder has made an application for stock in a Company he can always withdraw his application provided that the Company has not allotted the stock and given notice of the allotment. In other words, the contract is brought to fruition by the Directors meeting and setting aside the stock desired by the applicant. Failure on the part of the Company either to allot or give notice rescinds the proposed contract and entitles the applicant to have his money refunded. If a person has been induced to purchase shares by misrepresentations, he can cancel the bargain and demand his money back but to exercise this right he must repudiate the deal as soon as he discovers the fraud. It is not sufficient to repudiate. If the Company does not agree to set aside the transaction, the shareholder is bound to take action to have the contract set aside. The more speculative the shares, the greater is the necessity of prompt repudiation. The courts will not permit a defrauded person who is aware of the deception to stand and wait for the outcome of the speculation. However the right of repudiation is lost if the Company goes into bankruptcy or is wound up.

#### Answers to Enquiries

Hammond, B.C.

Q. From 1914 to 1918 I have held a homestead and pre-emption in Sask. The homestead I proved up and received title for same. In 1915 I rented my place to a neighbor and went to B.C. My neighbor wanted some seed from the government. I signed the necessary papers and with it a mortgage on my homestead. As the place has been nothing but an expense to me, I let the pre-emption go back to the government and the homestead was sold for taxes, which is the property of the municipality now. As the property is not my own any more, can I still be held responsible for the seed grain sold to that place, my former homestead? I appreciate your advice.—F.G.B.

A. You do not say whether you obtained seed grain from the Dominion Government or from the Municipality. We presume, however, that you obtained the seed grain from the Municipality as you state that you signed the necessary papers and mortgage on the homestead. If you continue to reside in B.C. and if the seed grain note or other security was not executed by you under seal, then if you are sued you may plead the statute of limitations, which, after six years from the due date of the debt or the last payment or last acknowledgment in writing of the obligation, will bar the right of Municipality to recover from you in the court. If, however, the mortgage to which you refer was executed under seal it becomes what is termed a specialty debt, and will not be outlawed under the B.C. law for 20 years instead of six years.

If this money was owing to the Dominion Government they may collect from you practically at any time. In neither case is the debt satisfied even if you have lost the property upon the security of which seed grain was advanced, unless the amount of the seed grain lien was added to the taxes and the total sum then used as the basis for foreclosing your homestead.

Nipawin, Sask.

Q. Will you please give me answers on these questions: (1) I have got a judgment. Can they take my husband's insurance if he should die? (2) And can they take away from me what he is exempted? (3) And can they take a person's homestead when he gets his patent.—Mrs. J. O. J.

A. (1) If the judgment is against you personally the creditor cannot take your husband's insurance money, unless the

Continued on page 67

# Happy Faces

Men tell us this makes shaving a morning joy



Please accept a full 10-day tube of this olive-oil-containing shaving cream that corrects 5 mistakes of old-type shaving soaps

GENTLEMEN—Here's a shaving cream made by experts in skin care that softens the toughest beard in one minute, that leaves the skin as soft and fine as if a lotion had been used. It ends the use of lotions, as unnecessary.

Men by the thousands are quitting old-time shaving soaps for it. One of its chief ingredients is a fine olive oil. 80% of its users were won from rival preparations. Consider what that means.

May we send you a tube to try? We worked some 18 months perfecting it. Made up and discarded 130 different formulas before we found the right one. It excels in many ways any shaving soap you have ever tried.

#### Five mistakes corrected

1. *Lather too scanty.* Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit, just one-half gram, suffices for a shave.

2. *Slow action.* Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3. *Dries on face.* The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4. *Hairs lie down.* That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong... they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5. *Skin irritation.* The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects

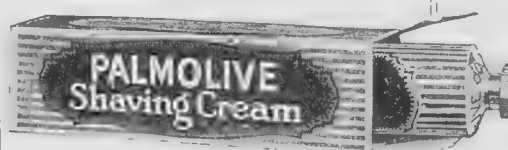
#### Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is one of the leading toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream.

Will you do us the kindness to mail this coupon?—for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Made in Canada



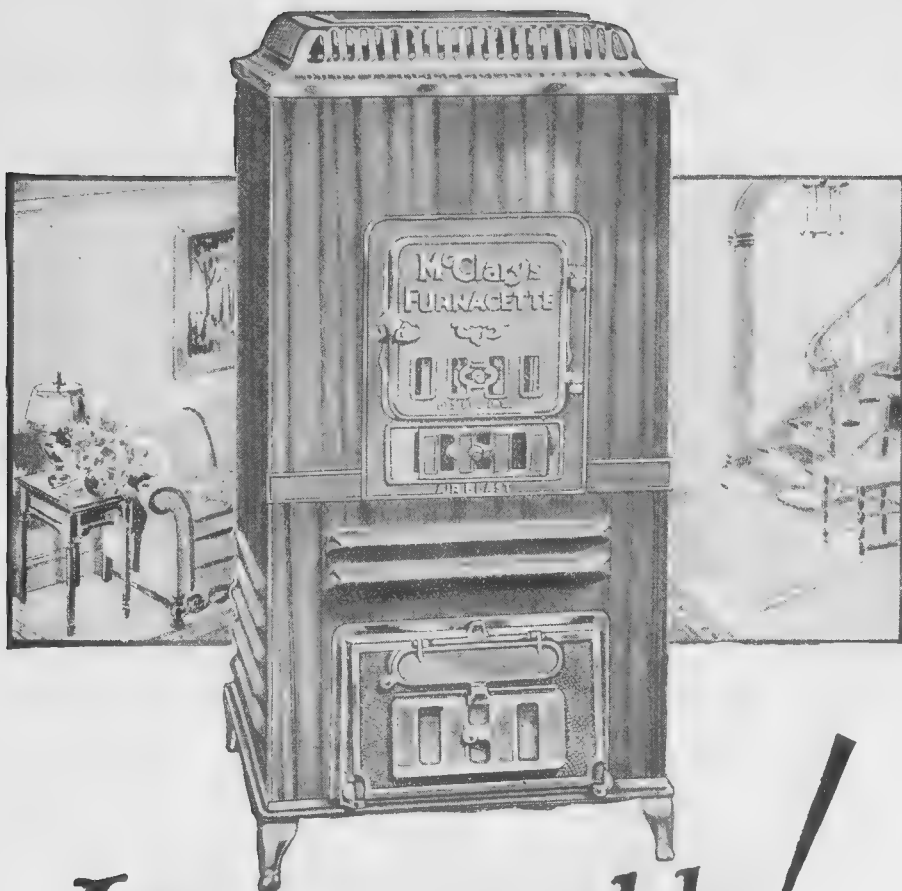
10 SHAVES FREE  
and a can of Palmolive  
After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1230, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

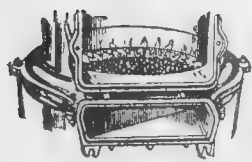
Please print your name and address clearly.

3343





## Incomparable! for small house heating



The principle of the Furnacette is identical with that of a McClary's Sunshine Furnace. A constantly moving current of moist, warm air passes from it and circulates through every room. The exclusive air-blast ring permits the burning of soft coal as efficiently as that of hard coal or wood, giving the utmost heat at minimum fuel consumption. The soft coal gases are converted into flame by this special air-blast ring, thus eliminating waste, soot and dust.

McCLARY's Furnacette — a new, amazingly economical, efficient warm air heater—provides a practical and permanent solution to the home heating problem. It gives the heat of several stoves using the fuel of one. Placed in your living or dining room, it will heat your house comfortably all winter.

Instead of radiating heat as a stove does, overheating half the room and neglecting the other half, McClary's Furnacette *circulates* heat throughout the whole house, just like a basement furnace. Warm, moist air is in constant circulation—thousands of cubic feet of air passing through the Furnacette every hour. Cheerful, healthful comfort upstairs and down.

The Furnacette takes its place in your living or dining room like any other handsome piece of furniture. The smooth, beautiful all-steel cabinet with porcelain enameled, mahogany finish is easy to clean and always attractive. For complete, interesting details fill in attached coupon.

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WINNIPEG  
SASKATOON

VANCOUVER  
EDMONTON  
152



### LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS ARE NOW GETTING USE OF RADIO SETS

**D**ONATIONS from private individuals or radio set manufacturers of radio sets to the keepers of close to 700 lighthouses in Canadian and United States waters is looked upon as a humanitarian move. For years these custodians of the safety of mariners have been virtually isolated from the outside world except through the news and letters brought by the infrequent mail boats.

The appeal met a ready response, though sufficient time has not passed to allow every lighthouse keeper to be supplied with one. With a set eventually in every lighthouse, all of the keepers will be closer to the world by wireless than was thought possible even as recently as five years ago. There will be entertainment of every nature to help pass away the long evening hours, when, in other years, the lighthouse attendant kept his lonely vigil to the raging of a storm outside or the lashing of the breakers almost against his very windows.

#### 700 Lighthouses

It is not generally realized that approximately 1,400 men are employed in the 700 light stations to safeguard navigation. The stations extend from Unimak Pass at the entrance to the Behring Sea to the extremities of United States territory in Maine, Florida, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands.

Many of these stations can be reached only when the weather is favorable. At Tillamook Rock, off the Oregon coast, near the mouth of the Columbia River, there have been intervals when the lighthouse tender has been unable to reach the station for seven weeks at a stretch. At Cape Sarichef, Alaska, a few years ago, the keepers were unable to receive any mail during a period of ten months.

#### A Dreary Life

At best, many of these men are forced to lead a dreary, lonely existence, shut off from practically all of the ordinary amusements of the average citizen. They are faithful servants of the government, employed in most necessary work wherein inattention to duty might end in serious disaster. Their pay is very small, averaging a little more than \$100 a month, with which many of them must maintain families.

Some of the better equipped keepers have put together home-made radio sets to help relieve the monotony, but others who possess the technical knowledge to make their own, cannot afford to buy the materials. Moreover, the patched together home product is not usually conducive of good results in the out-of-the-way places where lighthouses are erected.

#### PUTTING UP ANTENNA

**T**HE antenna lead-in should be installed as carefully as the antenna. For one, the lead-in should be well insulated and it is advisable to keep the lead-in about four to five inches from the side of the building. This will not only meet fire regulations but it will also keep the lead-in from touching the side of the building when the wire swings. Under all conditions insulate the lead-in as it comes through the window or building. Do not run the antenna lead-in with the ground wire. The ground wire should be kept as far away as possible from the lead-in. For best results it is advisable to solder all of the joints in the lead-in, if any. If it is impossible to solder the joints then wrap each joint very tightly and cover with tape or tin foil. This will prevent the joint from corroding.

#### HEARING IS BELIEVING

**A** STATIC eliminator in the form of a new metal, which separates the desired radio programme from the undesired noise of static is announced by Prof. Dana J. Demorest of Ohio State University. This is important if true, but the burden of proof rests upon the professor.

### EQUIPPING ALL MAIL PLANES WITH RADIO SETS IS PROPOSED

Radio plays an important part in aviation, and if present experiments prove a success, all mail planes will shortly be equipped with receiving sets to enable fliers to receive information vital to their safety.

In connection with the expansion of the air mail service between Minneapolis and Chicago will soon be inaugurated, linking up the north-west with the east and west air mail planes that pass through Chicago.

The first plane will be equipped with a special radio receiving set for the purpose of making tests, with broadcasting stations in Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul co-operating to furnish weather reports and other information every 15 minutes while the planes are in flight.

### RADIO RECEPTION IMPROVEMENT

**R**ADIO reception in Canada has been unusually bad this season, according to A. R. McEwan, director of radio for the Canadian National Railways broadcasting stations from Moncton, N.B., to Vancouver, B.C. A study of receiving conditions compiled by the operators of these stations and of the forty-two mobile receivers which are installed on the coaches of the company's transcontinental trains reveals, according to Mr. McEwan, that the past winter has been one of the poorest on record for radio.

"It is my belief that the Dominion of Canada has suffered to a greater extent from disturbed atmospherics," he said, "insofar as they relate to radio broadcasting and reception, than the United States during the past winter. These adverse conditions do not appear to be confirmed to any one section of Canada, although they have been more marked on the Atlantic coast and the middle section bordering on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes than in the far west and the Pacific Coast."

"Long range reception which was enjoyed during the winter of 1923-24 and even during the summer of 1924, has gradually waned, with periods of favorable conditions interspersed. These favorable receiving and broadcasting conditions have of late been more infrequent than heretofore, and I hear of many sections of Canada where it is practically impossible to obtain anything but local reception for several nights in succession."

"The theory of 'sun spots,' which has been advanced, is certainly a plausible one, but until sufficient data have been accumulated it will be impossible to determine whether the relation between 'sun spots' cycles and radio reception conditions can be definitely accepted as basic."

#### CATS SHOULD BEWARE

**T**OM cats should remember the old adage, "Curiosity killed a cat," when they investigate radio stations. One old, big, yellow tom cat probably will hereafter.

One night recently while the operator of a Chicago station was watching his meters and controls, a stary tom cat, attracted by the glare of the big tubes and the hum of the generators, strolled in the operating room. He paused and arched his back against the framework of the transmitting set, then came over to make friends with the operator, who extended his hand to stroke his head.

The cat started to smell the operator's hand and a large, healthy spark, coming from the charge of electricity he had accumulated when rubbing against the transmitter, snapped between the end of his nose and the operator's fingertips. After massaging his nose the cat eyed the operator suspiciously and retreated behind the transmitting panel again. He emerged to smell of the large copper ground strip nailed along the floor and received another shock.

That confirmed his suspicions about the place, and according to the operator's story, he scratched the floor considerably in his haste to depart.



## Veteran Canadian Author

Continued from page 12

AFTER the trying experiences of the first Riel rebellion, Mr. Mair and Dr. Schultz, on reaching Ontario, by their efforts and trying experiences, had the satisfaction of seeing the Wolseley expedition set out to Red River, and of learning the good that resulted.

Mr. Mair then went out West again, this time to Portage la Prairie, to live, but later returned to Windsor, Ontario. While in the latter place, he wrote "Tecumseh" and other poems, and is now awaiting what has become a classic, to be re-published and preserved for the benefit of Canadian literature.

This volume of poems is one of the first to be re-issued by the Radisson Society, which has in mind the establishment of a real Canadian literature, and the preservation of those master works, which through expired copyrights and such-like matters, are in danger of sinking into oblivion, unless resuscitated.

When Riel and his half-breed insurgents again tried to stage another rebellion in 1885, Mr. Mair went West again, this time as paymaster with the military forces, serving as quartermaster with his old friend Colonel Denison. When order was restored, he returned to Toronto, remaining there until 1892, when the land of the setting sun again beckoned him. He was appointed to a post in the Immigration Service at Winnipeg, serving later at Lethbridge, Fort Steele and in the East Kootenays. In 1889 he accompanied the land treaty expedition sent out by the Dominion Government, to make treaty negotiations with the Indian half-breed population of the Athabasca and Peace River regions. His observations resulted in a book published in 1908 under the title of "Through the Mackenzie River Basin." Another book which has won popularity is "On to the Bay."

"And I am not through yet," remarked the veteran writer, for I intend to go back to Calgary to write my reminiscences, if my health will permit. You know all my papers are there, in my daughter's care. I love the flower-crowned streets of dear Victoria, but oh, I do so long to be at home with my daughter."

### O' FOR THE HIELANDS

By Constance Errol

O, wae is my heart for a sight o' the  
Hielands,

My ain Hieland hills, a' purple an'  
braw,

The city entombs me, I ken na' the glint  
o't;

An' it's sair, sair I'm greetin' for  
scenes far awa'.

O, wae is my heart for a sight o' the  
Hielands,

For a sight o' the frien's, a' the faces  
I saw

In the dear Auld Lang Syne, for but  
strangers I'm meetin',

And it's sair, sair I'm greetin' for  
friends far awa'.

O, wae is my heart for a sight o' the  
Hielands,

For a sight o' the sea, an' the hills'  
solemn ca',

An' the voices I lo'e, in the hame tongue  
they're speakin',

And it's sair, sair I'm greetin' for  
sounds far awa'.

O, wae is my heart for a sight o' the  
Hielands,

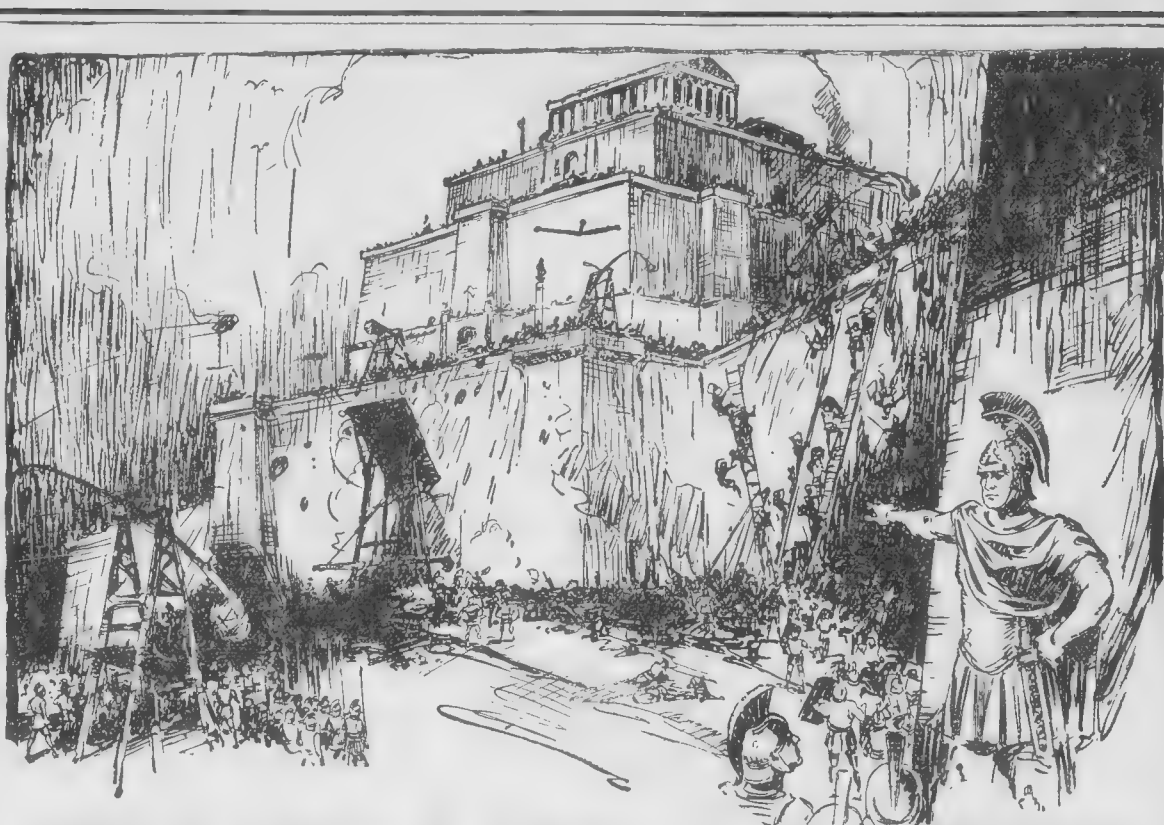
An' the ae Hieland lad wha is dearer  
than a';

But I'll ne'er see him mair, and my  
heart's weary, weary,

An' it's sair, sair I'm greetin' for hame  
far awa'.

### Behind the Barn

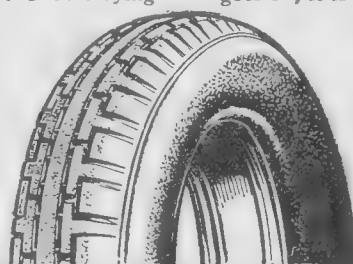
Smoke and the world smokes with you,  
swear off and you smoke alone.—Cornell  
Widow.



## ENDURANCE

THE quaking shocks from battering rams and the smashing blows of huge stones flung from catapults were used by ancient warriors to break down the walls of cities under siege. Sometimes these walls withstood the battering of the enemy for years. The Greeks gave up the Siege of Troy after ten years and only got inside by strategy. The Walls of Jerusalem stood the Roman Siege for 143 days and the city only capitulated when actual starvation had made them too weak to resist. Like ancient fortifications, the powerful sidewalls and tread construction of a "Gutta Percha" Tire ENDURE the bombarding enemies of the road.

WHY did they make city walls so Enduringly strong? To protect their lives, their property, their liberty and their happiness. There is war today between the motor tire and the destroying enemies of the road. Why do we build the "Gutta Percha" Tires so ENDURINGLY strong? To give our customers protection against accident, to give them economy in service, to make them free from anxiety and worry when motoring. It is the wonderful ENDURANCE built into "Gutta Percha" Tires that makes their resistance to warfare of the road the longest and most difficult siege in modern times.



DOES anything have a rougher life than a Tire? You can't match it for an existence of constant warfare against fearful odds. From the day a tire goes on, it is skidded and bumped; bearing a ton's

weight, it is pressed upon sharp obstacles that would cut any other substance to shreds; it is subjected to side strains that call for thousands of pounds of resistance. It is exposed to the hot sun of summer, the snow and ice of winter, and with all its pounding and hard work, is expected to give long and uninterrupted service. There's no other tire so remarkable for ENDURANCE as a "Gutta Percha" Tire.

## "GUTTA PERCHA" BALLOON CORD TIRES "Built Better to Wear Better"

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED, TORONTO

after 2 Years  
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## Bruises

Use Minard's—the ever-reliable remedy. It draws out the inflammation, eases pain, brings speedy recovery.

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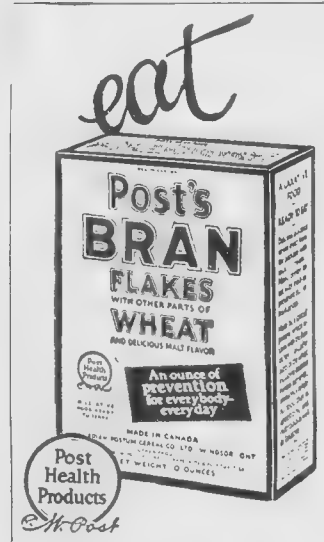
## Eating Her Beauty Away!

IT'S so easy to fall into errors in diet. It's so easy to forget that the body needs plenty of food roughage. Insufficient food roughage paves the way to faulty elimination. Faulty elimination allows unhealthy body poisons to accumulate. These poisons spread slowly—insidiously through the system. And so you see them often—women whose glowing health soon fades—whose

bloom of beauty is poisoned from within. Are you eating your beauty away?

Post's Bran Flakes with Other Parts of Wheat supplies just that necessary bulk—that food roughage—which sweeps out health-destroying, poisonous wastes. Regularity follows. Our bodies are helped back to cleanliness—to health. Then, too, Post's Bran Flakes has food value because other nourishing parts of the wheat are retained with the bran. Delicious, crisp—you'll enjoy these toasted flakes. Serve with milk or cream. Ready to serve right from the wax-wrapped package. Get a package from your grocer today. Help Nature help you!

(Made in Canada)



Now you'll  
like Bran!

# POST'S BRAN FLAKES

With Other Parts of Wheat

Send the coupon below and we will mail you a generous trial package of Post's Bran Flakes.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario (No. 427).

Please send me your free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Province ..... No. 83

## HOME DOCTOR

### MALARIA

A FEW years ago, before we knew that malaria was always caused by the bite of a mosquito, people used to attribute every fleeting indisposition to "a touch of malaria." We know now that we cannot have a touch of malaria without the touch of the insect that carries it; but the phrase is a convenient one, and the belief in it dies hard.

It is quite possible to mistake other things for malaria, and when there is any difficulty in making a diagnosis a microscopical examination of the blood should be made. The characteristic malarial parasite will be found if it is that which is making the trouble. The sufferer may have typhoid fever or tuberculosis or some septic condition of the blood. If so, it would be a pity to waste valuable time making guesses at a diagnosis that the blood examination would make certain at once.

Malaria yields to proper treatment and is not often fatal, especially in non-tropical countries. The disease is most likely to attack the very young or the very old, those who have not had time to become acclimated to a new place of residence, and those who live in hard circumstances—such as the poor and soldiers in trenches. Malaria is one of the disorders that we know how to prevent. We must destroy the mosquito that carries it, and until that is done we must try to keep it from getting at human beings. The Anopheles mosquito usually bites between sunset and sunrise, and it is at night, therefore, that we must be most careful. The best way is to have our houses and porches thoroughly screened. Sleeping in the open air is a royal road to health, but not if we share the open air with the Anopheles. It is not enough to screen the windows, for the insects may gain access somewhere else, and then the bedroom will become merely a trap to keep them in. Windows and doors and chimney openings both upstairs and down—nothing must be forgotten.

### MILK

MILK is one of the best of foods, especially for the young and for the sick; but at the same time it may be one of the worst of poisons. It contains all the five essentials of food: protein, fat, carbohydrates, salts and vitamins; it is usually easily digested, and its taste pleases most palates. But it may contain the germs of some of the most deadly of diseases, though it still preserves its innocent appearance and sweet taste. It affords an excellent medium for the growth of bacteria, and when they have once gained access to it, they go on multiplying until the fluid literally contains millions of them.

These dangerous germs may be in the milk from the beginning, for they may come from the cow herself; they may enter it during the process of milking, if they were on the hands of the milker, or are thrown into the fluid by a careless cough or sneeze; they may be in the can, if it has been washed with impure water; they may get into the milk when it is poured from one container into another; or they may find their way in when it stands in open vessels in the home.

The only protection, therefore, is extreme care in handling the milk at every step—in the dairy, during transit, and in the home. The cow must be healthy, and she must be kept in clean surroundings. The dairyman and all his family and employees must be cleanly and free from all infectious diseases. The cans and other containers must be washed with sal soda and then with boiling water or steam. They must be cold when the milk is poured into them, and kept cold—below fifty degrees, certainly, and the nearer forty degrees the better. The bottle that contains the milk must be placed in the refrigerator as soon as it is delivered, and kept there until the milk is wanted. Finally the neck and cap of the bottle must be washed before it is opened.

A circular that the Department of Agriculture, has issued mentions the "three c's of safety" in the care of milk: "Keep milk clean, cold, covered." If the dairyman and the dealer have done their part, you need only observe that precept in order to have wholesome milk. It is a safe rule to Pasteurize all milk that is to be used by adults and older children, but for infants raw milk is preferable if you can be sure of its purity; for the exclusive use of Pasteurized milk sometimes seems to cause scurvy in small children.

### CLEAN FOOD AND DISEASE PREVENTION

TO PRESERVE health, clean food is important. That is why we have laws about clean food and why the food stores must obey them.

Remember that dirty, dusty, fly-specked much handled food may carry tuberculosis, typhoid fever and diarrheal disease or summer complaint.

One-tenth of all the people die from tuberculosis. Typhoid fever caused 332 deaths in one year in New York City alone. 3,173 babies died from diarrheal disease or summer complaint that same year in New York City, or one in every 44 babies born.

A certain number of these deaths was due to unclean food. That is why clean food is important. To get clean food:

Insist at the store and at home, on food protected from the three dangerous F's: *Filth—Flies—Fingers*.

Buy your groceries, meats, fish, milk, vegetables, etc., from a store where they fight the three deadly D's: *Dirt—Disease—Death*.

Another thing that is important is decent food. Indecent and dirty food is covered with dust, food to which flies have carried dirt and disease germs and food that unwashed hands have handled.

You may get disease—typhoid and tuberculosis—this way, but even if you escape that, do you want to eat fruit or candies or meat upon which flies, probably from a near-by garbage pail, have feasted?

Remember that milk with the "real country taste" is often dirty milk. For babies, in particular, you must have decent, clean milk. Use milk that comes in bottles. Use pasteurized milk—milk that has been heated to kill disease germs.

If a clean store is important, so is a clean home. You want clean food in your home because (1) it prevents disease, (2) it prevents waste and saves money, (3) it is decent.

The main points to be remembered are these:

1. Put covers and screens over your food to keep off flies and dust.
2. Keep the milk covered and cold.
3. Wash your hands before you eat! This means hot water and soap.
4. Do not handle food any more than is necessary in the shop or at home.
5. Do not allow sick relatives or friends to prepare or handle food to be eaten: don't allow the nurse for a sick member of the family to handle food without washing her hands.

### EAT AT MEALTIME—NOT BETWEEN

In this country most people eat three times a day. But remember:

1. Eat at regular hours and not between meals.
  2. Do not eat too fast, but chew your food well. Remember that "your stomach has no teeth."
  3. Do not eat when excited or angry, for you won't be able to digest the food well.
  4. Do not "wash down" your food with water, milk or coffee. It interferes with the digestion of the food. Drink after food has been swallowed.
- It is the food digested, not the food swallowed, that really counts. Now, you digest food much better if it tastes good, for that makes the digestive juices flow properly.

Variety in eating is also important. A monotonous diet often does not contain enough salts. By salts we mean



not ordinary salt, but also other minerals as iron, calcium, phosphorous, etc. They keep your blood and bones in good condition and if you do not get enough of them, sickness or even death may result.

Now, you do not get these salts separately, but you can be sure of getting enough if you eat plenty of vegetables, especially green and fresh, and fruits, milk, bread and cereals.

In the digestion of food many things are left over, some of which are poisonous and must be got out of the body. To get these out you need some non-digestible, bulky material left in the intestines, material which will scrape the intestinal walls and stimulate them to action. This is especially necessary if one is constipated.

This bulk or "roughage" you can get in such things as brown bread, the cereals, bran muffins, cabbage, apples, etc.

#### How to Know That Your Child Is Building His Body for Health

- Be sure that the child—
- Has ten hours' sleep each night in a room with open windows.
- Plays outdoors part of each day.
- Washes his hands and face before meals.
- Brushes his teeth at least once a day.
- Has a full bath more than once a week.
- Has one or more bowel movements daily.
- Drink at least four glasses of water every day.
- Drink as much milk as possible (one quart daily ideal), but never tea or coffee.
- Eats some vegetables each day.
- Eats one or more oranges every day.

#### It's Easy to Forget

Continued from page 11

my side of the house, while this skeleton was hidden in your garret."

"I'd hardly lay all the blame of their performances on me. Think of the way you scrawl and spell," she glared at him. "Why just this morning you asked me how to spell 'believe,' and you a lawyer."

"But at that, I hardly think that poor spelling is inherited. However, let's call it a draw, Irene. I guess we've both forgotten how we used to act. The twins seem to stack up pretty well in the light of our own pasts. I may take a look around for a pony tomorrow."

"You'd better," Irene said.

Mrs. Hardy leaned over and took the knitting from her. "Let me work at this. He'll need it before the winter comes."

Out in the hall, Jimmy turned to the door that he had been hanging on to all the time and closed it so softly that no one would ever know it had been moved. Bobby tip-toed out to the shed, where he laid the traps down, very gently on a sack in the corner.

Then they took off their shoes and went noiselessly up to bed.

#### Missing Something

One of Sir Thomas Lipton's favorite stories concerns an old Scotchman, who went to a horse race for the first time and was induced to stake a sixpence in the third race on a forty to one shot. By some miracle this horse won, and when the bookmaker handed the old man his winnings he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Dae ye mean to tell me I get all this for ma sixpence?" he exclaimed.

"You do," replied the bookmaker.

"Ma conscience," muttered the Scotchman. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been goin' on?"—Boston Transcript.

#### Has Mother Lost Her Job?

It's getting to the point where young husbands have to speak of the kind of bread grandmother used to make.—Life.

#### Everybody Worked but Willie

Teacher: "Willie, did your father write this essay?"

Willie: "No, ma'am. He started it but mother had to do it all over again."—Life.

# 40-40-20

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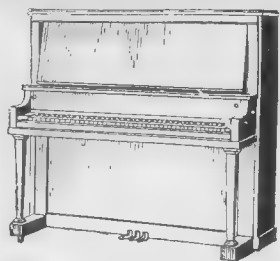
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## Sons of the Truce

Continued from page 6

feet, ever reminding the Arctic mother, deep in her artificial den, that this is not her land. So she destroys her offspring.

Silvertip, being a male bear, would never sleep away the winters he came to know. Ever he would prowl the solitudes through the long, white months, restless as the storms which whirled from peak to peak. But he had achieved the first step; he had set his feet upon life's highway, he had proved himself among the fit, for was he not alive to see the spring? He had learnt to live his own life, claw for claw and fang for fang, and if ever he and his mother met again it would be as strangers, possibly as foes. But she had paid in the fullest coin all that the North asks of her wild mothers.

So when the spring again caressed the slopes, when the wolf packs broke and the long strings of wild sheep could be seen on their way to the salt licks, the great awakening brought a new restlessness to Silvertip. He wanted rich foods to build up his wasted body; he sought the wide valleys, now replete with life, but ever the trend of his wanderings was towards the scenes of his cubhood. He crossed the musquash swamp by the same logs that he had trodden at his mother's heels, he paused to scoop a catfish from the mud by the same broken tamarack, he sniffed into the same flicker hole which he and his mother had sniffed together. So truly is it said that when a grizzly cub crosses a stream with his parent guide, some day he will return to cross at the same place—perhaps a year, perhaps twenty years later. But as sure as night follows day, sooner or later he will return, if he lives.

Thus in due course Silvertip reached the scene of Jackson's cabin, but he found that part of the forest scourged by fire, and the man's wooden den a desolation of charred logs.

Several times that summer Silvertip saw men—red men. Once or twice he followed their canoes for miles, or sat at night time under the stars and stared with wistful wonder at the mystery of their fires. But there was a new light in his eyes now, and though he observed the truce which for centuries has stood between these tribes and the mighty grizzly, he would have shattered man from his pathway had necessity called for it.

EARLY that autumn Jackson Cole learnt that a young grizzly whose coat was a prize was patrolling his range, and forthwith he got out his grizzly traps, each complete with its massive chain and heavy three-pronged drag. Ere long there was a trap on each of Silvertip's runways, but the bear had not forgotten his lessons, and he did not fall. Once or twice Jackson found his sets dragged out and smashed to atoms, and to him slowly came the knowledge that he was hunting the Silvertip, so the Silvertip was hunting him.

It was just before the freeze-up that they met. Sunset was at hand, and Jackson, in his painted birchbark, was nearing the head of a long line of rapids when he paused to rest his paddle. In an instant something prompted him to look around, and what he saw brought a startled cry to his lips.

There, just behind the canoe, swimming rapidly and totally submerged save for its nostrils, he beheld a grizzly! He could see its dark outline in the blue water, could see the long arrowhead of ripples flashing idly in the sunset.

There was no time to act, precious little time to think. He had cast off his belt on entering the canoe, and it was not within reach. His rifle was half under the pack, and there was not time to gain it. His paddle dipped frenziedly, but there sounded a coughing roar, and the monster behind him reared half out of the water, one gorilla-like arm aloft. There was a shattering blow which smashed the frail craft clean asunder, and Jackson, unarmed, felt himself in the grip of the current.

He never quite knew how he got ashore. He found himself on a headland, and as though in a bad dream he saw the grizzly land within a few feet, glaring in ominous silence.

For fully a minute they stared at one another, and Jackson saw, as though it were a death's head before his eyes, a long, grey scar across the monster's forehead, the mark of an ancient wound. Then the grizzly turned, and ambled leisurely off into the deepening twilight.

WHEN an hour or so later Jackson arrived back at the cabin he had built at the foot of the rapids, the woman he loved met him at the threshold. Her skin was dark, and in her hair she wore the stained porcupine quills of her race, which was the red race. The blush of life's summer was still upon her cheeks, rendered more beautiful by the first fading of autumn, and at her breast was one which, alas, was neither red nor white.

To her, in few and simple words, Jackson told his story, and she answered him in a tongue bearing the music of the chinook wind, which knows not the falling of the leaves. "Listen, O sun of my skies. The white race is all-powerful, and in it are many mighty hunters, but they have yet much to learn from their brothers who are red. White warriors come to hunt the grizzly. That is well. They bring prosperity to the country, but when their killing is done they go to other lands, and so do not reap the fruits of what they have sown.

"For you and me it is different. Our law must be the law of my people, for this is our land, as it is their land, as it has been the land of the great bear since time began. For so long as the glaciers have spoken, just so long have my people kept peace with the grizzly, and as he has observed the truce, so have we observed it. If we destroy him, it is because he has destroyed one of our race, and his tribe know it. If one of our race destroy him without cause, then that one is driven out that the grizzly may kill him, and so keep peace with the children of the teepees.

"That is our law, my beloved. The grizzly is passing wise. It is his law, old as the stars, and because you have sinned against it your life was in peril tonight. Why he did not slay you I do not know, but make peace with the Mighty One, my master. A dead bear is worth but little, but the friendship of his race is worth much. I have spoken."

Jackson was silent, but somehow there rang in his ears the crying of a cub which had lost its mother.

### Aphorisms from Voltaire

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# Dawn in the Night

Continued from page 24

"It's him. Get the traitor now. Hi, boats! Here!"

There came answering shouts, the distant sound of men rowing, apparently from all about them in the darkness, the sounds swiftly converging upon them. In sudden silence, appalled by what she had done and the sure knowledge of what those sounds meant to Peter Wright, Jennie sat now, crouched in her end of the boat. They thought he was a traitor—were going to kill him as one—a traitor—Peter—it could not be—could it—

**T**HERE came to Peter a surging anger at her words and then at the answering shouts from out the darkness. So these men, whom he had worked with, suffered with, led, many of whose lives he had saved in times past, they knew him and yet believed him a traitor, a trafficker in blood-money and were here to mete out to him the death of a traitor, were they? And Jennie had leagued with them, knew all about it, and had come deliberately to betray him. As he had more than once suspected, it was Noyes Thrift whom she had really loved all along, and this was proven by her accepting the word of Thrift against his. She had gone with him because he was the leader and popular, but now that his star had waned and that of Thrift was rising, she, like all the rest, turned with the pack to rend him.

He knew very well the real peril that lay on every hand, the slimness of the chance for escaping it now, but to this he hardly gave a thought, for his anger was towering like a mountain wave of the high sea. Comrades and friends—hah! They were superstitious, bigoted fools, murderers—cowards, to turn as a pack against one. Yes, they were the cowards—and damn them, he'd show them!

His plans, in the sudden change of the moment, were not well defined, but now, from close at hand, came a hail across the water, from the police boat. The officer on deck, hearing the sudden clamor, and knowing from long experience the nature of the men with whom he dealt, also understood perfectly the situation and Peter Wright's peril.

"Here," he shouted. "Hurry, man!" A light flashed out on deck, and toward this welcome beacon Wright rowed, exerting his great strength now so that the oars bent dangerously near to breaking. In the noise all about and the tense darkness he did not see or know that Jennie had suddenly caught up the extra pair of oars and was adding her strength to his. His rage was boiling ever higher, including all in its scope. But under its impetus he rowed like a madman.

The other boats were also racing for the beacon light now, to cut him off, and it was destined to be a close race, whoever was the victor. A boat shot up, directly ahead of him, outlined against the light, and, coming on it out of the darkness, laughing grimly, Peter Wright held straight on and crashed into it amidships, overturning it and sending its crew sprawling into the water. Then, laughing grimly, he had leaped from his own boat, an eight-foot leap to land on the other craft which floated on its side, then in another tremendous jump to catch a rope which hung from the police boat and, still travelling like a force which nothing could check, to swarm up and onto the deck, where he turned back to laugh at those in the water below.

And now the other boats were rushing up out of the blackness, a very swarm of them, but already the powerful engines of the police boat were throbbing as it began to move away, and its guns were trained ominously on those who might have the temerity to attack.

He had left his own boat so quickly that Jennie had scarcely been aware of it, but now, finding herself left alone and Peter gone, with the other boats all about her, she gasped out, as the significance of Peter's act and thought of her became clear, a sob welled in her throat and tears dimmed her eyes. She tried to brush them aside, to see more clearly, to call—but noise was everywhere, the police boat was beginning to move away—and in that moment Noyes Thrift has leaped into her boat and caught her up in his arms, pressing her close to him, attempting to

Continued on page 77



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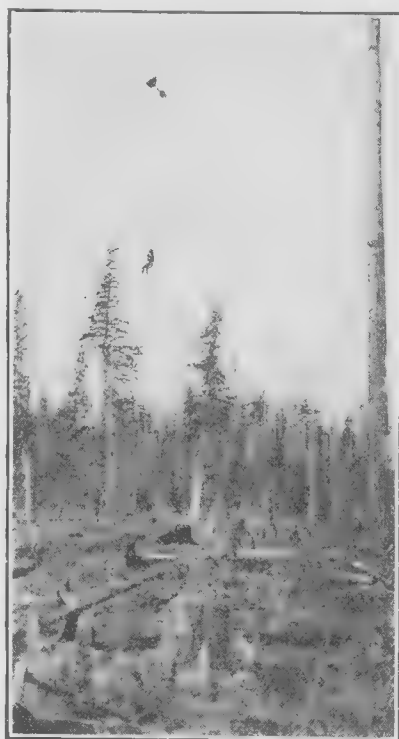
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# A Glimpse of the Timber Resources of B. C.

By Olive M. Price

**W**ITH the depletion of the forests in Eastern Canada, attention is naturally directed to the vast timber covered acreage of the West, and I have chosen for my subject a glimpse of the timber resources of British Columbia, but I should like you to bear in mind that it is only a very tiny glimpse.

Although the residents of Vancouver Island invariably answer the question, "What are your chief natural resources?" put to them by tourists, with the brief reply, "Timber and mining," only a small percentage understand the immensity of our timber resource, and the superiority of the quality of lumber produced, which has resulted in the demand for British Columbia products from foreign countries, as well as from Eastern Canada.



Shows high-rigger going up to release loading Jack

The most heavily timbered sections on the Island are around Port Alberni and Cowichan Lake, the Cowichan Lake district being acknowledged as one of the finest stands of timber in the world.

A few remarks contained in the report of Geo. I. Warren, President of Associated Boards of Trade of Vancouver Island, which was given July 23, 1921, at Port Alberni, may be interesting.

"Logging and lumbering is one of our most important industries, and the extent of standing timber on Vancouver Island is estimated approximately to be 116,912,900,000 board feet. Timber scaled on Vancouver Island during 1920 amounted to 273,752,000 board feet. This is only a portion of the cut, as many logs are towed to the mainland and scaled there. This portion, which is the greater percentage of the Islands cut, is not included in these figures."

"Scaling" logs means measuring or classifying timber, and all timber must be scaled by an official Scaler, but no royalty is paid to the Government except on that produced from Crown and pre-empted lands, nor can timber produced from Crown and pre-empted lands be exported out of the Province of British Columbia until it has been manufactured into boards, deal, joists, lath, shingles, or other sawn lumber. Any special treatment of logs, such as covering them with creosote to prevent teredo, is included in the term manufacture, but as the teredo cannot live in fresh water such treatment is unnecessary unless the logs are to be delivered into salt water. Logs produced from lands which were Crown granted prior to March 12, 1906, may be exported from the Province without undergoing any process of manufacture, but in that year an Act was passed prohibiting such exportation from lands granted after that date. The term "timber" includes, "saw-logs, spars, piles, poles, railway ties, cedar bolts, or other cut timber."

Every tract of land has its own registered brand which must be branded on every log. If a boom breaks loose, no one

is allowed to salvage those logs without the written permission from the owner. This law was made to prevent beach-combers from deliberately cutting booms apart, and then gathering the logs as they drifted into the beach.

The logging and lumbering payroll is the largest industrial payroll in the Province of British Columbia.

Finished lumber represents 30% to 35% of the tree; logging waste, about 25%; saw-mill waste—slabs, edgings, trimmings, sawdust and bark—about 40%, and much wood is lost during seasoning by warping, splitting and decay due to poor storage.

The bark of several species of trees, especially Western Hemlock, is used for the production of tanning extracts, but it loses its value if not well protected from the rain, and salt water ruins it entirely.

Spruce and Hemlock are used for making pulp for the paper mills. Douglas Fir is a favorite with architects and builders on account of its strength, durability and excellent appearance. It is difficult to realize the size of some of the Douglas Fir, but a few years ago a fourteen-roomed house was erected from the lumber of a single tree. There was nearly 38,000 feet of lumber in the logs of the tree, the value of which was nearly \$1,000, and the corporation owning the land growing this tree has hundreds of such Firs. The tallest flagstaff in the world is a single spar of Douglas Fir, measuring 215 feet in height. It is erected in Kew Gardens and was a gift from the British Columbia Government.

**H**IGH lead yarding is the term applied to that system of logging through a suitable leadblock suspended from a spar tree high above the ground. In this manner, the log coming to the landing is lifted over obstacles and prevented from nosing into the ground. As a result, a higher speed of operation is possible so that the production is increased. Logging by the high lead method has come into very general use in the Pacific Coast country in recent years, because of the economies that this system possesses, and the ability to yard more rapidly than dragging logs upon the ground. By locating the leadblock a distance of 190 feet in the air, it is possible to log a distance of about 800 feet on the ground to advantage.

Skyline, or overhead logging, is a system of hauling logs through the air instead of on the ground, and is especially adapted to steep hillsides. It has the double advantage of eliminating the necessity of blowing stumps, and of delivering clean logs at the landing.

The lumberman who first climbs the spar tree to cut off the top, fastens a rope around the trunk of the tree, and carries it with him as he ascends, thus preventing his falling to the ground if for any reason his foot should slip. Many trips up the spar tree are necessary in order to carry up the equipment to be used in connection with the operation.

In the Pacific Coast Lumberman of August, 1921, there was a very good description of the topping of a tree, which measured two hundred and fifty feet, written by one of the members of the Imperial Press Congress. The topping occurred during his visit to the Capilano Timber Company operation. I shall quote part of the article:

"We had the good fortune to see a most interesting piece of work, and incidentally a striking exhibition of nerve and skill—the topping of a tree to serve as a spar for high-lead operations. A tall Douglas Fir, eight feet thick, was chosen, and up its perpendicular side climbed a lumberman, an expert in his own line. In the dense growth of the forest these trees are bare of branches for most of their length, the crown being comparatively small. A hundred feet, a hundred and fifty, two hundred feet up that straight clean bole went the climber with irons and belt; and then he stopped. Above his head the crown rose to another fifty feet. He looked like a mere speck on the brown trunk. Drawing his axe from his belt, he got to work, and the chips fell down in yellow flakes. We watched breathlessly. At that height, the trunk was about eighteen inches thick, but it was not long before a deep notch had been cut all around it. The butt-end of the fifty feet of bole

above the axeman's head seemed now to have sharpened to a pencil point, on which it stood poised precariously at the top of a 200 foot pillar. A few more deft blows with the axe and from aloft came faintly the warning cry, 'Timber-r-r!' The crown began to move from the perpendicular, slowly at first and then faster. There was a rending sound as it broke away from the trunk on the side opposite to the man, and a second or two later came the crash as it struck the ground far below. When the crown fell the mighty trunk that had supported it vibrated violently for some moments like the end of a cane that had been pulled to one side and then released; but to the very tip of the swaying spar, 200 feet aloft, the lumberjack clung quite unconcerned, waving a hand to us.

"Not far from this spot was an area that resembled a battlefield covered with the bodies of the slain. The topped fir was to be the centre of another battlefield. On all sides lay fallen giants, monarchs of the forest no longer, but mere logs for the mill; and every few moments saw another log laid low. The ring of the axe and the metallic whine of the cross cut saw were heard all around, as the fellers plied their task.

"It was now that we saw the reason for the spar tree. In the centre of the battlefield, which was about 400 yards across, stood just such another crownless tree, guyed with wire ropes. At its foot stood two donkey engines—a 'yarder' and a 'loader'—and from a drum worked by the former a wire cable ran through a bull-block at the top of the tall spar and out to the edge of the devastated area. At the end of the cable were powerful hooks which the chockermen fastened to the logs—sometimes a wire noose is used—and at a signal from a boy with an electric button, the donkeyman set his engine going. The log simply had to come. Over boulders, stumps, logs, crowns and slashings, it slithered along at the end of the 1½ inch cable like an ungainly, monstrous reptile, the great height of the spar tree enabling its snout to be lifted over every obstacle. When it had been brought near, the 'loader' came into action. This engine



Log dumping and booming ground

worked a shorter cable, fitted with tongs instead of hooks; which gripped the log by both ends and lifted it onto a truck, where a 'scaler' measured it, noting the size in his book. Four or five logs make a truck load; and as soon as a dozen or more trucks were ready, off they rumbled behind a locomotive down to the sea where a donkey engine with a rope gear toppled the logs into the water to be gathered together in a boom."

The Imperial Press correspondent left the boom of logs in the water, but perhaps at some future date we may follow it into the saw mill, and watch the marvellous machinery transform it into lumber for our various needs.

# Mantrap

Continued from page 9

slit its side, humped its shoulders once or twice in indignation, and peacefully sank.

Jesse reached it in time to rescue the bacon, but not Ralph's duffle-bag nor his bed-roll, which rested in a canoe of water. Jesse shrugged, and began to line the water-logged craft up the rapids again. No beach here on which to make repairs. There was a wide enough beach beyond the rapids, and amiably, as part of the day's work, the four Indians made a fire by which to dry the soaked cargo a little, and began repairs, with new slats, new canvas, canoe-glue and paint, while even Jesse whooped and ceaselessly giggled about his disaster.

It was not till the Indians were already at work that Ralph, caught in a tangle of brush, sliding and bruising his shins on mossy rocks, made his way past the rapids and joined them.

He found Woodbury striding the shingle by the river as though it were the quarter-deck of a pirate craft. Before Ralph could let himself down the cliff, Woodbury was screaming at him:

"I might of known you'd do something like this! And in the rain! Ruin a good canoe! Ruin a sack of flour! All the——"

"Had nothing to do with it!" Ralph retorted. He spoiled his effect a little by sliding down the last four feet of the cliff and flaying his hands on the gravel, but he did not sound obedient now.

"Help it? Course you could help it! Letting Jesse play the fool with the tow-line!"

"How could I tell him? Charley's the only one here that understands English, and of course you hogged Charley!"

"Well, anyway, you——"

Woodbury's gust had blown itself calm, but Ralph's had begun. He faced the bigger man. He was no longer slightly absurd in his baggy oilskins, so hard was his thin face.

"You knew before I started that I wasn't used to this hiking, and yet you've done nothing but kick, the whole way. Let me congratulate you on one thing, my friend: you've managed to spoil the one long vacation I've taken in years!"

"Well, if you think it's been any picnic for me, Prescott, with your sulking and your would-be polite condescension and your would-be high-brow gas-sing and—— And your inconceivable butter-fingered clumsiness! Things any real American boy of ten could do! When you said you weren't used to hiking, I didn't suppose you were a paralytic!"

... A crescent of gravel, five or six feet at its widest, under a dripping slope of rocks fleeced with wet lichens; on the other side, the river hastening down to a debauch of rapids, a stream black under black clouds, viciously glazed save for sinister little whirlpools and the pitting of ceaseless rain. On this crescent of gravel, a few forlorn and dirty men, two of them squabbling like old women over a back fence. All the glory of history and the human will choked and made futile by a rent in a canvas canoe, a clash of incompatible senses of humor. And round them a million square miles of tangled forest and bleak lake and dreary tundra, dwarfing their heroic contest to the buzzing of flies in a spider-web.

Of this disproportion Mr. E. Wesson Woodbury was probably not conscious. He went on with as much joy in hurting his companion and hurting himself, and hurling out nastiness which he would later regret, as though he

were a drunkard accused of being a drunkard. But Ralph, with his years of legal controversy to weary him of all ugliness, was instantly tired of the spat, and instantly aware of the snickers of the Indians, who were listening to them with beautiful glee.

There was for once nothing of the Neat Little Man about him, there was something stripped and formidably direct, as he stared down Woodbury's bumbling and stated: "Very well. I'm a burden. And let me warn you that it'd be a pleasure to quit you."

"Don't be a fool! You can't!" chuckled Woodbury.

IT WAS toward evening when, with the canoe repaired, the motor drumming through the rain, they came to the end of the poplar-crowned cliffs and found an open camping-spot in an ancient clearing. It was marked as an old Indian haunt by the staggering poles of a one-time drying-rack for whitefish.

Neither Woodbury nor Ralph knew it, and if Charley the guide had known he would not have dreamed of telling, but here the first French missionary-explorers built wigwams in 1587; here ever since had governor and bishop and lone trapper found rest for a night, a week. Though the forest round about is as unbroken as it was in 1492, the Mantrap River is the royal highway, the Boston Post Road, the Great North Road, of the wilderness.

It was a grassy and friendly place, well drained, free of rocks, sheltered by a wall of rare white pine. The Indians pitched the tents, and in five minutes they had burning a vast bonfire which would have taken a white man half an hour to set going. Soaked of neck and wrist and hands, numb and stiff, Ralph sat luxuriously on a food box under a canvas shelter which was stretched over a bough lean-to before the fire, his arms out toward the rejoicing flames.

For the first time Woodbury and he did not make up their quarrel. There was tension, silence between them and a sense of waiting, of listening for danger.

Woodbury sprang up. "Get a few fish," he belched.

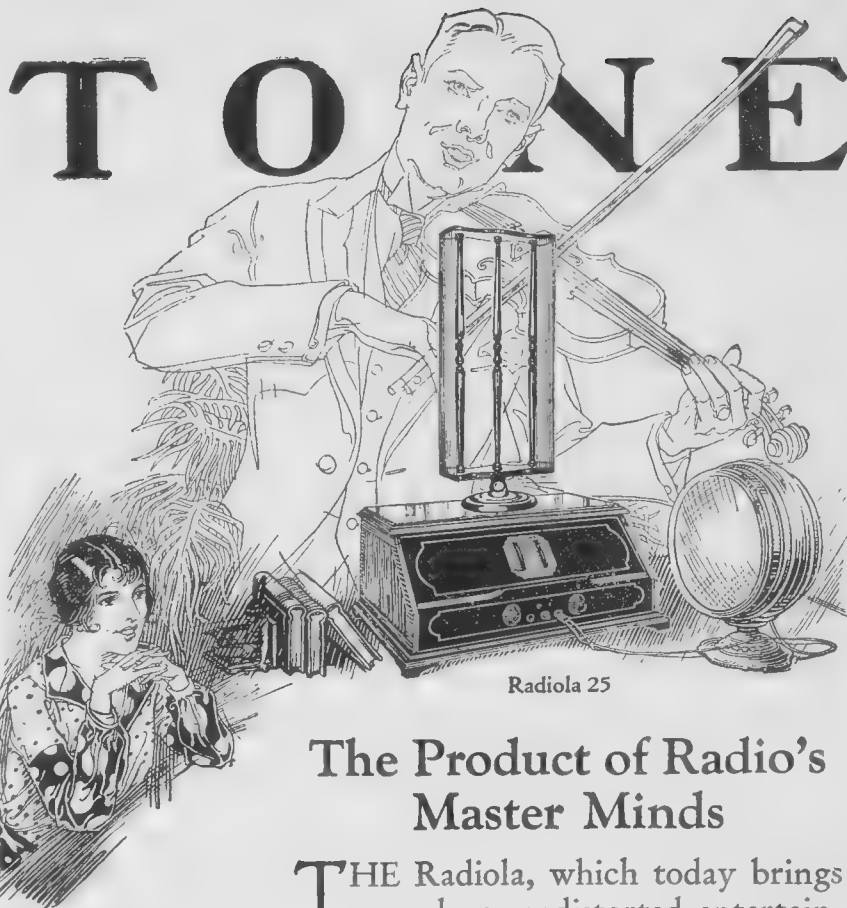
Ralph saw him on the low rocks by the river, throwing out his trolling-line again and again, sometimes pulling in a pickerel. It was presumably not at all dry, down there on the rocks, and Woodbury looked infinitely lonely and pathetic. Ralph felt guilty. He buttoned the long oilskin coat, which with such delicious relief he had thrown open, he sighingly tugged on his water-logged boots, and ambled to the shore.

"I say," he murmured, as Woodbury forlornly dragged in his trolling-line, hand over hand, the water dripping through his puffy fingers, "I do know I'm not a very useful companion, and I do know you have some reason for feeling sore at me just now, but I hope I'm not keeping you from the fire."

"You? Keeping me? Don't be silly." Woodbury did not sound highly lovable. (But, oh, all the time you might have seen him as that fat little boy from nowhere in particular, being so touchy because he knew that he was nothing, being so offensive because he was always being offended and hurt. And a little of this Ralph understood, but not much, for nowhere here has it been stated that Ralph Prescott was a greater or more tender soul than most of us.)

"I happen to enjoy fishing," said Woodbury. "I enjoy it enough so that after coming two thousand, and maybe it's three thousand, miles for it, I like

Continued on page 57



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# Just About Comfort

## Suggestions for the Increase of the Family Well-being

By

Katherine M. Caldwell

"COMFORT," says the wise maker of dictionaries, "is a state of quiet or moderate enjoyment, resulting from the possession of what satisfies bodily wants; a state of well-being, satisfaction, content." Something, surely, that is worth striving for, this comfort!

It may be the demands made upon us by the full lives we live nowadays, that make us so appreciative of our creature comforts. Our clothes—especially those of the feminine portion of the community—bear witness to the present-day insistence on "a state of well-being;" no more tight, uncomfortable garments; no wobbling about the busy tasks and pleasures of the day on high, tiring heels; no hobbling or dragging skirts to hamper and annoy. Just as certainly, we have progressed toward sensible and comfortable house-furnishing. Spindle-legged, uncertain-looking chairs, stiff sofas that forbid rather than invite relaxation, a clutter of knick-knacks, bric-a-brac, dust gatherers of this sort and that, are no more in fashion today than whalebone stays and French-heeled walking boots.

This is surely the season of seasons to consider comfort in the home. We shall be pursuing indoor activities far more in the months to come and shall therefore be just so much more dependent upon the equipment and furnishings of the house for that "satisfaction and content" to which we all aspire.

It is altogether possible that a little well directed consideration now, at the beginning of the indoor season, will make for greater comfort and consequent enjoyment in nine out of ten average homes. We are so close to our own living quarters that half the time we fail to realize them very distinctly. This room is always inclined to be a little cold in winter; to sit in that corner, so invitingly lighted by the big window, is to be pestered by a nagging little draft; the big arm-chair must always be dragged almost across the room at night, if its occupant wants to share the only low-thrown light. These are known and established facts, things to be taken for granted, accepted without demur, and most of the time practically without notice.

Yet how easily remedied are most of the little discomforts; how easily the lack of comfort may be filled.

A bit of weather-stripping at the window that is persistently drafty, for instance. It would cost little in money or in labor. Perhaps the handy man of the house could put it on himself; and he would be the best one to buy it, too, for there are several kinds on the market and he might study which one would best fill his especial need. At the same time he might think well of a storm door, if the entrance happens to be directly into the living-room or if the hall is noticeably cold by the doorway.

The mistress of the house will think more readily of heavy curtains as a shelter from prying little winds; they are a great help, as was long ago discovered by the originators of the charming long French windows; never, in their native habitat, would those windows be without protective heavy curtaining, if any part of the year were characterized by high winds.

An extra lamp or two in the living-room might be a source of great satisfaction to the family; sometimes one has failed to notice that dusk no longer

remains the bed-hour for Jack and Jill; lessons claim them for a while after the lamps are lighted, or there is a story book or a game that may mean eye strain if indulged in too far from the light. A drop light or shaded lamp on a small table, is not difficult to arrange; and what an addition to both the comfort and the attractive appearance of the room! One is tempted, at the same time, perhaps, to renew the shades on an old lamp or two; there are such charming effects to be worked

beside the most comfortable seats, but a little more height is advisable if the table is to carry a lamp. One must arrange that the light will fall upon the occupation of the sitter; wall and ceiling lights can attend to the general lighting of the room. Perhaps there is just the right sort of table hidden away in the attic because its surface is no longer respectable. Today's vogue says "rescue it! Give it a treatment with varnish-remover, then paint it black or green or lacquer-red, and give it a place in your decorative scheme!" Many a little tabouret or pedestal can be reclaimed in this manner.

Before getting too far from the subject of lights—would a little improvement in any of the bedroom lighting arrangements be worth thinking

about. A light at the bedside is a joy, especially if one indulges in the sometimes frowned-upon practice of reading in bed. A light over or beside one's dressing table mirror is a help when one wants to look one's best after daylight fades. A handy light in the nursery is an absolute necessity. In this day of improved lighting arrangements, there is small reason for putting up with all manner of inadequate lighting. Everything from the innumerable kinds of electric outlets and fixtures to the amazingly efficient modern types of oil lamp, has been brought near to perfection of late—and it is often surprising to find how much easier of performance all kinds of things are when there is no eye-strain involved.

Speaking of making duties lighter—is there a high chair or a tall stool in your kitchen, one that you can get the habit of sitting on for a lot of the tasks to which you perchance

stand up today? I know that the average woman feels she can make more progress with the ironing, peel potatoes or do dishes faster, if she stands up to them; but this is merely the result of trying to do these chores on an ordinary low kitchen chair. If this doubter really used a tall stool (preferably one with a broad "step" on which to tuck her feet) for one week, in the pursuance of the ordinary tasks, she would be converted—and a much less weary woman.

Here's another place for a good strong light, for there is usually one meal, and sometimes two, if the breakfast is an meal, to be prepared by artificial light; if there is only one lamp and it is hung from the centre of the ceiling, place it high enough so that it will not cast a shadow on your work; if possible, have a light directly falling on the stove and table; it is much less tiring if you can see what you are doing all the time.

If by any chance the kitchen floor is cold, try to cover it with linoleum; failing this, provide yourself with a thick mat or two on which to stand.

This question of being warm enough brings the heating system to mind. If it is faulty, money spent on improving it is money well spent—an investment not only in comfort but very possibly in improved health for the family. Perhaps the time has come to install a new furnace; if so, unless you are unusually well posted on the intricate problem of house heating, get the advice of an expert. Many dealers who are the representatives of furnace manufacturers, are especially informed on the subject—not merely on the furnace manufactured by that firm, but on the types of heating

Continued on page 85



A low table or two are fine "catch-alls" to stand beside the most comfortable seat or handily beside the writing desk.

out in the simple, colorful, lamp-shades of today—the pleated chintz or gingham shade, with its plain binding; the soft glow of parchment, in plain or delightfully decorated effects; the tightly-drawn plain fabric, perhaps with a bit of applique if it needs brightening. There's magic, certainly, in lamplight, if the shades are fulfilling their opportunities at all.

The small tables referred to are joys, not merely when they hold the lamps at convenient and becoming heights, but when they bring to our hands the little contributions to our pleasures and convenience. The book or two of the moment; the work basket that may not represent a chore at all, if it contains everything that is needed for the bit of mending or pick-up work; the indispensable ash-tray. I remember the remark of one delightful housekeeper who claimed that her husband invariably measured the devotion of a wife by the number and convenience of the ash-trays she supplied! When one considers that they are not only of service to the smoker but of infinite usefulness to the housekeeper, who might otherwise have a lot of brushing up to do after the best-intentioned male, it seems well worth while to supply them in numbers.

Getting back to the tables—it is well to vary their type somewhat when one plans several for the living-room. A little tea-table, surely; perhaps it will drop its leaves and do between-times duty beside a chair or sofa-arm. But it is well not to allow it to assume too many other responsibilities, or there will be too much shifting to be done with the arrival of the tea-hour. A very low table or two are fine little catch-alls to stand chummily



# MOTH PROOF



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# Federated Women's Institute

*A Message to the Women's Institutes from the Honorary President, Mrs. David Watt*

TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS

*"Stand fast in the work you have undertaken. Even when everyone around you seems successful, when the waves of oppression are all about you, stand fast before a public, which perhaps disdains your efforts in welfare for its benefit and condemns you for the service needed so much, but will not do for itself. Believe in your job. It may not be a very important one, but it is yours. May you be kept reliable and true to the task that lies before you, true to yourself and to your organization which has entrusted you with its interests."*

## Saskatchewan Homemakers Doing Good Work

HIGH praise of the Homemakers' Clubs of the Province was given by the Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Minister of Agriculture, at their Annual Convention at the University of Saskatchewan on Tuesday, June 15.

Mr. Hamilton expressed his pleasure at the opportunity of addressing the delegates to the Convention. "I might be pardoned if at the beginning I express a word of appreciation of the work that is being done by the organization you represent and its director, Miss DeLury," said Mr. Hamilton. "Quiet, considerate, efficient, are terms that come to my mind as describing the services performed by the Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan. Not much given to advertising, much of your work does not lend itself to publicity. You are engaged in a benevolent movement that has as its objective the improvement of the individual, the community and that greatest of all institutions of the human race 'The Home.'"

### Homemakers Needed

"One of our greatest needs in Saskatchewan is homemakers. People came to this province from many countries, and were formerly engaged in many occupations. Unfortunately too many came with the idea of making a fortune, and then going back to their old homes, or what many people believe to be a less rigorous climate. The result has been that they have never settled down to make permanent homes for themselves. When I think of Saskatchewan as a place in which people make their money and then go elsewhere to spend it, I am disposed to say 'poor Saskatchewan,' for a country must of necessity be indeed poor and laboring under a great handicap when its citizens spend their money elsewhere.

"The Homemakers' Clubs are composed mainly of rural women, and I propose to confine my remarks to the building of homes in the rural districts. There is a great deal to be desired in this regard. Following the activities of the Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan in recent years, I think it is recognized that they have done a good deal to improve the health of the people. They have taken an interest in education; they have come to the relief of those who are in distress. I think we might very well ask 'Have

they put forth their greatest effort in the improvement of the home?"

### Should Make Farm Life Attractive

"The standard of living of people in the rural districts of Saskatchewan is probably as high as that of other rural districts in Canada, United States or elsewhere. A good deal of improvement has been made in recent years. The telephone and the automobile are now in general use, and the radio is becoming common. Modern homes with electric light and water are not uncommon. A good deal yet remains before farm life will be sufficiently attractive that our young people will see in agricultural opportunities as great as are offered by our manufacturing or commercial centres. Not only our young people, but that their fathers and mothers should have comfortable homes for their declining years and would be disposed to spend their later lives on the farm. These modern conveniences and this higher standard of living depend largely upon our income, and I think the question might very well be asked 'what part have the women and the Homemakers' Clubs in the building of modern homes?' The modern woman is, and of necessity must be a business woman. As we get to know her better we like her better and realize that she can play a real part in the building of a home—the business management of a household and some sidelines in agriculture that add, not only to the revenue, but to the living of the family. Is it asking too much that she should undertake the management of the cows, the poultry, the bees, the garden, or some of these? Not that she should do the work herself, but that, as her husband is equipped with the proper machinery to work the farm, she should be similarly equipped to carry on these side lines in agriculture.

### Increase in Dairying

"Substantial development in dairying has been made in recent years. In 1924 there were 66 creameries in operation, which manufactured 13,583,000 pounds of butter; in 1925 there were 70 creameries in operation, which manufactured 15,984,000 pounds. This was an increase of 17.3 per cent. Our production of creamery butter since 1921 shows an increase of 126.8 per cent. That there is no falling off is apparent from the first five months of this year, which shows an

output of 5,109,809 pounds, or an increase of 31.3 per cent over the same period of last year. The first essential towards successful dairying is to have the right kind of cows; cows, which when given the proper care in housing and feeding, will produce a standard volume of milk and butter fat. The average cow in Saskatchewan produces about 3,500 pounds of milk and 120 pounds of butterfat. It costs very little more to maintain a cow which produces twice these quantities, and no herd owner should be content with an average of less than 6,000 pounds of milk and 225 pounds of butterfat. A cow-testing service is being maintained by the Department of Agriculture through its dairy branch, and at the present time we have 327 herds representing 2,678 cows under test. In this way the low producers are being eliminated and paying herds are being established. With dairying, as with most other agricultural products in Canada, we produce more than we consume. We therefore must find a market for our surplus in other countries. Great Britain is our main market for agricultural products and here we come into competition with the agriculturalists of other countries of the world. In order to find a profitable market we must produce goods of high quality and uniformity which the consumers can depend upon receiving throughout the year. As a result of the grading of cream and butter, Saskatchewan butter is now well-received in the British market. The Prairie Provinces, which have led the provinces of Canada in a grading of cream and butter, are doing much to establish a market for Canadian butter in the British Isles.

### Better Poultry and Eggs

"Another substantial side line in agriculture in which the women are particularly interested is poultry and eggs. The annual production of eggs in the Province is about 20,000,000 dozens and the farm surplus for market is about 8,500,000 dozens. The poultry population is about 8,825,000. The growers of certain products have increased the consumption by advertising their article, notably, the raisin growers of California, but the producers of eggs and poultry have increased the consumption of their article by raising its quality. Egg grading was introduced into Saskatchewan in 1920 and was followed by a number of other provinces.

In the five years, 1920 to 1924, inclusive, the per capita consumption of eggs in Canada increased by 10 dozens per annum. I think we are warranted in drawing the conclusion that the quality of the eggs placed upon the market has had an effect on consumption. The producer is equally responsible with regard to the quality and the poultry marketed, and grading is as necessary in live and dressed poultry as in eggs. Saskatchewan has long since adopted the policy of co-operative marketing of farm produce. The Saskatchewan Co-operative Poultry Producers Limited is a voluntary contract pool, marketing the surplus poultry and eggs from over 16,500 members. The Pool opened March 29, 1926, and has already shipped over 50 car loads of eggs from its branches, which are located at Regina, Moose Jaw, Brandon and Saskatoon. It is expected that the Pool will this year market 50 per cent of the eggs produced in Saskatchewan.

### Bees Do Well in Province

"One of the newer side lines in agriculture is bees. For many years it was thought that on account of the high winds and scarcity of honey producing plants the prairie provinces were not suitable to bee-keeping. After many experiments in wintering and feeding and caring for generally, our neighboring province of Manitoba became thoroughly interested in bees. It has been said that there are some 230 wild plants in Manitoba which produce honey in varying quality from early May to September. The best flowers are in July and August. In 1925 there were 2,000 registered bee-keepers in that province, owning a total of 27,370 hives of bees. The production from them was over 4,000,000 pounds of honey, worth \$616,088. Manitoba does not appear to be more favorably situated than Saskatchewan for bee-keeping. The park country of the east and the north is sheltered from the winds and has many varieties of wild flowers. With the introduction of alfalfa and sweet clover in our rotation of crops there is every reason to expect that the keeping of bees in Saskatchewan will become more general. In 1918 it is estimated that the output of honey in Saskatchewan amounted to 1,135 pounds, in 1920, 2,800 pounds, and in 1925, 162,175 pounds, valued at

*Continued on page 71*



Delegates who attended the 16th Annual Convention of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, held at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, on June 9th, 10th and 11th.





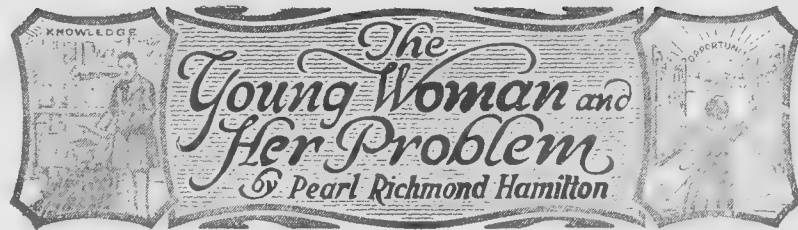
# "Niagara Maid"

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—creations of beauty in lingerie and hosiery to satisfy Milady's love of the luxurious; with a durability to delight her sense of thrift.

CANADIAN PRODUCTS  
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### A Great Possession

"CHEERING thoughts help us more than a money gift," this expression came in my mail yesterday from a reader in Lancashire, England. She stated that a friend in Saskatchewan sends The Western Home Monthly to her and that she had taken the April number to a women's meeting of Neighbors' Guild. She adds, "We try to help each other to be better neighbors and I am so glad to have anything cheering to read to them about another country. In April I read them the passage about the Business and Professional Women's League and we sang the song you quoted, 'It's a good time to get acquainted!' We all suffer from a chilly shoulder sometimes and they loved the friendly verse to the tune reminiscent of the days of the war. It may interest you to know you are helping worn working women away here in an industrial village—women sorely tried and subject to low spirits in our damp, gloomy part of Lancashire." Then she referred to the value of cheerful thoughts above a money gift.

Thus does The Western Home Monthly carry its message of hope and sunshine to darkened places in distant lands—for letters come from many places in countries overseas. The Western Home Monthly is published in a building set in sunshine. When one approaches it he sees great clear windows through which the sun brightens every room. I have often wondered if any other building in the city is planned to let so much sunshine in as is the Stovel Building where The Western Home Monthly is published. Surely the builders planned a structure in keeping with the atmosphere of Western Canada—for Western Canada is a land of sunshine. I have never seen a country with so much sunshine and pure clean invigorating air. The Western Home Monthly is loyal to its setting for only hopeful, cheerful, clean literature is allowed publication—reading matter that dignifies and develops the best in the mind of every member of any home. And this standard is not easy to maintain in a day when publications steeped in the poison of filthy minds are tempting the youth of our land down the path of crime.

We thank our reader in Lancashire for this letter of appreciation and trust she may carry to her Neighbors' Guild many more hopeful cheering thoughts from The Western Home Monthly.

### Canada's Best

"MEMBERS of boys' and girls' farm clubs to the number of one hundred and two were in residence last month at Wesley College, Winnipeg. The trip to the city is a reward for their success in work during the year. They are leaders in work sponsored by the Department of Education for efficiency in activities on the farm or in the home. I believe it is the most splendid instruction and the most helpful influence that is promoted for young people today.

I have before me the picture of this group of boys and girls. There are strength, ambition, purpose, and the pleasure of accomplishment in the expression of every face. I challenge any community on the continent to present a photo of a stronger type of boyhood and girlhood numbering a hundred. Any advertising promoter for colonization in Canada would do well to use this photo. The boys and girls range in age from twelve to eighteen. What have these young people accomplished?

They have excelled in raising stock, cultivating vegetables, cooking, canning, caring for bees to produce Canada's best honey, poultry raising, and the girls not only have led in these lines of work but also have won prizes in the making of garments, cooking and canning. In short they are all-round girls leading the way to good citizenship.

The photo shows no pasty faces—soft and vacant from hours spent in dissipation. No, the Department of Education is not

building the foundation of Canadian prosperity by encouraging its youth to indulge in indefinite fat ease. The Department of Education sets the standard of attainment high and then plans the programme possible for Canadian boys and girls to reach the goal.

It is well for boys and girls in the city to see these young people from agricultural communities demonstrate their work. More than anything else will this light the torch to the path that leads to the joys of farm life.

These boys and girls were generously entertained by business firms in the city—thus cementing firmly a fine bond of fellowship between city and country industry.

May I ask some questions? I find in this group more girls than boys. Why are there so many more girls? Even among the group of competitors in the judging contest at the Dairy Cattle Breeders' field day there were girls in the prize list—Margaret Forsythe and Ruth Heidahl. What does this indicate?

Are women going to lead in agricultural activities in Canada? Replies to these questions might furnish interesting material for this department.

### The New Girl in Canada

"IF YOU cannot help a thing make the best of it," so said a woman to me last winter. She told me the story of her struggle from the time she and her husband lived in one room in a boarding house to the afternoon when I called on her in one of the most beautiful homes in the city—from the time he was a struggling teacher to the year he was honored with one of the best positions in a large university. She told me that the above advice given by her mother was the spur that had helped her over many hard places in their climb up hill.

When Queen Mary spoke some farewell words to fifty Barnardo girls in 1923, girls who were coming to Canada, she said, "In wishing you good-bye and good luck, I should like to say to you: always be cheerful and make the best of things, do what is right, and whatever may be your task do your best in it. Remember that life is made up of loyalty—loyalty to your friends, loyalty to things beautiful and good, loyalty to the country in which you live, loyalty to your King, and above all, for that holds all other loyalties together, loyalty to God. I feel sure you will prove as good citizens as those thousands of girls, who during the last twenty-five years have gone to Canada. It will be a fine healthy outdoor life, and though perhaps somewhat strange at first you must not be disheartened." Though I have quoted this before, it may mean something to the girls who have recently come to Canada. There are many who have come during the past year. I learned of a young woman who engaged in housework here. She comes from a good home in the Old Country and was prepared for a different position—but she likes so well the home she is in and her work that she does not want to leave.

There is a series of "Little Blue Books" issued by the Department of Health at Ottawa, Canada that are extremely instructive and helpful to the new home maker in Canada. They are written by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, Chief of the Division of Child Welfare—and will be sent to any one who requests them.

I quote the following from one of them to give our readers an idea of their fine tone of patriotism and hope: "A hundred years ago, every home in Canada was an Outpost Home of the British Empire. The whole world has changed in that hundred years. Canada is a Nation—a Country of Homes—with farms almost touching each other from Ocean to Ocean, with great cities, industries, commerce, and something of a history and a literature. All this has grown from the Old Outpost Homes. The Pioneers who made Canada build well. Honour to their name.

Continued on page 77

### Those Charming Women

Immaculately gowned, exquisitely attractive, you see them at smart dances and receptions.

How youthful they look! Peach-bloom, glowing skin that does not show a trace of powder—fascinating beyond words.

Yet powder they must use and do use—Ashes of Roses, Bourjois. For that is the secret of the perfect complexion cherished by the smartest women in New York and Paris.

The new flesh tints in Ashes of Roses are exclusive. There is one to suit your complexion—to be dabbed on instead of rubbed in.

Then what a miracle of loveliness! And such fragrance! Use and marvel at the transformation.

ASHES OF ROSES  
**Bourjois**  
Paris New York

PERFUME CREAMS ROUGES LIP STICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors:  
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL



# Mantrap

Continued from page 51

to fish! The rain won't hurt my complexion, like apparently it does some people's!"

Ralph said slowly and carefully, but really without much interest, "All right, you can go to hell!"

He returned to the canvas shelter and the enrobing warmth; he stripped off his oilskins entirely. He wasn't quite sure how, but he felt that he was being defiant in thus settling down to effete comfort; and he considered that he was being absolutely mutinous when, without asking the permission of Woodbury, whose stomach had been the only legal clock on the trip so far, he ordered Charley to break out a hunk of bannock for him and give him a cup of the tea which the Indians, —sound fellows with no nonsense about the joys of fishing in the rain—were contentedly guzzling in a tent smoky with the steam from their wet clothes.

He watched Woodbury fish his way up the river, out of sight around a bend. He felt that the chieftain was being a martyr for his benefit. But he refused to be moved into obedience again, and he was beatifically dozing off when he was roused by the sound of another motor.

It was a sharper, more aggressive outboard motor than Woodbury's. Through the haze of rain Ralph watched a strange canoe fleeing up the river, heading toward their own camping place. When it was come near he saw that there were two men in it: at the bow a young, unpleasant looking Indian, at the stern a white man in an ancient black-rubber raincoat and canvas hunting-cap. Where Woodbury had backed and filled in making landing, had stood up and shaded his eyes and bellowed vague queries at Charley, the stranger shot up unquestioningly, in a wide curve, nothing of him moving save his hand on the tiller-throttle of the motor as he headed for exactly the right strip of sand.

He rose, took off his wet cap, wrung it out. Ralph saw that he was a gaunt, rusty-headed man of forty or forty-five, large-nosed, heavy-browed — a North of Boston Yankee, perhaps, or a Cape Breton sailor.

He called out curtly, "Mind our camping here with you?"

"Why, no!" said Ralph.

He sounded independent enough, but he was quavering at making an arrangement without permission from the great E. Wesson Woodbury. And he did not like the stranger, who helped his Indian bow-man unload the canoe and turn it over, pitch their one low tent and put up mosquito bars inside it—theirs was no silken tent to keep out pests.

"Oh, Lord, this fellow is going to be more pestilentially virile than Wes!" Ralph groaned.

The man stooped under Ralph's shelter and without asking permission he sat on a low flat bacon-box. He pulled out his pipe.

"Got any tobacco? My pouch is all soaked," he said.

His tone was mild enough, but he did not look at Ralph; he ignored him as a possibly knowable human being with an indifference worse than Woodbury's blowhardiness.

"Sorry," Ralph said curtly. "Have some cigarettes though. Don't suppose you smoke such effeminate things."

"Why! I'd be real glad to have one if you could spare it!"

The man spoke with surprise, and he turned full upon Ralph the blaze of astoundingly pale and innocent blue eyes.

For a second Ralph liked him, felt in him something simple and superbly

genuine. But he smoked silently, and Ralph sank into discomfort again, feeling pitifully the tenderfoot as he watched those chapped, long-fingered hands, thin yet big-knuckled, apparently of steel.

In a puzzled way the newcomer pondered, after a time: "Say, I guess I made some break somehow, brother. You seemed kind of touchy about cigarette smoking. Did I hit on a sore spot? Oh, Lordy, I'm always doing that! Haven't got much tact in my make-up, I guess. Or—say—gee—maybe you're almost out of cigarettes!"

He spoke with a grave gentleness, the rare gentleness of the man to whom it never occurs that anyone could be such a fool as to take advantage of it, the man who never fights because he never has to.

Ralph urged: "No! Really! I have plenty, and they're in tin boxes—got soaked today, but thank Heaven the cigarettes are all right. It's just that the—well, the chap with me says that you must be a he-man if— You've probably guessed that I'm not the General Commanding in this party, but only the orphan tagging after it!"

Again the amazing light of those candid blue eyes, but this time with a worried query in them; and:

"No—no—hadn't figured out your party. Course before I landed I knew there was another white man—"

"How?"

"Why, I saw the footprints—city boots—where both of you jumped out of your canoes. But I didn't do any real sizing-up. By the way, I better introduce myself. My name's Joe Easter. I'm a free trader, at Mantrap Landing, on Lac Qui Reve. I'm trying to run an opposition store to the H.B.C. and Revillon Freres, and one tough time I'm having of it, too—those big companies are pretty cute. The Hudson's Bay factor at Mantrap is a whiz—fine man, and his wife's an awfully nice lady, too. I've just been outside—Brandon—buying supplies. Say, I guess you come from the East, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Chicago?"

"New York."

"Well, well! That a fact! Met a man from New York one time—going through here fishing—no, four years ago it was—fellow named Brown—in the wholesale grocery business he was—don't suppose you know him?"

"I—"

"Say!"

Joe Easter suddenly reared up his shoulders, astonishingly broad for so gaunt a man, and smiled, a rugged smile, unreserved, taking in his blue eyes, his wrinkling heavy brows, ugly mouth and rough red cheeks. It was as though sunshine had burst out on these soggy pines, this lugubrious river. "Say! I suppose a New Yorker feels about the same when you ask him if he comes from Chicago as a bloomin' Londoner does when you ask if he's from Regina!"

"Oh, I don't know that there's any peculiar virtue in coming from the city with the largest number of idiots!"

"Maybe not, but I find that in this life—which is the only life I know much about yet—a man isn't just stuck on his virtues. Oh, Lord, here I am philosophizing again! You see, couple of years ago I pinched a copy of some magazine off the *Emily C. Just* at Kittiko, and there was a piece in it about a fellow they called a 'backwoods philosopher.' That's me, I says! Two years ago, and I ain't hardly got

Continued on page 72

## FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..



LOUISE GROODY's Famous Dancing Feet



"I always have Blue-jay on hand when trouble is a-foot!" writes the dainty and delightful Louise Groody, now starring in the New York musical comedy success, "No! No! Nanette."

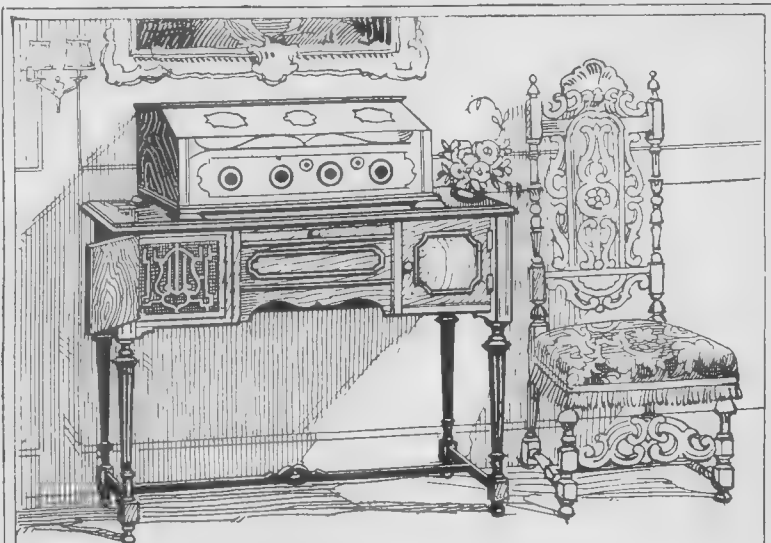
"Stage work isn't always kindly to a dancer's toes. But I never have corns. For at the least sign of an approaching callus, I put on a Blue-jay."

Blue-jay is an old standby of folks who reap fame and fortune from their feet. A soft, velvety cushion fits over the corn and relieves the pain at once. Usually one plaster ends the corn. But even an "old offender" seldom requires more than a second. . . . . At all druggists.

## Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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## Does Your Radio Set Add Dignity to Your Home?

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The living room or the room in which we entertain and in which a great deal of time is spent, must have everything in harmony.

A radio set now seems almost an essential in every well-appointed home. The appearance of your set will be vastly improved if kept on a table made especially for it. S. M. S. Radio Tables in addition to being beautifully finished in walnut or mahogany, have built right into them, a Baldwin Loud Speaker. This combination gives the utmost in appearance and reception.

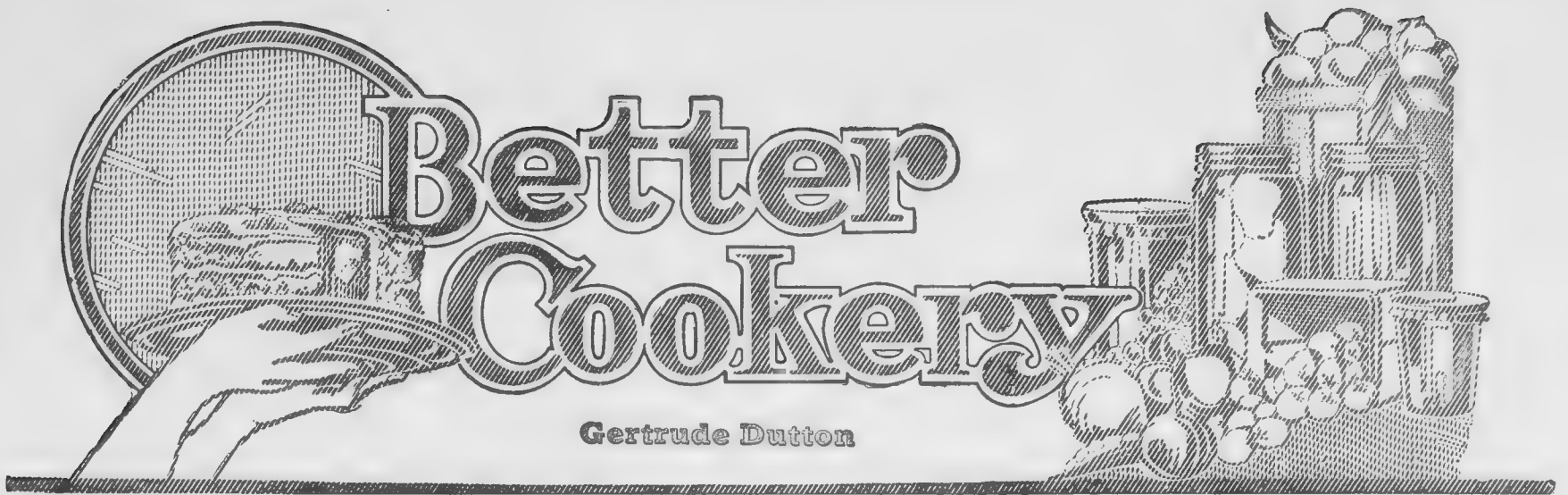
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## In Your Preserving Kettle

**I**N AUGUST and September we have the greatest wealth of fruit and vegetables, which should be preserved in some way for use during the months when they are not available. Canning, pickling, preserving are the favorite methods. Drying vegetables and fruits at home may be readily done, but most women find it more bother than it is worth. Commercially dried products, however, give the best of satisfaction.

Shelves of canned foods provide us, for the winter, with an excellent variety of succulent, mineral-and-vitamine-providing foods, which would not be available otherwise, in the homes of very moderate means.

Canning provides a means of utilizing foods which would otherwise go to waste.

There are three methods of canning, the cold pack, the hot pack, and the open kettle.

Jam, marmalade, conserve and fruit butter, are various methods of conserving surplus fruits. It is rather difficult to draw a sharp line of distinction between them. For jams, we use the less perfect fruits, which are cooked in the open kettle, with an equal amount of sugar, and the fruit in a broken or mashed condition. Fruit butters are not as a rule so sweet, the fruit is rubbed through a sieve or colander, and usually a little spice is added, especially to apple butter. Conserve have the addition of nut meats, and usually raisins and oranges. We usually think of marmalades as being made of oranges, lemons or grapefruit. Preserves have the fruit left whole, or cut in pieces which are kept unbroken, and equal quantities of fruit and sugar used. In all such products, the cooking is done slowly to evaporate the moisture and produce a thick confection.

The open kettle canning method cannot be used for any vegetables except tomatoes, with satisfactory results, but many women prefer it for most fruits. The fruit is cooked with the sugar and a little water in the kettle till it is done, then sealed in sterilized jars.

Cold pack canning means that the raw or blanched food is placed in a sterilized jar, partially sealed, and then cooked in the jar in a hot water bath or in a steam cooker.

"Hot pack" canning is becoming popular with a number of people, and has some advantages. The vegetable is first cooked in steam or a small amount of water, then packed hot in the sterilized jars, and processed as in cold pack canning. The chief advantage of this method lies in the fact that the food in the center of the jar is as hot as that anywhere else, which insures killing the bacteria. In cold pack canning, especially of such protein substances as corn and peas, there is a possibility that the very closely packed food in the center may not be properly sterilized, which results in spoiled product.

Success in canning depends on two things—the killing of all microscopic life, such as bacteria, yeasts and molds, which are the agents causing spoilage, and second, perfect sealing, which prevents a new supply of them, entering the food containers.

### Why Canned Foods Spoil

Spoiling of food is due to small microorganisms called yeasts, molds and bacteria, which belong to the plant kingdom. They destroy the food, and sometimes produce substances which are poisonous. We are all familiar with the appearance of molds, which grow on the surface of any moist exposed surface, such as bread, fruits, jelly, cheese, etc., and in the form of mildew on leather and cloth. The spores or seeds fly around in the air ready to develop in all favorable circumstances.

fruits and vegetables should be canned just as soon as possible after being gathered, to lessen the chance of failure in canning. An excellent slogan for canners, is "One hour from the garden to the Can." Soft, over-ripe spots are excellent breeding grounds for these microorganisms; so only the very perfect vegetables should be used for either cold pack or hot pack canning. Over-ripe fruits may be used very satisfactorily for fruit butters, jams, etc., because the excess of sugar is additional insurance against spoiling. Over-ripe fruits do not have as good flavor as those in perfect condition.

### How We May Know Spoiled Canned Goods

We may see the gas "working" in the jar before opening it.

The condition known as "flat sour" is that in which acid is formed without gas or bubbles. The product has a sour unpleasant taste.

It may have a peculiar odor. It is wise to throw out, without tasting, any canned food with bubbles in it, that smells unpleasant, or has become soft and mushy. If the jar of food has none of these undesirable characteristics, it may be tasted. If it is sour or has any unusual flavor, it should be discarded.

### Equipment For Home Canning

1. For the preparation of fruits and vegetables:
  - (a) A sufficient number of bowls or pans for holding them and washing them.
  - (b) Brushes and paring knives. (A silver knife for fruit is good).
  - (c) Wire basket or squares of cheese cloth for holding the product while blanching.
  - (d) Kettles for blanching and cold dipping.
  - (e) Measuring spoons and cups.
  - (f) A teakettle of boiling water.
2. For the canning:
  - (a) A sufficient number of tested jars, with suitable tops.
  - (b) New rubbers.
  - (c) A large vessel for processing, such as a wash boiler or a large deep kettle.
  - (d) A false bottom, which may be made of wire or slats of wood. This is for the purpose of preventing the jars breaking.
  - (e) Holders of some kind for removing the jars from the hot water bath. Wire ones which may be adjusted to fit any sized jar, and will also serve as a false bottom, cost but a few cents. A wire potato masher is quite satisfactory.
  - (f) A steam cooker if one can afford it, and does enough canning to warrant the expense.

### Steps in Canning

1. Assemble the equipment.
2. Sterilize the jars.
3. Prepare the fruits and vegetables to be canned.
4. Blanch the products which need it.
5. Cold dip them.
6. Pack in jars.
7. Add syrup to fruits, salt and water to vegetables.
8. Partially adjust covers.

*Continued on page 59*



"Hot pack" canning is becoming popular with a number of people and has some advantages

Yeasts are of many kinds, the most familiar to us being that which is used in "raising" bread, and in starting vinegar. But in canned or preserved fruit and vegetables, the fermentation it causes, ruins the flavor.

However, yeasts and molds give us but little trouble, because they are readily killed by heat.

Bacteria are an entirely different matter. They are invisible to the eye, and many of the harmful sorts are extremely difficult to destroy. They are of innumerable varieties, and multiply with amazing rapidity, some only in the open air, others in any warm, moist place, even if sealed in an absolutely air-tight jar. Many of the bacteria are found in the soil, so are very apt to occur on the surface of fruits and vegetables, and will develop exceedingly fast after the fruit is piled in boxes, baskets, etc. For this reason

# Good Cooks Know

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A Classified Advertisement Brings Results.

Over 300,000 readers turn to the page each issue.

## Better Cookery

Continued from page 58

9. Process, according to a time table worked out by experts.
10. Remove jars from canner and seal at once.
11. Invert jars and test for perfect seal.
12. Label and store in a cool dark place.

### Syrup for Fruits

The amount of sugar to be used depends to some extent on personal preference. The sugar and water are boiled for about 5 minutes, then strained if necessary. A suggestive table is the following:

For sweet fruits 2 c. sugar, 4 c. boiling water;  
For slightly acid fruits 2 c. sugar, 3 c. boiling water.  
For more acid fruits 2 c. sugar, 2 c. boiling water;  
For very acid fruits 4 c. sugar, 2 c. boiling water.

About 1 pint of syrup will be needed for each quart of large fruit, and about 1 pint for each quart of small fruit.

### To Sterilize the Jars

Always wash the jars as soon as they are emptied. When ready to use, test them by filling half full of water, adjust rubbers and covers, and invert for a few minutes to be sure there is no leakage. Run the finger around the edge of the top where the rubber rests on the glass, to learn if there are any rough spots which might cut the rubber. They may be filed off.

To sterilize, put the clean, tested jars in a vessel of water, on a false bottom, with the jars not touching each other, and the water either cold or merely lukewarm. Let come slowly to the boil, and let boil for at least 15 minutes. The rubbers may be dipped in another small bowl or sauce pan of boiling water for about 5 minutes.

The work of sterilizing will all be undone if the jars are handled or wiped with dirty dish cloths.

The boiler or kettle used later for processing, is quite satisfactory for sterilizing the jars.

### Blanching and Cold Dipping

To blanch vegetables, they are put in a wire basket or a square of cheese cloth, and dipped in a kettle of boiling water, for 1 to 20 minutes, according to the time table. Then they are cold dipped, by plunging into a vessel of cold water, to make more convenient to handle and to stop the processes started by blanching. It is done to shrink the product, start the coloring matter flowing, make peeling etc. easier, in the case of strong-flavored vegetables to make the flavor milder, and in such fruits as peaches, to make them more transparent and of a mellow flavor.

In cold pack canning the fruit or vegetable is then packed in the hot sterile jar, which has been removed from the large vessel of boiling water, with as little handling as possible, and is standing in a bowl or saucepan of hot water, to keep it hot. Jars of vegetables have a teaspoon of salt added to each quart jar, and are then filled with boiling water from the teakettle. Jars of fruit are filled with the boiling syrup of whichever density one considers desirable for that kind of fruit.

Put on the cover, but do not seal tight, set in the vessel of boiling water and process for the length of time required. The time must not be counted till the water is actually bubbling vigorously, and it must be kept at that temperature. It is not advisable to over process anything, or the resulting fruit or vegetable will be soft, and not of as good flavor.

The water must cover the jars, or else be so closely covered that the steam cannot escape, or the portion above the surface of the water will be insufficiently processed, and will no doubt spoil.

Remove the jars from the hot water bath, and seal instantly to prevent the entrance of bacteria from the air. Never open the jar to add more liquid to replace that which may have boiled out, or to fill the space due to shrinkage on cooling.

For hot pack canning the blanching is usually omitted, and the vegetable cooked in a kettle with a very little water, or in steam, till thoroughly heated, then packed in the jar and the water in which it is cooked, added instead of plain boiling water.

Continued on page 60



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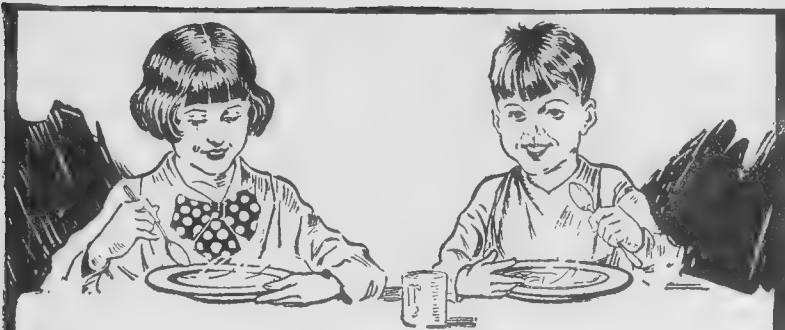
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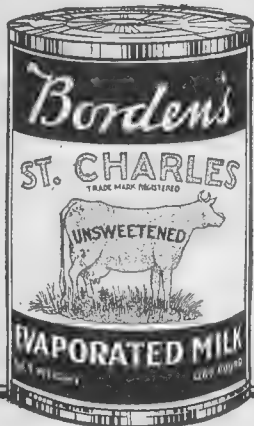
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## Growing Children Love Soups

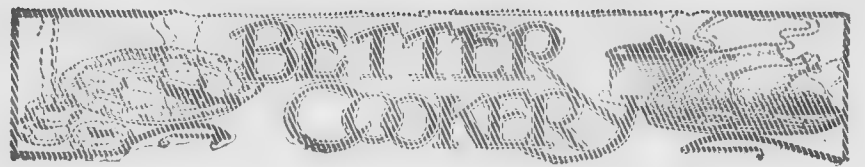


—and nothing better can be served them if they are tasty and rich in nourishment.

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**Borden's**  
**ST. CHARLES MILK**  
USE IT WHEREVER THE RECIPE CALLS FOR MILK



Continued from page 59

A steam cooker has the advantage of taking up very little space on the stove, one burner of an oil stove being enough, and will hold several jars at once. The biggest drawback it has is the difficulty one has in keeping it from rusting.

A steam pressure cooker reduces the time required for cooking and canning, which saves both time and fuel, but the initial cost is high. Some people think that the finished product is not of quite so good flavor.

Food should not be packed too tightly in the jars, or the heat may not be able to penetrate to the center. It is better to have the liquid reaching all parts of it.

The question is frequently asked, "Why are canned berries, especially strawberries, sometimes at the bottom of the jar, sometimes crowded at the top, and at other times distributed through the jar as they should be?" It is due to the ripeness of the berries. If not ripe enough, they sink to the bottom, and if over-ripe, rise to the top, and are usually rather pale colored.

Berries—Pick over, wash if necessary, remove stems or hulls; processing 20 minutes.

Cherries—May be pitted if wished; processing 25 minutes.

Greens—Wash very thoroughly; blanching 10 minutes; processing 2 hours.

Peaches—Scald, then peel, leave whole or cut in halves, remove pits; blanching 1 minute; processing 20 to 30 minutes.

Peas—blanching 5 to 10 minutes; processing 3 hours.

Pears—Pare, dip in cold water to prevent discoloration; blanching 1 minute; processing 20 to 30 minutes.

Peppers—Can in open kettle in sweet pickle.

Pineapple—Slice, peel, core, remove eyes; processing 30 minutes.

Plums—Prick the skins. Cover with syrup; processing 20 to 30 minutes.

Rhubarb—Cut in uniform pieces; processing 20 to 30 minutes.

Pumpkin—Steam till tender, sift; processing 2 to 3 hours.

Squash—Like pumpkin.



September's wealth of vegetables should be preserved in some way for use during the months when they are not available.

### Intermittent Processing

A few years ago, some successful canners strongly advocated the three - period method of canning. But many other women consider it not worth the extra work. The product is processed for an hour or an hour and a half, then cooled quickly to room temperature, the process repeated on two more successive days, then stored in a cool dark place.

The reason given for this method is that the bacteria present would be killed on the first day, the spores present would germinate during the period at room temperature, and would be killed during the second processing, and finally all spores would germinate and be killed by the third boiling. This method has often proved successful with the vegetables which are hard to can, such as peas, beans, corn, asparagus, cauliflower. With such solidly packed vegetables as spinach or corn, there is considerable danger of not allowing enough time to penetrate to the center of the can, and kill the bacteria there, because the vegetable has become quite cold since former processings.

### Table of Canning Directions

Apples—Sliced, quartered or halved, cold pack; processing 20 minutes; hot pack, processing 10 minutes.

Apple sauce, hot; processing 10 minutes.

Apricots—Scale, cold dip, peel if wished; blanching 1 or 2 minutes; processing 20 minutes.

Asparagus—blanching 10 minutes; processing 3 hours.

Beans, string—Wash, string, cut in pieces or leave whole; blanching 5 minutes; processing 3 hours.

Beans, lima—Wash and shell; blanching 5 minutes; processing 3 hours.

Beets—Wash, blanch, peel, if small enough leave whole; blanching 5 to 10 minutes; processing 3 hours.

Tomatoes—blanching 1½ minutes; processing 25 minutes.

### Apples

Apples probably are used more than any other of the late fruits. They may be preserved fresh for a long time, but the loss from decay is so large after a few weeks that the housewife is forced to preserve a considerable supply if she is to have economical dishes at all seasons, with apples as a base. The late fall and winter varieties are best for canning, as they are more tart and retain their flavor better than do the sweet varieties.

### Apples (Cold Pack)

Select firm, sound, tart varieties, slightly under-ripe. Wash, pare and core; cut into quarters, or leave whole as desired; drop immediately into a salt bath made in proportion of 1 tablespoon salt to 1 quart water to prevent discoloring; blanch (boil) for 1 minute to shrink; pack tight into hot jars, fill with hot, thin syrup, made with 1 part sugar to 1 part water, partly seal and process in a hot water bath for 20 minutes. Remove from canner and seal immediately.

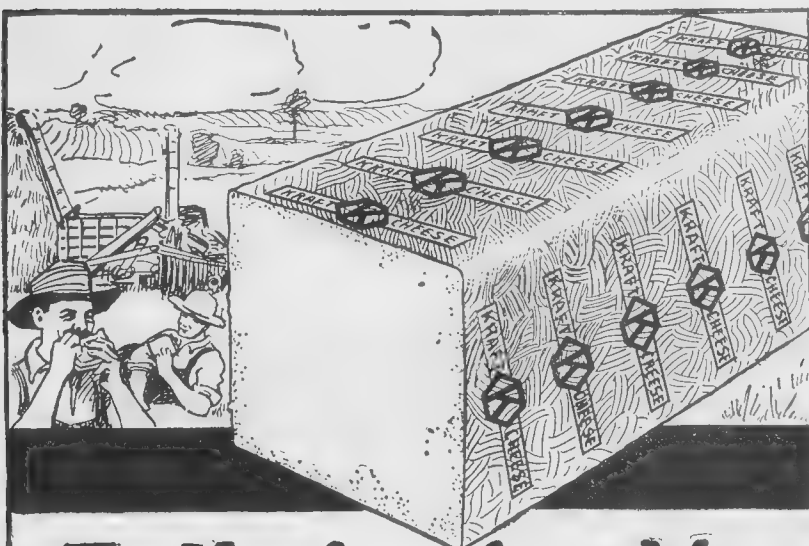
### Apples (Open Kettle)

Wash, peel, quarter and core the apples. Drop the quarters into thin boiling syrup made with 1 part sugar to 1 part water and boil until tender. Add the grated yellow rind of 1 lemon for each 2 quarts of apples. Boil the apples a few minutes longer. Pack into hot jars and seal at once.

### Canned Baked Apple

Wash and core sound, tart, baking apples. Fill the cavities with sugar to which a little cinnamon has been added. Place in a baking dish containing a little water. Bake in a hot oven until tender. Pack quickly into hot jars and cover with a hot, medium thick syrup made with 1 part sugar to 1 part water. Fully seal.

Continued on page 61

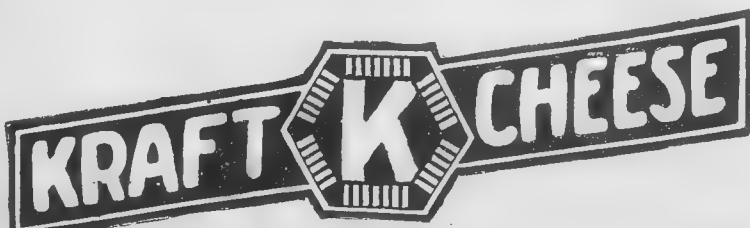


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are all kitchen tested—each issue contains appropriate dishes for the season.

## Better Cookery

*Continued from page 60*

### PRESERVES AND CONSERVES

#### Plum Conserve

Plums, 2 lbs. Walnut meats,  $\frac{1}{2}$  c.  
Raisins, 2 c. Oranges, 2 or more  
Water, 2 c. Sugar,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  c.

Wash and stone and cut the plums in pieces. Slice the oranges. Use the number liked or according to the size and price. It is a little more work, but preserves more orange flavor if the juice is extracted, then the rind sliced thinly. Mix the plums, orange rind, raisins, and water and simmer till tender. Add the sugar, nut meats and orange juice, and continue simmering till thick. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal when cool. Red or blue plums may be used.

#### Plum Conserve II

Plums, 4 lbs. Sugar, 3 lbs.  
Oranges, 3 Shelled almonds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

Pit the plums, cut in pieces, add the sugar and oranges sliced, and let stand over night. Simmer about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, add the almonds blanched and cut in pieces, cook about 10 minutes longer, seal in sterilized glasses.

#### Grape Conserve

Grapes, 8 lbs. Nuts, broken, 1 c.  
Sugar Oranges, 2  
Raisins, 2 c. Juice of 1 lemon

Wash and stem the grapes, separate the skins from the pulp and cook the pulp till the seeds separate from it. Sift out the seeds. To the pulp add the sugar, walnut meats, raisins, grape skins, sliced oranges and lemon juice. Mix well and let stand over night. Simmer till thick.

#### Citron Preserve

Citron, 4 lbs. Sugar,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.  
Water, 3 c. Lemon, 1  
Raisins, 1 c. Root ginger

Peel the citron and cut in cubes. Let stand overnight in a weak brine. Drain and let stand for several hours in clear cold water. Cook till clear in a syrup made of the sugar, water, lemon juice and enough ginger root to flavor. Add the raisins a few minutes before the preserve is done, or they may be omitted.

#### Peach Conserve

Peaches, 2 doz. lge. Sugar, 4 lbs.  
Oranges, 3 Juice of 1 lemon  
Shelled almonds,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.

Peel and slice the peaches, add the sugar, lemon juice and sliced oranges, and let stand over night. Next morning cook till thick, adding the blanched and cut almonds a few minutes before it is done.

#### Ripe Tomato Marmalade

Ripe tomatoes, 2 qts. Orange, 1  
Juice of 1 lemon Raisins, 2 c.  
Candied ginger Sugar, 3 lbs.  
Spices if liked

Cut the tomatoes, and let drain in a colander for about 10 minutes, using the juice for some other purpose. Slice the oranges, and combine the ingredients, and cook slowly till thick. Candied ginger may be added if available, if not a few pieces of root ginger may be used. If spices are liked they may be tied in a bag and added to the fruit, then removed when it is flavored enough, or a few drops of the oils of spices may be used.

### PICKLES AND RELISHES

Spice and vinegar are both excellent preservatives. Relishes in which they occur, add zest to the appetite, especially in winter.

#### Spiced Grapes

Grapes Sugar  
Vinegar Spices

Weigh the grapes, wash and stem and pulp them. Cook the pulp till the seeds can be sifted from it. To the pulp add the skins and half as much sugar as the original weight of the grapes. Add quarter as many cups of vinegar as there were cups of sugar. Add spices to taste, and cook till thick.

#### Spiced Gooseberries

Wash and stem the gooseberries, and measure. To each quart of berries, use 4 c. sugar and 1 c. or more of vinegar according to its strength, and spices to taste. Simmer till thick.

*Continued on page 62*

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Give the children a good chance at school by using The New KLIM at home.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED  
TORONTO



Continued from page 61

When making pickles use enamelled kettles and either granite or wooden spoons to avoid dangerous results from the action of vinegar on metals.

Green vegetables are soaked in a weak brine to remove the excess of water, and sometimes to improve the flavor, 2 c. salt to 1 gal. water.

In making sweet pickles, brown sugar seems to give a richer flavor than white sugar.

Dry salting is sometimes used to remove excess water. The vegetables are sliced and put in layers in a colander with salt sprinkled between the layers, and left to drain.

It is necessary for the vinegar and seasonings to thoroughly penetrate the vegetables, but long cooking is undesirable, as it tends to soften the product, and crispness is one of the most desirable characteristics of pickles.

Drain and for 7 lbs. of the rind use the following syrup:

Sugar, 3½ lbs. Vinegar, 1 pt.  
Stick cinnamon, 2 oz. Cloves, 1 oz.

Boil, then add the rind and simmer till it is transparent. Let stand over night. Next day, bring to the boiling point again, pack the rind in sterile jars, reduce the syrup by boiling, and fill the jars with it.

### Mixed Vegetable Pickle

Prepare a brine by using to each gallon of vinegar 1 c. salt, 1 c. mustard, 1½ c. brown sugar. Mix the ground mustard and sugar, add a little vinegar to make a smooth paste, then add to the rest of the vinegar and the salt. Put in a stone crock, and add fresh vegetables to the mixture as they are gathered. These pickles need to stand to ripen longer than if they were shopped or the brine poured over them hot.



Success in canning depends on two things—the killing of all microscopic life and perfect sealing

(a) The vegetables may be finely chopped.

(b) The vegetables and seasoned vinegar may be heated just to the boiling point.

(c) Pour the hot seasoned vinegar over the vegetables.

(d) Seasoned cold vinegar poured over finely chopped product.

### Sweet Spiced Vinegar

Vinegar, 1 qt. Sugar, brown, 4 c.  
Mixed spices, 2 ozs.

### Sour Spiced Vinegar

Vinegar, 1 qt. Spices, 2 tb

### Chow Chow

Sweet peppers, 18 Hot peppers, 3 or 4  
Onions, 12 Celery seed, 4 t.  
Sugar, 6 c. Vinegar, 4 qts.  
Ripe tomatoes, 1 peck  
Green tomatoes, 1½ peck  
Cinnamon, 5 t. or a little less  
White mustard seed, 3 tb.

Grated horseradish, 1 c. or a little more  
Chop the tomatoes, onions and peppers, and sprinkle with 1 c. of salt and let drain over night. Add all the other ingredients except the horseradish to the vinegar, and heat to the boiling point. Pour over the drained vegetables, then stir in the horseradish.

### Cabbage Relish

Mustard seed, 4 tb. Celery seed, 2 tb.  
Sugar, 1 c. Vinegar, 4 c.  
Chopped cabbage, 1 qt.  
White onions, chopped, 2 c.  
Sweet red pepper, 2 c.  
Sweet green pepper, 2 c.  
Salt to taste, about 4 or 5 tb.

Soak the peppers in brine for 24 hours, then in clear water for 2 or 3 hours. Remove the seeds and white membrane, and chop. Chop the cabbage and onions, and mix all the vegetables with the vinegar and seasonings, and let stand over night, then pack in jars

### Sweet Watermelon Pickle

Remove the pink pulp and the green rind from the watermelon, and cut in uniform pieces. Let stand over night in a brine of 1 t. salt to each quart of water.

### Pickled Wax Beans

Select tender beans, string and either leave whole or cut in pieces. Sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. Drain, and cook in clear boiling water till almost tender. Drain, cover with vinegar, and add any desired spices. Seal in jars.

### Mustard Bean Pickles

Prepare the beans as in the above recipe, but merely bring to the boiling point in the hot water. Prepare the following dressing:

Vinegar, 6 c. Water, 2 c.  
Sugar, 3½ c. Flour, ½ c.  
Celery seed, 2 t. Mustard seed, 1 t.  
Turmeric, 2 t.

Mustard, 1 c. (vary according to taste)

Mix to avoid lumping and heat. Add the hot beans, and simmer till they are almost tender. Seal in jars.

### Mixed Mustard Pickle

To the above dressing add any mixture of vegetables, such as cauliflower, chopped cabbage, celery, tiny white onions, string beans, red peppers. Chop the vegetables, except the cauliflower, which is left in small flowerets, let stand with brine over night, then drain and heat in clear water.

### Pickled Carrots

Cook the carrots till nearly tender, and leave whole if very small or cut in suitable sized pieces if larger. Cook for 5 minutes in a syrup made of equal parts of sugar and vinegar, spiced to taste.

### Pickled Cauliflower

Break perfect heads of cauliflower into flowerets, and boil up in salted water with a small piece of alum. Remove from the water, cool and place in jars. Cover with cold spiced vinegar.

### Sweet Ripe Cucumber Pickle

Pare ripe cucumbers and remove the pulp, then cut in uniform pieces, and let drain. Prepare a syrup of:

Sugar, 4 c. or more Vinegar, 1 qt.  
Stick cinnamon, 2 oz. Cloves, 1 oz.

Boil and skim, then add the cucumber and cook till tender. Put in jars and fill up with the syrup reduced by boiling.

# Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

*Your filmiest, daintiest things . . .*

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt



*This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved . . . exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods . . . ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

**F**RESH, charming, immaculate, *all day and every day* beyond all doubt or question—this *new* way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

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# Gray Haired Women Now Are Rare



Count them up—the many women you know whose hair ought to be streaked and gray YET IS NOT. Instead it is as gloriously young and beautiful as it was ten, twenty or thirty years ago. Would you know why? Let your druggist tell you of the dozens of bottles of BROWNATONE he sells every month. "I never have found," writes Mrs. Edith B. Adams, Springfield, Mich., "another gray hair tinting preparation to compare with Brownatone."



Over 250 years ago that Spanish philosopher, Balthasar Gracian, of Aragon, said: "In your adornment of the body as of the mind, adapt yourself to the present." Today, in society and in business, the woman who does not strive to look her best is penalized. Streaky, faded, mottled hair is becoming as rare as stained teeth or a splotchy complexion. "I can't praise Brownatone too highly for keeping my hair in nice condition and perfect in color," declares Mrs. W. T. Mills of Athens, Ohio.



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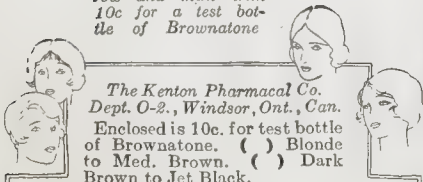
One or the other of Brownatone's two colors produces any exact shade or match desired. Ask for Blonde to Medium Brown or Dark Brown to Black. Dispensed by drug and toilet goods counters everywhere in two sizes, 50c and \$1.50. A letter from Mrs. C. E. Goodlet, Strother, S.C., says: "I can recommend Brownatone in the highest terms. It is easily the best thing for the purpose that I ever used."

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# Something for Busy Fingers

## Cutwork—Richly Effective

CUTWORK, long favored by those whose clever fingers have fashioned needlework of beauty and distinction, today has an added significance when done with linen thread.

Wrought thus, it matches exactly in texture, character, endurance and beauty the linen which it adorns. And it attains an added luster, a richer, smoother, more lasting beauty than it has ever had before.

Fitting it is, indeed, that this lovely needlework should be universally acclaimed. For in addition to its high decorative quality, it has a sturdiness that endears it to the heart of the practical housewife who knows how often even her finest linens must go to the laundry.

Furthermore, cutwork is amazingly simple to do—another quality which appeals to the housewife whose busy fingers have so many more demands than her day has minutes.

There are many forms of cutwork but in nearly every case the outlines of the design around which the fabric is to be cut away are done in simple buttonhole stitch. As a usual thing cutwork is done with thread matching the foundation fabric and of a corresponding texture.

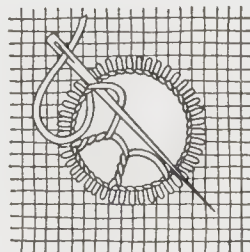
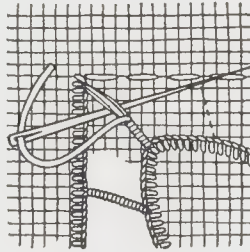
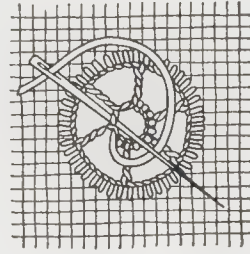
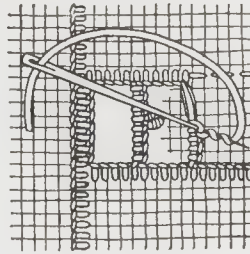
Linen being a favorite material it is a pleasure to know that linen thread can be secured in natural, white and ten sunfast, boilfast colors—gold, red, coral, yellow, pink, medium brown, chine blue, lavender, willow green and black—so that one is assured of being able to match tones, textures and colors.

In cutwork embroidery all outlines to be buttonholed are first run with fine stitches. This must not be neglected, as it provides a foundation for the embroidery and aids in making firm edges. Closely woven materials are preferable for cutwork but more open weaves may be used if the pattern outlines are run a second time with the stitches filling in between those of the first row.

The outlines having been run, one can proceed with the buttonholing, taking very short stitches and placing them closely together. Even when working with the coarse threads it is desirable to pick up as little material as possible.

Connecting bars are put in while the buttonholing along the right hand edge of a space is being worked, and are made by buttonholing or wrapping over three surface threads carried back and forth across the space between the edges, inserting the needle each time into the fabric as well as into the loop of the buttonhole stitch on each side. This brings one into position to buttonhole back over the threads and continue along the right hand edge.

It is always such a temptation to cut away the linen back of the bars as one progresses "to see how the work is going to look," but it is much better not to do any cutting until after the embroidery is finished.



These diagrams show you how simple and easy cutwork is to do. They illustrate the process of making wrapped bars, buttonholed bars with picot and a simple lace stitch which is useful in filling open flower centres. In making the picot the thread should be wrapped around the needle as many times as is necessary to make a well-shaped picot.

Needless to say there should be no knots in cutwork embroidery. When starting a thread run a few stitches along the outline where they will later be covered with the buttonholing and fasten off in the same way.

In some cutwork designs bullion or roll stitch picots are introduced on the



An effective cutwork motif for luncheon cloth and napkin

connecting bars and are almost invariably used along the simple buttonholed edges which usually border articles decorated with cutwork. There is nothing difficult about this picot, just a little "knack" to be acquired in holding the coils of thread on the needle and easing them into place with the left hand thumb while drawing the needle through and pulling the thread tightly so that the coils form a little loop.

If you are not acquainted with this picot, it will be a good idea to practice making it on a little piece of linen.

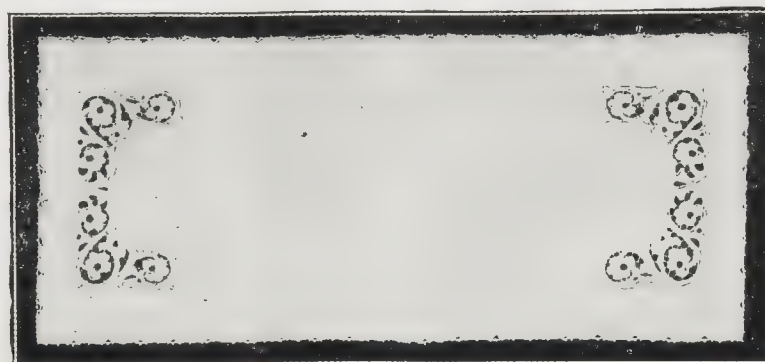
The loops which form a part of the simple cutwork edges of the mat shown below are buttonholed over surface threads in the same manner as the bars, but are left a bit loose so that they curve instead of lying straight. To make them buttonhole around the indentation of the scallop to the right hand end of the loop, lay the threads, buttonhole back to the starting point and continue on your journey.

When three loops are used in a group, buttonhole to the right hand end of the second loop, lay the foundation threads, buttonhole half way lay the threads of the third loop connecting the first and second, buttonhole this loop, making a picot midway, and continue along unfinished loop back to edge.

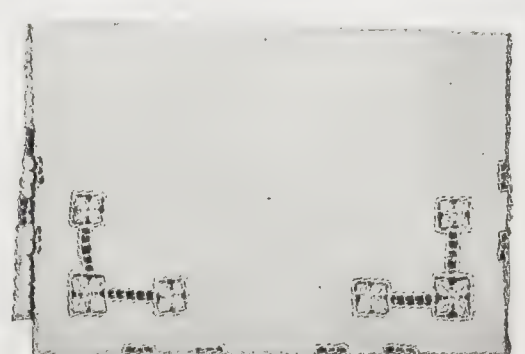
The runner shown is equally successful made of white or ivory linen for dining-room uses or of heavier ecru linen for the living-room.

Cutwork designs are not usually effective done in colored threads upon a white or ecru ground, but one may use a colored linen fabric and do the embroidery in white or ecru. Some very interesting table linens are produced in this way, and there is no more lovely background for china, glass, silver, flowers and sparkling dinner conversation than soft pastel damask. The exquisite shades of the linen shed a delicate glow over the entire table. Picture a modernistic lunch table with a green background centred with gay flowers, plates, chunky bright yellow goblets, bowl and candlesticks. Again a Dresden lunch table is sweet and gay, covered in light pink damask with old-fashioned bead flowers in the Dresden compote, flowered Dresden plates and cloudy pink and green glasses that alternate around the table. Ordinary blue-check glass toweling makes the smartest sort of luncheon sets when decorated with simple cutwork done with China blue linen thread, using the checks for the basis of the design. If the buttonholed edge is about an eighth of an inch in depth it will frame the mats very effectively. Cut the linen midway between the woven blue lines, turn an eighth of an inch hem and cover with buttonholing, taking the stitches into the blue line.

Then turn to the linen closet. No home is quite perfect until there is an ample store of sheets and pillowcases sweetly scented with lavender on every shelf. Even a slender purse may work wonders when it is used in conjunction with clever fingers. You may not have the "wherewithal" to duplicate the fine old-fashioned trousseau sheets but a little time expended in working a few of the many charming designs available will transform your linen.



A lovely example of cutwork's decorative possibilities—this runner of cream-colored linen



Mats like this have all but supplanted tablecloths—and no wonder!



# Fashions of the Hour

FASHIONS for Fall and Winter, seem grouped in two divisions, the distinctly feminine, and the youthfully boyish or mannish type.

Tailored and sports garments are shown with feminine touches, a pretty clasp, a bit of lace or hand embroidery.

The approved waistline is placed one inch below the normal. Hips are shaped or molded, and draped, or made to flare with short peplums.

Skirts are short, straight and full, with the back flat, and the fulness from the sides across the front.

Blouse effects, tunics, platings and fancy sleeves, are outstanding features.

The ensemble is still with us. One sees it for afternoon wear in moire, velvet, crepe satins, faille or broad cloth, over a dress of georgette, satin or crepe de chine. It is often fur trimmed.

Moire is a favorite material. It is being used for dresses made with tunics and draperies.

Some of the new jumpers are finished with three wide folds at the lower edge.

A simple evening frock may have its neckline finished, in square outline and edged with a fold of chiffon tied in loops and ends at the sides.

There is now no longer any difference between the woman who wears sports clothes just to be in style, and the one who follows sports.

The simple two-piece frock is still much favored. One may be comfortable and smart in it while it keeps its trim appearance.

In striped and wool taffeta soft silk and wool jersey this style is very seasonable.

The well-dressed woman is not the over-dressed woman. Her frocks are simple and well designed, with that undertone of smartness that is ever fascinating.

An afternoon coat of black chiffon velvet, shows the new bloused effect in clusters of shirrings at the waistline, also the new dolman sleeve.

Navy blue velour was used for a coat in which the fronts are crossed and draped slightly at the hips. The wide sleeves are open at the back of the hand, and trimmed with broad bands of fur, which also is used on the collar.

Two-piece tailored suits consisting of jacket and skirt are favored. The jacket may be in knee length, or a sack coat in hip length. The skirt may be of the same material or contrasting in plaid, check or invisible striped suiting.

The flare is much suppressed in the suit skirts; they are cut circular or straight with the sides straight.

Blouses for sports wear are shown in wool jersey and striped silk.

For sports wear the hip length blouse is preferred. For afternoon and tailored types the fingertip length is smart.

On all styles of blouses one notes plastrons, and deep surplice closings.

Elton collars and shawl collars with tie ends are for the afternoon blouse, while the high neck finish is for the tailored blouse. The sleeves are usually plain in shirt style, trimmed about the cuff.

The black lace and the black chiffon gown continue in vogue.

Dyed lace in rose, blue and red and embroidered nets are used for dresses.

Machine stitching and a scant use of embroidery in Chinese and Persian patterns are shown as trimming on dresses.

Black crepe satin is used for afternoon dresses, and for evening wear this material is shown in green, mauve, blue and rose.

The "V" neck predominates, although the new square neck is also favored.

The new panel back is noticeable. It may be in waist length or continue to the hem edge, and may be looped under in blouse effect.

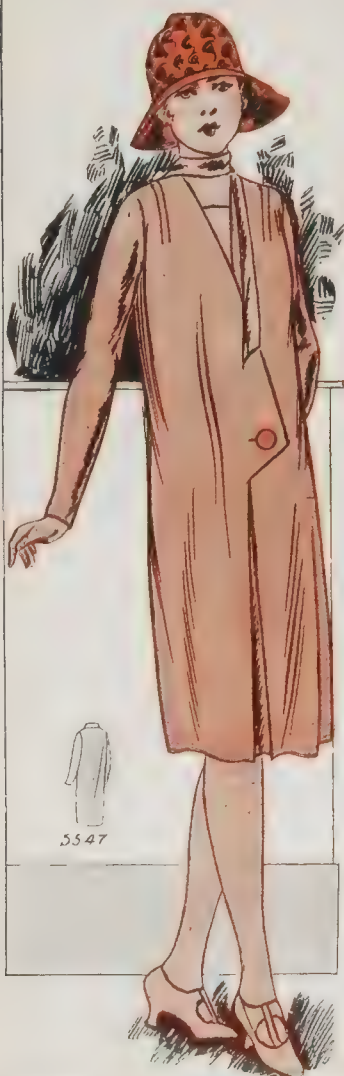
The collars are still in vogue. The high crush collar is new, with the tie ends at the back.

One sees all sorts of floating features, wings, ties, scarfs, capelets and loose panels.

Puff effects in sleeves are noticeable, sometimes two fabrics are employed, and the puff is shirred or plaited.

Long tight sleeves, fitted at the wrist with loops and small buttons are in good style. Bishop sleeves, fitted at the hand with darts are seen.

The guimpe dress such a favorite some years ago is again with us.





# GOSSARD CORSETS



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## The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

## For the Handy Needlewoman

5546. The new dotted silk is here attractively employed. This model is also good for crepe, crepe de chine or cotton prints. The "tie" may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material, together with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for the plastron and sleevebands. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 52 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5555



5551. Brocaded silk, crepe, crepe de chine, as well as batiste could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size, if made as illustrated, will require  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40 inch material together with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of contrasting material for pocket and collar facing. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5565. Figured percale was used for this model. It is also attractive in crepe, linen or chambray. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32 inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and for band cuffs. If made with short sleeves  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards will be required of one material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5557. This dress portrays the puff skirt, sometimes known as the "harem" skirt. Taffeta or crepe would be excellent for its development. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 38 inch size, will require  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of lining 36 inches wide,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of crepe or taffeta, 40 inches wide, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and for sleevebands. The width at the lower edge of the foundation skirt is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5571



5571. This combines a waist, with drawers in "creeper" style. Muslin, cambric, crepe or rubberized cloth may be used to develop this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 year and 2 years. A 1 year size will require  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5547. Satin, taffeta or crepe are equally attractive in this model. The surplice closing is especially suited to the "stout" figure. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 42 inch size will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54 inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for the collar. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5559. Jersey, wool crepe, flannel, tub silk and linen are all good materials for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. If made as illustrated in the large view, a 12 year size will require 2 yards of 54 inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs. If made with long sleeves and of one material  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5567. Taffeta, flannel, radium silk and crepe are excellent materials for this attractive blouse. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40 inch material, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for collar facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

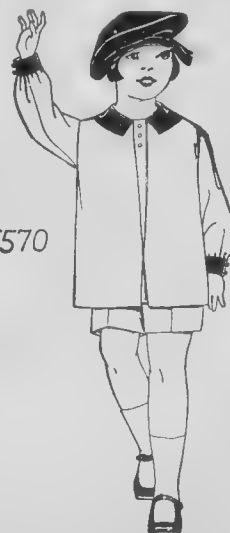
5570. Linen, chambray, jersey, serge or flannel could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36 inch material together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting material for facings on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5551



4242. Here is a new and pleasing version of the Romper style, with outstanding pocket sections, and comfortable sleeve. Chambray, gingham, khaki, linen and cretonne are good for this design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36 inch contrasting material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5570



4828. This will be pretty in figured percale or cretonne, with pockets and binding of linen or unbleached muslin. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5555. This design may be developed in crepe, crepe de chine, radium silk or batiste. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 27-29; medium, 31-33; large, 35-37, and extra large, 39-41 inches waist measure. A medium size will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material if made with the panels. If made without panels  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

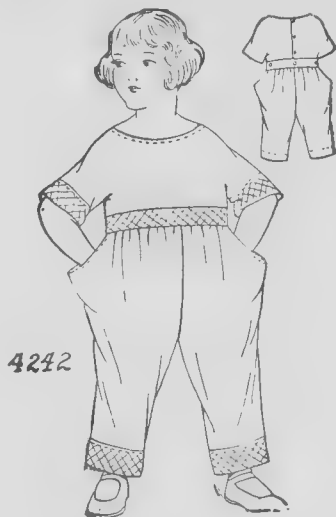


5561. Crepe de chine in a pretty rose shade was used for this model. Lace banding supplies the trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material, if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5548. The new prints, figured silks as well as taffeta and crepe are very desirable for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material. If the foundation skirt is made of lining, then the dress will require  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard of .36 inch lining and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40 inch other material. To face wristbands with contrasting material will require  $1\frac{1}{16}$  yard. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5545. Tub silk, taffeta, jersey weaves or linen could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40 inch material, together with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of contrasting material. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



## A "Dog-Gone" Dilemma!

Continued from page 30

Finally he shook his head very solemnly and returned to his seat.

"Alphonse," he said very gravely to the wondering man, "your dog he was keel in the Slave Lake Distric', non?"

"Oui," LaRose said, failing to comprehend the reason for this strange question, and for want of something better to say, "I was ver' much afraid of dat, me," the justice went on in a regretful tone.

Then turning abruptly to LaFleur, he commanded in thundering tones:

"Baptiste LaFleur, stan' up! I t'ink you guilty lak hell for keel dat dog."

He paused a moment to let die the wave of applause that now came from the relieved LaRose and his friends; then,

with lowered, regretful tone, Leroux went on:

"I t'ink you guilty lak hell—but here in dis book"—he solemnly tapped the code—"I fin' dere is no law for dog in de Slave Lake Distric'."

He sat back with an apparent great weariness; but with keen eyes he watched, and saw with triumph that he had won.

His thundering statement of belief in LaFleur's guilt had satisfied the accusers. They realized that the judge could not rectify this strange oversight of the law. And as they filed out, a bit of conversation floated back to him.

"By gar, dat Leroux he sure know de law damn fine, hein?"

## Legal Information

Continued from page 43

money is payable to you and even then it is rather difficult for a creditor to attach the moneys before coming into your possession. If the judgment is also against your husband a creditor can only attach the insurance money if it is payable to your husband's estate and not to any particular beneficiary.

(2) A creditor cannot take from you any property of your husband's which is now exempt from seizure. This is of course

provided that you continue to use such property after your husband's death and that you are his heir.

(3) A creditor cannot deprive a farmer of his homestead. After the farmer's death a creditor may seize the homestead if the property is abandoned, but cannot do so if after the death of the husband the widow and children remain on the property and actually use it and it is necessary for their support.

## September

By Kathryn Munro

With burnished crests and bannered spear,  
The autumn's heralds now appear.

Then come, my own, and walk with me  
Where beauty fashions ecstasy!

The sun, a leisured gallant, lingers  
To kiss his lady's palms and fingers;

And wizardry invades the skies,  
Like dawning love in sinless eyes.

Today the angels drape anew  
God's footstool with a rarer blue,

And smile to see the cloudlets pass  
Like snowy swans upon the grass—

Slow, glacier clouds that part in rifts,  
And clouds like cherry-blossom drifts...

Will you, my own, with me remember  
The blossom drifts of late September?



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## MOTHER'S PAGE



### Home Peace Before World Peace

By Vera R. Reynolds Kilduff

**I**N these post-war days, in which we now live, we hear a great deal about peace propaganda, peace conferences, and many similar movements. The terrible atrocities and reckless loss of life during the fateful years of the Great War have struck horror to the hearts of all nations, and the true patriots of today are devoting their finest efforts towards the preservation of peace and brotherhood between the peoples of the world. That this is the right objective none can dispute; That it will be successful we can but hope. At the same time, however, we can every one of us strive to do our part, in working for this noble cause. Those of us who believe our Bibles and study the prophecies therein, know that there will be another war at some future date—there is no reason, however, for the knowledge to prevent us from straining our utmost, to keep that date as far off in the future as possible.

The responsibility rests upon each one of us—to the very least in the community. It is an old saying that "Charity begins at home," and what is "charity" if not peace, love, brotherhood, the very feelings which we must inculcate into the next generation, in place of the warlike, militaristic spirit of bygone days? Just as long as children are taught to consider that bravery and honor can be won only on the battlefield, that the greatest nation is the one that can "grab" the most land and possess the best army and navy, the grim "dogs of war" will be lightly sleeping at our very doors, awaiting only the command to be "let loose," before they devastate the world with their ghastly brawlings and drown the voices of peace and prosperity by their hideous snarlings. The problem, then, is one for every parent, every teacher, every preacher, in fact, everybody, to face, and if one of us shirk our part, the entire result will fall short of the ideal.

Probably the foundation of a child's character, apart from any hereditary traits, is formed from the stories which are told to him as a little tot, and, of course, the influence of the people, with whom he lives. Therefore, let us choose stories which will arouse feelings of admiration for what is truly great and noble. Even our fairy tales deal largely with the attacking and killing of giants and other great monsters. The child is thrilled with this and at once feels the urge to go and do likewise—who can deny that the pugilistic spirit is being developed, by causing this concentration on it in the early years? It is a well-known fact that the influences of the first seven years of a child's life form the groundwork of the man or woman that is to be—therefore it is only reasonable to suppose, that, when a child has been given to understand that in war he may find glory, distinction, and brilliant achievement, some such sentiment still remains, buried beneath the outer casing of the hard-boiled business man, later on. It would, of course, be foolish to go to the other extreme and eliminate entirely every story which embraces struggle of any kind; but let us give such tales their proper place (viz. a secondary one), and let the hero sometimes be the vanquished, instead of the conqueror, thereby teaching the very valuable lesson, that there is great honor in being able to accept defeat with smiling good-humor.

Children are but young animals and the acquisitive, pugilistic, defensive, and offensive instincts are all latent in the normal mentality, waiting to become active when the right moment comes. (That a right moment *does* occasionally come for the exercising of these attributes is indisputable.) Nature has taken care of that part of our characters. Is it not then our duty to foster the less naturally developed traits, which have been made more prominent by civilization, instead of unduly stimulating those old tendencies which have been handed down to us by our primeval ancestors? This theory put

into practice simply means, that we shall strive to teach the children to aim at construction, instead of destruction, and, as a natural result, they will perceive that the man who is employed in constructive work is more worthy of their admiration than those who are destroying the handiwork of their fellow-men or their creator.

There will be no lack of heroes for these boys and girls. A glance around the world today will reveal hundreds of thoughtful, conscientious men and women, who are devoting their lives to the benefit of their fellow-men, whether in the realms of science, medicine, the mission-field, or many another sphere. It requires only a mother, father, or teacher, blessed with an average imagination and the happy art of painting the picture which this imagination presents in vivid, forceful speech, and the child will soon understand the braver, the patience, the self-denying determination, which marks the lives of these heroes and heroines of construction and progress.

Then look back over the history of the world, and pick out still more outstanding figures, whose brains have conceived wondrous ideas, and, what is more, have made practical use of these brilliant ideas, so that we of a later generation are profiting by their work, in added comfort of living, greater facilities of travelling, working, and performing the duties which each day brings. Imagine a world with no postage system, no means of locomotion on land or sea, no printing-presses, no hospitals, no electrical contrivances—where would our civilization be? Surely the great benefactors who gave these inventions to the world deserve our gratitude, our admiration, our hero-worship.

It has been said that the first step towards international peace should be a colossal bonfire, destroying all the history books of the world. There is certainly a vast amount of truth in this statement. It would appear that each nation has written its history specifically for its own use, and, only too frequently, any acts detrimental to the reputation of that nation are omitted, or, at most, glossed over, whilst their own valiant deeds and the extremely reprehensible doings of their enemies are exaggerated. Naturally, some historians are more culpable in this respect than others, but the tendency is there all the time. If only some unbiased person would write a truly authentic, international history, giving each nation its due share of praise and blame, and emphasizing more especially the economic and industrial achievements of each, what a boon it would be to the generations to come.

At the same time, as was mentioned before, it is necessary to guard against the "peace at any price" theory. When our national honor is at stake, or when a weaker nation, who is under our protection is threatened with demolition, then, if all attempts at a peaceful settlement have failed, the time to strike has come, and it is only a base coward or an arrogant knave who will refuse to face the issues. The child who has been trained to be a "good sport" will have the right feelings in this respect. Team-games of all kinds are very valuable, and it is essential that the child learn to *lose* as well as to *win*. Again, if a child is taught to be considerate and kind to those who are weaker than himself, he will soon realize, as he grows older, that the relations of the various nations to one another are just the same as those of the units which comprise the nation, and it is therefore the duty and privilege of the stronger to protect and guard the rights of the feeble.

So then, we may each do our part in this magnificent endeavor, and it is not a difficult proposition, so long as we, every one of us, determine to take our share. Let us then face the matter fairly and squarely, and vow that, if no progress in this direction is made during the next few years, it at least shall not be our fault.

# Your Troubles Are Mine

By Mrs. Nester Noel

I WAS reading an article, the other day, against people who told their troubles to others. As I read it, I said to myself: "What about the other side?"

I have many acquaintances, I will not call them friends! I call them "fair weather friends!" When things go well with me they are eager to listen to my conversation. Doubtless it amuses them. If, however, the sun ceases to shine on me, "they will have none of me." This is true; they look bored. It is a case of:

"Smile and the world smiles with you, Weep and you weep alone."

In such lives, where is there room for thought of others? If no one told their troubles to anyone else, where would the delightful qualities of Sympathy, Kindness and Thoughtfulness for others be? We might as well be pagans, or worse!

When we tell our troubles to others we find out our real friends. I have friends, true and tried. I know their worth. When all goes wrong they are ever ready with their sympathy and often there is more than sympathy. It is one thing to feel sorry for a person; it is another to help shoulder their griefs.

The real friend says, in actions if not in words: "Your troubles are mine. How can they be so if we do not tell them? Have we not been told to bear one another's burdens?"

There is so much hardness in the world at present. Each fights a battle for himself, to win the almighty dollar. One man seems glad because another loses a job! It is his chance to take that man's place!

Life is full of discouragements . . . and we must not tell our worries. This seems to be the newest theory. It must have been started by a well-to-do person!

The poor are helped now by organizations. I am not saying these are wrong. On the contrary, they do a great deal of good, but I wonder as I look back on the olden days, does it not tempt us to say: "I am not my brother's keeper?"

The private charities are scarcely practiced; it is so much easier to shift one's responsibilities on to an organization.

A woman once stopped herself on the middle of a sentence: "I must not burden you with my troubles," she said. *Must not!* I wondered why.

"Oh, do tell me," I begged. "I have had to smother so many of mine. I know how it feels. Ease your mind with me—please do."

She did. I number that woman amongst my best friends. We have had a glimpse into each other's souls. No one can be

the worse for this; but immeasurably better.

I heard a woman one day say to another woman: "People would like you better if you kept your troubles to yourself." What a hard doctrine! No doubt the woman who spoke those words walked on soft carpets! I can imagine her full of the luxuries of life, perhaps satiated with its pleasures. Where was her imagination? I knew the other woman well. Hers was a carpetless, dismal house, work was hard, for she had not been brought up to it. To her, life was always a problem; but this other woman would not even allow her the luxury of telling her troubles.

The poor are more sympathetic; they will listen for hours to stories of unhappiness; they will exchange sympathy just as they will lend one another a loaf of bread, a little sugar.

The world looks down on the man who, in the common parlance of the day, "has not made good." Maybe there were real reasons for this man's apparent failure. Perhaps "failure" is not the right term to use when speaking of him. How do you know, if you never heard his story? Maybe what you count his failure is only another word for his success! People who shut their ears to the worries of others, live in a narrow, selfish world entirely by themselves. Perhaps they like this world; they have strange tastes. If, one day, their own success should turn to failure, as it sometimes does, who will listen to them when they have a tale of woe to tell?

Life is not made up of smiles and laughter. What a one-sided tale it would be if it were! In reading a book, we do not expect everything to go smoothly. Why, then, in real life, do we only want to see the sunny side? Is it fair to our neighbor?

"Do not tell me your troubles." This is the attitude of the man and woman of the present day. Where is the sweetness of womanhood if even here we may not turn for sympathy?

What will our children be like if they hear us say such things as: "I do not like Mrs. So-and-so; she is always complaining." We cannot teach our children to feel for others if we do not show that we feel for them ourselves. To suffer is nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone. We can lighten another's burden, we can bring a smile to the tear-stained face, if we will be amongst those who say: "Tell me all about it—maybe I can help you."

## Are You Like a Book?

MOST men are like a book. They constantly give expression to the same thoughts. They add no new chapters to their lives. Read them backwards or forwards, they say the same thing.

They wonder why it is that their progress is so slow. It rarely occurs to them that they have allowed themselves to become as books. They have been diligent in their efforts to advance, but it has been along the same old beaten paths, the lines of least resistance.

A wise man abhors the idea of becoming a book. He has no vainglorious desire to go on record. He has no wish to be bound by precedent. His resolve is to maintain an unbiased mind in order that he may decide upon each new issue according to the complexities of the occasion.

Many believe it to be a mark of weakness to forsake a long-established opinion. They hold some opinions so long that they eventually come to look upon them as facts. But a fact today often becomes obsolete tomorrow. Absolute truth alone is unchangeable, but no man is ever likely to attain this goal.

No new thought has ever been uttered by the mass. It has always been the individual who has spoken. While the mass, composed of so many little bound

volumes, has wasted the time exchanging the same opinions, the individual has reached out and developed the kind of brain cells it takes to acquire a larger portion of the truth.

Associations prolonged beyond a certain period are unsound. Men who have been intimately connected for years reach the point where they can anticipate what one another will say. Their minds become as a mirror wherein their opinions are reflected and mistaken as facts. New blood is essential.

Man craves certitude. He cherishes the idea that there is safety and strength, and comfort in the confirmation of his own viewpoints. He lets his mind come to a rest. The price he pays is the sacrifice of his individualism. He becomes a part of the same big book, which is dedicated to the fatal notion that it is best to let well enough alone.

Pronounced individualism is the rarest thing in the world. It is the quality which makes some men worth thousands of dollars a year, and the lack of it which lowers the average to a living wage. It is easy to think as everybody thinks; to become a series of fixed chapters; but only by the greatest exertion of the will can a man add a single new mental cubit to his stature.—Forbes Magazine.



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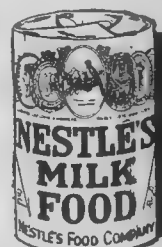
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## The Name

Continued from page 16

to realize that the crisis of a man's life was happening before them, and they held their breaths for the outcome. The young minister stood there, facing the wreck of a human being who was settling for once and all whether he would continue to be a wreck, or would he once more become a man. Roche, because he was a minister and because he saw more than the others the struggle the Doctor was having, prayed inwardly. A silent pause, then a sigh escaped the lips of Doctor Grant. He moved slowly, and rose to his feet.

"I'll come," he said quietly.

The room breathed again.

The two men crossed the room to where a pail of water and a basin were on a bench. The minister then bathed the forehead of the other man, and with the cool water cleared the dazed brain of the old Doctor. Together they turned and walked across the silent floor, with the eyes of all upon them. Together they paused at the door, took one last look around, and then went out into the night. And together they set off in the dark for the far-away dwelling where were waiting a glazed-eyed child with unceasingly murmuring lips, and a crying mother.

JUST at the door of the house the Doctor stopped. The minister halted beside him, wondering. He felt a hand groping for his, and there in the dark they clasped hands without a word. Then they went in.

"Nothing has happened?" whispered the minister to the widow, who came to the door to meet them.

"He's just about the same, or a little worse," she answered, staring at the silent figure of the Doctor. "Come in at once."

Soon they were again in that little room with the fevered boy. The mother again dropped on her knees on one side of the bed, the Doctor worked on the other. The minister stood in the door-

way and watched. The black case of medicines was opened, bottles lifted out. Doctor Grant mixed something, and gently forced it down the throat of the boy. In a little while the incessant murmurings grew broken, became less frequent, and presently ceased almost entirely. The Doctor mixed another potion, and gave it to the little patient. The child's restless movements began to stop. The haunting eyes closed tiredly, and he sank into a fevered sleep.

On through the night the three persons in the little room watched over the small figure on the bed. For hours and hours, it seemed to Roche. The mother and the minister spoke occasionally in low tones to each other; the Doctor never opened his lips. At last, when the first pale streaks of morning were touching the eastern skies, the boy again opened his eyes and stared up into the face of the Doctor.

"Are—are you my father?" he asked in a weak, thin voice.

"I wish to God I was," answered the Doctor, reverently, as he drew up the covers around the boy's hot, perspiring body. The child relaxed, and sighed, and was soon asleep again; safely, this time.

Across the bed the mother's hand crept, until it touched that of the Doctor. Doctor Grant slowly raised his eyes to meet those of the woman whose child he had saved, and who had saved him. The minister turned, and silently tip-toed out of the room.

Two weeks later, Doctor Grant entered the church for the first time in ten years. On his arm was the Widow Boyce, smiling happily, and soon to be a widow no more. The best man was an ex-bartender. Roche smiled widely from the pulpit as he looked at the crowded pews, for the church was packed to its limit with the regular church attenders, and the erstwhile regular saloon attenders. His dream had come true.

## Stray Shots From Solomon

### Spring and Frog Ponds

WHAT is inside a man is sure to find its way out. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He may be gentlemanly in appearance, talk like an oracle, and be as open-handed as a prince, but when you hear a man break out into a vile oath or tell a filthy story you can put it down that he lives over a cesspool. "The mouth of the righteous is a well of life." The Wise Man in the original said, "A living spring." The Greater than Solomon said, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water eternally springing up." There are people who water everybody and everything with which they come in contact. There are others who leave a trail of malaria and death behind them. Are you a well of life or a stagnant frog pond? Do you bring refreshing and cleansing wherever you go or do people have to fumigate the air after you pass? "The mouth of the righteous is a living spring." Keep it clean.

### Cock Sure

It is a good thing for a man to have a mind of his own, but he should make sure that it is not of the type that wears long ears. Independence with some people is only another name for mulishness. They would rather break their necks against a brick wall than listen to advice. "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth to counsel is wise." The more brains a man has the more he is inclined to stop, look and listen. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." When you are sure don't go ahead until you have asked your wife or someone who is not seeing things through colored spectacles. Many a man who has been cock-sure has landed

neck and crop in the ditch and sometimes in jail. A man need not be like the waves of the sea, borne hither and thither, but he is a poor sailor who looks not to the skies as well as to his chart and compass before setting his canvas. Plenty of us would have been healthier, wealthier and wiser, if we had hearkened to counsel we might have had for the asking. "He that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise." Above all he is a wise man who asks wisdom of Him, "Who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not."

### The Rod or the Net

The lure of quick riches seems as strong as ever and people are willing to do almost anything to build up a big bank account. As the modern rich man said to his son, "Make money, honestly if you can, but make it anyway," and no amount of preaching seems to avail to get it out of the heads of the rising generation the foolishness that "success" means "getting." It has been the same in all ages, Solomon uttered the warning, "The wicked desireth the net of evil men but the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit." The man who seeks to gather with a net what is meant to be developed by growth not only misses the real idea of life but is more than likely to run with the wicked. There are men reading these words that have done things to make money that they would be ashamed to have the old father or mother know. Nine times out of ten the man who is in haste to be rich gets to be crooked. "But the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit." This age needs to learn the lesson that the only kind of prosperity worth while is that which is rooted in righteousness and developed by honest toil. The highest success that a man can achieve, in other words, is manhood.

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# Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 55

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**INTERESTING** and enlightening reports were read from the following Committees: Public Health, Agriculture, Legislation, Home Industries, Immigration, League of Nations, and Child Welfare. These reports showed the extensive work undertaken and accomplished by the various Committees during the past year.

## Reports, Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs

**White Heather**, Govan, is always entertained at its August meeting by the teenage girls of the neighborhood. The girls give a program of songs, music, sketches, etc. An extra nice lunch is served for this particular day.

**Leslie Club** at its August meeting heard the report of the Annual Convention; also of their District Convention held at Theodore. They made arrangements for a picnic at which all their families will sit down together to a picnic lunch in a grove. A paper on canning and pickling was given.

**Davidson**—One of the members of this Club is making a profitable business in breeding chinchilla rabbits.

**Rosebrier Club**, near Unity, is much interested in the preservation of bird life, particularly now in that of the grouse.

**Maymont Club** entertained the neighboring Club at Richard to their August meeting. A musical program was provided. A talk was given by the Director and some contests of a social nature were held. All were delighted with the meeting.

**Aylesbury Club** sent delegates to the Annual Convention. They have procured and furnished a Club-room, look after their sick neighbours, greet new settlers, keep up an interest in the League of Nations.

**Bramshott Club**, Leask, held an informal meeting in the house of a new settler. A little talk was given by the Director and a tea-party followed.

**Prince Club** has erected and furnished a large Community Hall in which the next District Convention will be held.

**Consul Club** had a paper on District Builders and they encourage Community singing.

**Henribourg** is to take charge of the next District Convention.

## Manitoba News Notes

**Amaranth**—A tea and sale of clothing was held by the members of this Institute.

**Arizona**—A crate of thirty dozen eggs has been sent to the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp at Gimli.

**Austin**—The members are busy producing a play to be given at the opening of the community memorial hall, which is being built at the present time. This Institute also sent a case of eggs to the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp.

**Belmont**—This Institute is busy preparing a poster for the Toronto Exhibition.

**Benito**—Each member is now responsible for bringing one new member to the Institute. An ice-cream social is arranged for August. A play also is to be given in the fall.

**Beulah**—Beulah sent a crate of thirty dozen eggs to the Fresh Air Camp at Gimli.

**Birtle**—The members of this Institute have been busy sewing for the hospital.

**Bowsman River**—The members are holding a Health Conference.

**Crandall**—Each member brings an article every month to the meeting, and the secretary tells us that they have quite a

collection for their bazaar to be held in the fall.

**Cromarty**—The members visited the Rochedale Institute to see a wool rug demonstration.

**Culross**—This Institute is sending a box to the Salvation Army Fresh Air Camp. The Institute is also preparing a poster for the Toronto Exhibition.

**Ellenville**—A crate of thirty dozen eggs has been sent to the Salvation Army Camp.

**Emerson**—Emerson is also entering the poster competition.

**Ewart**—The secretary writes that \$118 has been spent by the members on decorating the hall. They are donating \$10 to the Reston cemetery.

**Gimli**—A silver tea and apron sale is to be held in August.

**Gladstone**—A committee has been appointed to prepare a poster for the Toronto Exhibition.

**Killarney**—The members are planning a bazaar for the fall, and arrangements are being made to conduct a baby clinic at the Fair.

**Langruth**—The Baby Clinic held in July was reported a splendid success, 52 babies being examined by Dr. Marie Cameron.

**La Riviere**—The Institute has sent a box of home cooking and a crate of eggs to the Gimli Camp.

**Lidstone**—The secretary tells us that each member is giving the British settlers a hen each, and that these hens are much appreciated.

**Manitou**—This Institute has decided to join in with the La Riviere, Pilot Mound, Crystal City and Clearwater societies, in a picnic at La Riviere, in response to an invitation from Pilot Mound W.I.

**Miniota**—A member gave a demonstration on picnic lunches, when some thirty sandwiches were sampled, besides nine different salads. This must have been quite interesting!

**Minnedosa**—"Masters of Sacred Music" was the title of a paper given by a member. Another paper given was "Color in a Room." The secretary tells us the Institute has decided to enter the poster competition.

**McAuley**—The rest room, we are told, has been improved very much, by being painted both inside and out. The lawn has also been fixed up.

**Pipestone**—"Resolved That What We Read is of More Importance Than What We Eat" was the theme of a debate held. The negative won. The proceeds from the sports day amounted to \$159.70.

**Plum Coulee**—The members sent a crate of eggs to the Salvation Army in Winnipeg.

**Reston**—The members are to send a shipment of butter, eggs, etc., to the Salvation Army.

**Rochedale**—A demonstration on fancy work was given at a recent meeting.

**Roseisle**—This Institute entertained the grandmothers at the last meeting. There were ten grandmothers present, and each was presented with a yellow rose. A very appropriate programme was arranged for the meeting.

**Rosser**—At the last meeting the members held an exchange of recipes, each member bringing a sample of baking and a recipe.

**Russell**—Arrangements have been made for planting spruce trees in the park.

**Somerset**—A paper on Canadian authors was read at the last meeting.

**Souris**—The members held a parcel post sale at their picnic. A collection was taken up, which was sent to the Salvation Army.

**Strathclair**—There has been some discussion among the members in regard to buying a rest room. We certainly hope they can obtain one.

**Tummel**—The secretary tells us that the local cemetery has been improved. Additional cement walks have been laid, and uncared-for graves have been fixed up.

# Want sparkling teeth? Gums like coral?

Here's simple new way to gain them

Please accept full 10-day tube free. Note the great difference in the color of your teeth when dingy film is removed as dentists widely urge. Note the gum firmness.



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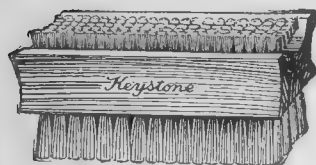




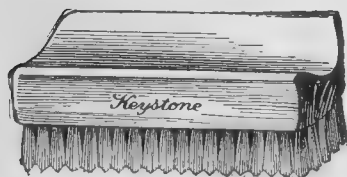
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No. 6375.



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over it yet! Every time I buy mushrooms cheap and sell 'em high, I put it down to my giant brain, and every time I get stung on 'em, why, that's because I'm too good for this mean world. Sure! But it's funny to watch me trying to show off when I meet an educated fellow, eh?"

Joe Easter was red with laughter. Ralph relaxed. He talked shyly but honestly of his difficulty in mastering the wilds; he was edging toward his real worries when, like a cyclone on the prairie, they were smitten by the appearance of Woodbury, roaring ill-naturedly, "Hello."

He stood by their shelter, dripping, brave with many fish, feeling abused at not having been greeted as a martyr hero.

"Hello," Joe Easter said, equably.

"Don't believe I know you, my friend!" snorted Woodbury.

Ralph saw Easter's eyes, much less candid and friendly now, as he remarked to Woodbury: "Hope you fellows don't mind my butting in. This is kind of a favorite camp-site for me. My name's Easter—got a trading-post at Mantrap Landing—"

Then did the sales-manager (and vice-president) of the Twinkletoe Stocking Company excel himself in cordiality and worthy salutations, as between two strong men met face to face though they came from the ends of the earth:

"Well, well, well! Joe Easter! Put her there, old-timer! I've heard of you a thousand times. I was up here three years ago; didn't get as far as Lac Qui Reve, but planned to. Why, I was figuring on buying grub at your store when we got there. My name's Woodbury, Wes Woodbury, Joe. Introduced yourself to—Prescott? His first time up here . . . His first time anywhere away from the nursery, by God! . . . Say, what do you think! He wanted to wear rubber sneakers instead of boots! Course you got on rubbers and moccasins, day like it is today, but I explained to him—"

Into the rapids of Woodbury's confidences Joe Easter's voice cut like the stem of a canoe:

"I never wear boots in summer. Always moccasins in the canoe, and rubbers over 'em ashore."

(Ralph was remembering that he had paid thirty-five dollars for the noble boots recommended by Woodbury).

Woodbury gurgled: "Well, well. I'll have to try moccasins and rubbers, Joe. But say, this'll give you a laugh. The boy here—he's beginning to feel his oats today and figure out he's become a sure-enough old-timer, but when he started he lugged a pillow along, and he wanted to undress all over at night and put on pajamas! Up here! North of fifty-three!"

"Is that a fact!"

Easter stared at Ralph; Woodbury glared at him; he was reduced to the position of the bright boy who has thought he was entertaining his sister's suitor, but who is now sent up to bed with smothered adult giggles. Easter turned away his edged glance, looked patiently up at Woodbury, who stood stooped with his head just under the canvas shelter, and drawled:

"Let's see. I'm forty-six. I was born in New Brunswick. Son of a shoe-maker. Worked in a wagon factory quite some time. So I've only been in the woods for twenty-five years or so. When I come here first, a real eastern swell, with an extra shirt, I started teaming, then trapping, before I got into the wicked wiles of trading. Well, at first I certainly did want to be a real, hard-boiled, dyed-in-the-wool

## Mantrap

Continued from page 57

roughneck. So I used to sleep in my pants, even on hot nights. But—well—tell you—here's how it is: getting old and rich—often got several dollars left after I pay my year's bills—and now, when I'm off on the trail with the dogs in winter, buying furs, I sleep in everything I own, except my reading spectacles. But—"

He stopped abruptly. His eyes were fixed on Woodbury. His voice was frozen.

"But, my friend, summer nights I wear pajamas, especial when I am out on the hike. And they're silk pajamas, friend, and I'd rather give up my bowman—Lawrence Jackfish, who's stealing your tomatoes over there—than give up the nice pillow I've lugged around these five years! Of course for a smart city man like you—travelling salesman, ain't ye, Woodbury?—it's fine to enjoy hardship while you're hiking through here; but for me it's business, and I travel just as soft as I can, and if I could bum another cigarette off you, Mr. Prescott, I'd be real obliged."

There fell a Niagara of silence, and Easter smoked and Ralph smoked and Woodbury sought for words and found them not.

Woodbury, after a suitable time of indignation over this betrayal and levity, dragged another box beneath the shelter, and Woodbury—he smoked also. Save for the giggles of the four Indians over the latest Whitewater scandal, related by Lawrence Jackfish, the snap of pine-cones in the fire, the dispiriting rattle of rain, the protesting gulp of Mantrap River, there was nothing to be heard.

Ralph broke the unkind silence with a thin voice:

"Joe, my first name is Ralph. I want to retain you in this case. May I put something up to you?"

"Sure, Ralph."

"I'm a piker. I'm thin-blooded. I couldn't paddle a nineteen-foot canoe for half a mile. I couldn't carry a hundred pounds on the portage. I couldn't shoot a rapids by myself. I couldn't—"

Dryly (and it was at Woodbury that the arbitrator stared, not at Ralph), Joe Easter suggested: "Why should you? Why should anybody but a fool expect you to? Which are you—doctor, professor, lawyer?"

"Lawyer."

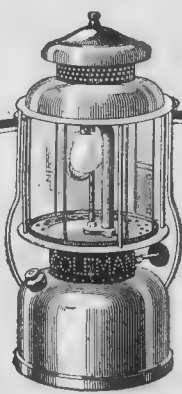
"I guess you could lose me in five minutes on Broadway. I guess the band wouldn't care much what I thought about it if I went to the Opera. I guess you could handle a case in court better than I could. Well, then—it's only four-flushers, folks that need to stiffen their wabby feeling about themselves by making out there's somebody they can look down on, that go round telling a tenderfoot how bad he is. Course you can't carry big on the portage. Why should you? Ain't going into the trucking business, are ye? Nobody slave-driving—" Joe's voice was curiously menacing: "Nobody slave-driving ye and bullying ye, is there—in my country?"

Another vast and uneasy silence. Ralph fumbled for the words which should break his imprisonment in this bleak land, in the torturing gabble of Woodbury. Joe Easter would know a way of escape. But he hesitated before pouring out the words which might change life as swiftly as a colorless and powerless-seeming vial of poison.

The surprise, when it came, was not from Ralph nor Joe but from Woodbury.

He leaned forward under the canvas

Continued on page 73

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## Mantrap

Continued from page 72

shelter, holding out his pipe, looking down at it in a hurt and puzzled way, speaking with the kindness which in an irate man is always touching:

"Ralph, I guess I have been riding you pretty hard. Prob'ly Joe thinks so too. Prob'ly you're both right. I'm sorry, Ralph, old-timer; I'm really awfully sorry. I didn't mean to. I go off half-cocked too easy. Let's shake and call it quits."

His hand was held out, flabby in the firelight; he was looking at Ralph trustingly.

Against rage, Ralph had been steel-ed, but to be dragged back into slavery by the man's decency was intolerable. He did not at once answer. Wood-bury's hand dropped, unsaluted. The river vanished in the early, rain-shrouded darkness. The huge fire of pine-logs seemed brighter, as its glare quivered along the slanting canvas behind and over them. The four guides, with Easter's man, were pre-paring supper in the communism of the wilds, and Lawrence Jackfish was agreeably tasting the tinned pimento cheese of the tenderfeet.

When Ralph let himself speak, he was no longer hysterical. He might have been summing up in a law-suit.

"Wes, it's too late. You're not a bad fellow, essentially. You're merely an ignoramus who's been elevated to prosperity by this amazing modern system of the sanctity of salesman-ship, and—"

"Well, let me tell you that—"

"Please! But I can't travel another foot with you."

"You'll have to! And from now on, you'll do your share—"

"Wes, it isn't so much your insulting me as your boring me. And if Joe can think of any way for me to do it, I'll leave you—yes, leave you flat! Yes, quit! Be a quitter! And right now! Why, I'd rather starve by my-self than have a feast to the sound of your yammering. My God, man, I was so tired, and I struggled to— Hell! Never mind that; that's over; and now—Joe, can you help me?"

"Why—" said Joe, and stopped.

Desperately, wondering if he had misjudged the baronial integrity of Joe Easter, aghast at being again delivered to the rack of Woodbury's tongue, Ralph pleaded: "I don't want com-fort, Joe. I can live on bacon—or just bannock. I don't mind rain or rapids. But to have to waste what ought to be a holiday with this stuffed shirt, this after-dinner speaker, this—"

"Whoa-up! Whoa-oa!" Joe was clucking patiently. "I wasn't thinking of any difficulties. I was just wonder-ing whether you'd prefer sleeping on the screened porch or in the spare room, my place at Mantrap Landing. Why, sure, Ralph. If you'd like to come, I'll give you some fishing round home, and see you get back to railhead. And I certainly would like to show you a kind of picnic place I found one—"

Then the great Woodbury burst.

He burst, he exploded, he gushed lava all over the lean-to:

"Now that you fellows have settled on a nice summer, including a lovely picnic, let me tell you a few things! This man Prescott, Easter—I picked him up in New York when he was so damn badly shot that his hand was shaky. Maybe drugs, maybe secret drinking, I don't know! I gave him a chance to come in, at cost, on an expedi-tion I'd spent months preparing—telegrams and personal planning, to say nothing of the money—what do I care for money! And then—"

Continued on page 74

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## Mantrap

Continued from page 73

"I'm paying my half"—ineffectually from Ralph.

"And then he lets me down. Well, if you think, Mr. Prescott, that it's any skin off my nose to lose the pleasures of your company—and if ever there was a more scared, whimpering, grouching bird on a wilderness trip, I just want to know who he is, that's all, I just want to know who he was; and if you think I'm going to sit up nights worrying over losing the pleasure of your highbrow company, well, you got another think coming, that's all, you certainly got a good long think coming. Go on! I'm not stopping you, not for one second! But let me tell you this, my boy—you snivelling little social climber—these are my Indians. I hired 'em! These are my canoes. I bought 'em! You're supposed to pay for your canoe later—for what's left of it, after you smash it in a few more rapids! But how do I know you will? How do I know but what you quit on your debts like you do on roughing it? I've never had a poker IOU of yours yet — thank God!"

"Splendid," said Ralph.

"So," said Woodbury, "if dear Mr. Easter thinks you're such a great little social entertainer that he wants to take you along, why, all right. But when I get to Mantrap Landing, I'm going to have a few words with the other white men there—I mean, with the *real* white men there—and when I get through telling 'em what I know, I don't think Mr. Ralph E. Prescott will be so blame welcome!"

Joe Easter had, this while, been more silent than the tall spruce behind their shelter, for at least the spruce sighed in the steady wind, the unrelenting rain. Once Ralph had, unasked, handed him another cigarette. He had lighted it from a stick thrust into the fire. The blazing branch turned the wrinkles of his dry face into folds like valleys of red earth. Now he spoke, indifferently:

"Woodbury, you are not going to Mantrap Landing."

"Oh, I ain't, ain't I! Well, I'd damn well like to see who's going to stop me!"

"Nope. You're not going. Not that I mind your spreading the news—among folks like Pop Buck and George!—about Ralph's general crookedness, or me kidnapping him. But I just naturally don't like your boots, Wes, or this dirty habit of sleeping in your clothes. So you ain't coming to Mantrap Landing. You're going to—"

"And who's to prevent me?"

"Me. I'm a magistrate. And I'd have to pinch you and send you to Bearpaw for trial, for shooting moose out of season."

"Don't be a fool. I never shot a moose in my life!"

It is to Ralph's credit that he did not protest, "Why, you told me you shot half a dozen of them, three years ago!"

Joe Easter was droning on: "No, probably you never have. Wonder how many you've tried to shoot. But there's another thing I can pinch you for—and that I will and do pinch you for—and that is the carrying of liquor into Indian territory. Shut up, you fool! For once in your life, shut up and listen! You have a flask of hooch in your back pocket right now, and when I made my landing here, I saw you sucking it, up round the bend. Well, that's that, as the missionary at Mantrap says. Now, Wes, we don't want you here. And so if you'll hike East—"

Continued on page 75

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**WOODWARD'S**  
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# Mantrap

Continued from page 74

Then for a second Ralph admired E. Wesson Woodbury as much as he had despised him. Woodbury was retorting, vigorous but no longer pretentious; he retorted as the fat boy who by some magic had become a forty-thousand-dollar sales manager:

"Joe, you've got a lot of interesting conversation. Maybe you could arrest me for bootlegging, but you're not going to. For some fool reason (God help you later!) you like Prescott here, and he'd be dragged into any case against me . . . Have some tobacco?" You must be a little tired of cheap cigarettes by now!"

"Thanks," said Joe. He filled his pipe, and let it gurgle as he meditated, while Ralph felt more abandoned and desolate than in all his life before.

"Yes, maybe," said Joe. "Might have some trouble convicting you, besides. But— Look here, Wes." He spoke appealingly. "Me and Ralph are going to fish Lac Qui Reve and the other waters around Mantrap Landing. If you and your two nice canoes was to go back and try Lake Solferino, you'd have a lot better fishing."

"Thanks so much; so thoughtful of you; only I'm not going!" said Woodbury, with a placidity beautiful to behold.

"Yuh, it is thoughtful of me—not many pants-salesmen or bootleggers have a chance at Lake Solferino—but you are going. Charley!"

To the innocent word "Charley" were added others in Cree—crackling, bitter, raging, enticing Cree. Woodbury's Indians leaped up by the fire. They dropped bannock-pan and teakettle; they stood in horror, listening.

"I just told 'em," explained Joe, "what would happen to 'em if they came to Mantrap with a bootlegger. They'll start guiding you to Solferino tomorrow—or otherwise, you'll walk!" He raised his voice again in indecipherable sounds, and the Indians crouched in the firelight. "Now, Wes," said Joe, "let's all have some of your supper. You start at four tomorrow morning."

ONLY for a moment, that next day when the sun beamed on placid river and rejoicing pines, was Ralph unhappy, and that was at parting with Woodbury, who said: "I don't know what it's all about, Ralph. I hate to go off alone like this. Do you think you're treating me very square, old man? Remember when I found you shaken to pieces in New York? Think you can face me when you come back there, after deserting me like this?"

That moment was forgotten as Joe Easter cheerily shouted: "Try the middle of the canoe, Ralph. Think you'll be more comfortable there. Unless you'd like to run the motor?"

Incredulously Ralph looked back and watched Woodbury's caravan, his own caravan, his own canoe, Wes and the familiar Crees, dropping down the Mantrap River, while he himself chugged up it with a man he had never seen till last night, into a land unknown and improbable.

He was aware of a difference in the manner in which Joe conducted his expedition. With only one Indian and himself for crew, this lanky man in sweater and blue overalls never fretted, never shouted, gave his orders only as suggestions. And where Woodbury had watched his outboard motor as though he were making an etching, Joe Easter twiddled screws and adjusted the carburetor uninterestedly, and for him it sang valiantly.

In his new canoe home, with his bed-roll and suitcase, his gun and fish-

ing tackle again tucked in front of him, Ralph sat between the strange Joe Easter and the stranger Lawrence Jackfish, that slender and sly-eyed Cree with the bead hatband on his cowpuncher hat. It was all incredible. He was not here. He couldn't be, possibly.

Woodbury had maintained—often—that the noise of his motor made it impossible to hear the suggestions of Charley. He must have had a good deal of pleasure out of impatiently stopping the motor and complaining, "Oh, what the deuce are you trying to say?" But Joe seemed able to hear through the motor's hum. As they swept up the clear glistening spaces of the river, he set Ralph talking with an innocent question or two—and Ralph did talk!

Normally not a chatty man, today he was like a small boy whose important questions and theories have for a week been dammed up by an impatient parent. He turned round in his place amidships, and poured out all the fancies and memories which had so bored Woodbury.

London—had Joe ever been abroad? Never? London! The library of the Inner Temple, turrets across ancient lawns . . . Trafalgar Square on Armistice Day, with ten thousand people hypnotised into a unity of silence . . . Side street shop windows with the chocolate signs which are more English than Westminster . . . The black oak fireplace at the Black Cock Tavern . . . Berkeley Square on a spring afternoon, and pretty women whirling up for tea at the bleak tall house of a duchess . . . Piccadilly Circus in a pea-soup fog, the red-faced policeman shining as with inner flame . . . Then the Dover cliffs as you saw them returning from France; and the stout and jolly porters, after the little shrill facteurs at Calais.

What did Joe think—what would happen when this vast land had no more fur for trapping; when agriculture came, and the rumored gold mines were opened?

Religion—how did prayer seem to a man like Joe, alone for day after day on the winter trails—prayer and the hand of Omnipotence in the wilds?

Music—the theatre—pictures—did Joe care for them when he went to Winnipeg to buy goods? Did he miss them at Mantrap Landing?

All this while, Ralph was thinking aloud, letting his mind, after these weeks of sluggishness, course through the complexities and contradictions he loved. Joe was apparently not bored. For a time there seemed to Ralph nothing absurd in rhapsodizing under the looming indifference of the rolling clouds. But in late afternoon the spirit of the hour and place enchanted him, and he was contentedly silent. The Mantrap River had widened into a lake. The gold-green light lay on pale poplar trunks, on gray rocks, on water like a polished shield, with the shadows meditative and long. Their wake was in two long curves, unbroken and unrippling, carved in crystal; and behind them rose in a calm beauty almost intolerable the great full moon.

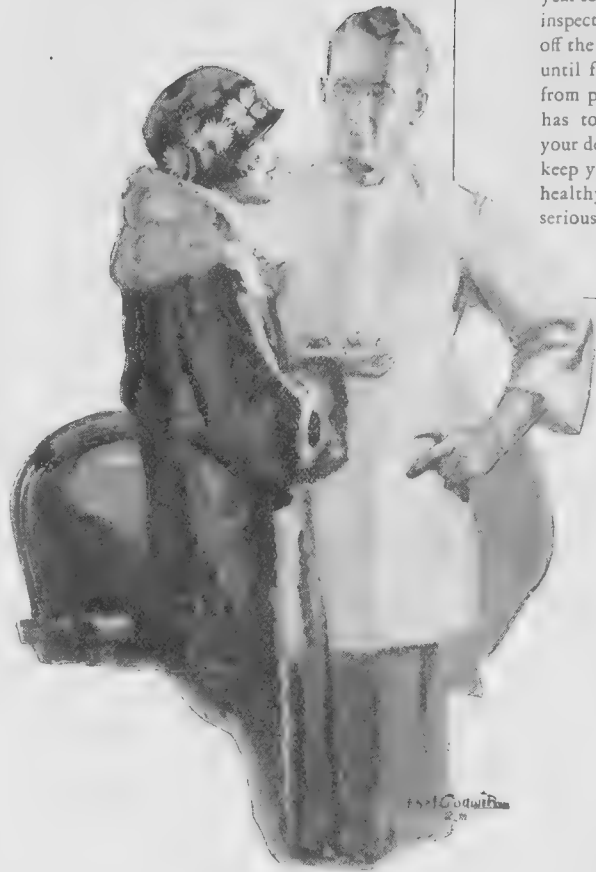
In awed quiet they swept ashore and boiled the evening kettle; serenely they sat smoking.

"This is what I came for!" said Ralph.

"Fine!" That grave gentleness of Joe Easter belonged to the stilled hour. They watched a fish leap from the water. The widening rings were of orange fire. Joe reflected:

"The woods can be pretty nice, if you don't nag 'em. But I've had some

Continued on page 76



## She doesn't fear the dentist

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.

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Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

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430

## Mantrap

Continued from page 75

good times in the cities, too. I don't go much to these concerts you tell about. Heard Sousa's band once, though! In Minneapolis that was. Yes, I been clear down there. And I saw a dandy billiard match. But the funniest thing that happened to me there— Say, did you ever get your finger-nails manicured?"

"Why, yes, sometimes."

Ralph marvelled. Certainly Joe's nails, cracked with carying fur-pack and fire-log, did not suggest any especial interest in manicuring.

"So did I, once. Peculiar thing it was. It was when I was in Minneapolis, as I said, about a year ago. Thought I'd blow myself to a society shave and hair-cut, and I took a chance on their throwing me out and went to the Ranleagh Hotel. Swell place—marble and gold all over everywhere. Girls sitting waiting for their fellows, I guess, in a place off the lobby, all plush and everything. Peaches! Barber shop down in the cellar, but what a barber shop! All white tiles, with gold doodads along the ceiling, and a great big enormous table with magazines, and morris chairs to sit in while you're waiting, and a couple darkies to brush you off and sneak your hat away from you and just when you're looking around and figuring out they've stole it, there they are, handing it to you with a bow like you were the Duke of York!"

"Well, sir, my barber, he was a skinny little wop—but say, some barber that boy was; he shaved this rough old map of mine like velvet! And what he didn't do to me besides that! Sprayed me with perfume! Massaged my face—guaranteed to give me a complexion like Lillian Russell, only it didn't take. Washed my head—I found out then what became of that plug of tobacco I lost four summers ago. But—here was the big show:

"When I sits down he says to me, 'Shine!'

"Sure," I says.

"Shine!" he hollers, like he'd banged his thumb-nail, and a darky boy jumps up like he was shot, and slid clean across the floor and tackles my foot. I didn't dast look down at him to see what he thought of my shoes.

"Shampoo?" the barber says.

"All right," I says.

"Violet ray treatment?" he says.

"I don't know what it is," I says, "but I don't get to civilization very often, and I'll take a shot at it. Well, I'm stepping into society," I says. "When I go out of here, I expect they'll ask me to be president of some bank."

"You could see he was kind of bothered. I'd called all his bluffs. He'd thought he had me stopped on the violet ray, but I'd took his dare. Then he gets a bright idea. He kind of snickers, and winks at the Julius Caesar barberin' at the next chair, and says, loving-like, 'Manicure!'

"Sure," I says, before I realized what he meant. And by golly, before I could stop him, out of the next room comes a girl—man! the prettiest girl you ever laid an eye on!—golden hair, all bobbed, cute as a picture, and peaches-and-cream cheeks and a swell figure and lovely smile, and before I could think of anything to say, she'd set right down beside me and grabbed my rough old mitt in her tender little hand and—

"Well, I could have died of shame, making her work over my old paw—and anyway, Joe Easter getting a store nail-cut, and right out in public, wouldn't that knock you cold? Suppose Curly Evans (he's the Provincial Policeman up in this district—kind of

Continued on page 78



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**Have Good Hair  
And Clean Scalp**  
**Cuticura**  
Soap and Ointment  
Work Wonders  
Try Our New Shaving Stick.

### Dawn in the Night

Continued from page 49

find her lips and muttering inarticulately. Desperately, feeling that all the world was gone with Peter, she tried to fight him off, and did essay one scream.

"Peter!"

Peter Wright still stood by the rail where had turned, viewing it all, an officer by his side. Conflicting emotions were in him, a hot anger as Thrift had caught her up, an anger which was directed partly at both of them, and then—yes, she was struggling against the beast, and was crying to him for help!

It was, of course, sheer folly for a man to go among a dozen boats, manned by a hundred men all in the light, and all seeking his life. But the man whom they had dared to call a traitor, and Thrift had dared to name a coward, gave no thought to this. A single leap from the deck of the moving police boat, a leap which carried him twenty feet to another little boat, sending three men sprawling and nearly spilling the boat as he jumped again to another craft—and almost in a moment he was back in his own boat, and carried by the impetus of his speed, his fist had caught Thrift fair on the nose, flattening it to his face and sending the man far back into the darkness of the waters.

That was his opportune moment, while all the men stared amazed and forgot to act, to keep up his headlong career and win back to the police boat, but Peter Wright was thoroughly angry and, standing there with one arm about Jennie, who clung desperately to him as though fearing he would escape her, he faced them all, a god of war in the flesh.

"Who's a coward?" he challenged, his voice ringing loud over the sea, "Come on, all of you!"

But now the police boat had swung back and was nosing swiftly toward him, its black prow an ominous ram from which the smaller boats sheered away, its guns frowning blackly out in the gray dawn that was fast breaking. Coming alongside it paused, and the officer reached down to aid Jennie up. But instead, Peter Wright tossed up to him her bundle, then holding her in one arm, had scrambled to the deck unaided. For a moment, two together, they turned and stared back at their erstwhile companions, who made no move there upon the now motionless sea.

"Are you willing to go with me now?" he asked, suddenly.

"Anywhere, Peter," she agreed. "I—just didn't understand before."

The dawn was bright enough for all in the little motionless fleet to see. And watching, one man tugged off his hat and sat, very quietly and almost reverently. So, following his example, the men of the Leftovers, leftovers indeed, watched with something of awe and admiration and a sense of loss as their comrade and their leader sailed away.

### Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 56

"Outpost Homes have been established every year since, and for many years to come Outpost Homes will be established, chiefly on the Northern fringe of settlement. There is 'The Growing Point of Civilization.' Those who go this year to the Outposts will be 'Old Timers' in ten or twenty years and many of them will be well off. 'Outpost Homes are God's Outposts'."

These girls coming to Canada will be our future home makers. Some of them come over to homes already prepared for them by some courageous citizen of Canada. The foundation of any home that is a blessing to a community and the Nation—is character.

Little children need the qualities of character in the home more than money. Let every young woman who plans to be a home maker—and a mother think of this:

"Some day the world will need a man.

I stand beside his cot at night

And wonder if I'm teaching him, as best

I can, to know the right.

I am the mother of a boy—his life is mine

to make or mar,

And he no better can become than what

my daily teachings are.

There will be need for someone great,

I dare not falter from that line

The man that is to serve the world, may

Be your little boy or mine."

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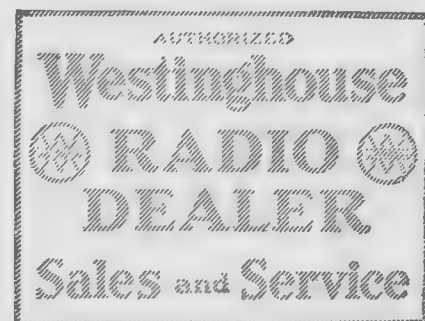
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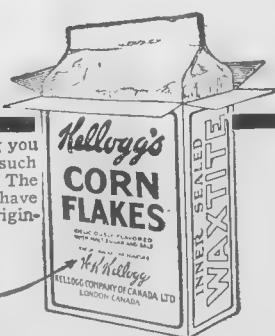
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*Mantrap*

Continued from page 76

wild sometimes, and maybe a little thoughtless, but a great pal of mine; real roughneck; you'll like him)—suppose Curly had come in and seen me doing a stunt like that! Never'd of heard the last of it. And I didn't know how long it would take the manicure to wear off. Suppose when I got back to Mantrap I started playing poker with Curly and Pop Buck and some of the trappers, like Pete Renchoux, and suppose just when I started dealing Curly would say, solemn—I can hear him saying it, like reading the First Lesson in church: 'Brethren, this dearly beloved dog-thief, Joe Easter, has had a manicure while he was away from us. On top of that—'

Curly Evans' putative suggestions as to Joe's further dissipations were improper.

"Well," Joe sighed on, "there I was, risking murder and sudden death—risking it?—why say, I was getting it! I was dying with embarrassment at having that girl—about twenty-two, she was—look over my mitt. Like a boiled ham!"

"I says to her, 'I don't guess you want to tackle the giraffe's hoof today,' I says, 'and I don't blame you. You oughtn't to have to work in the zoo.'"

"Well, sir, the smile she gave me—like a sunrise on Lac Qui Reve—and such a darn nice respectable smile, too, not like these Janes you see in the Junction Restaurant at Bearpaw—and she says, 'Oh, it's so much nicer to do a real strong he-man's hand—'

"I could feel my barber snickering, and I got kind of sore, and I must of blushed clear down to my watch-chain. And say—her voice—like a meadow lark it was—say, I do sound like a damn fool, but honest, she was all them things, and already I was gone for fair.

"'So much nicer,' she says, 'to fix a real husky hand for once, 'stead of all these fat travelling-men and'—she let him have it straight—and these sap-headed, perfume-stinking barbers!'

"Zowie! You could feel my barber getting the electric current right through him, one million volts. Maybe he didn't stop his palaver for the rest of that beauty-treatment! (And three dollars and sixty-five cents it cost me!)

"Me, I couldn't think of anything to say to her. Alverna (found out afterwards that was her name—pretty name, don't you think?—kind of fancy maybe, but nice-sounding, and kind of different—Al-ver-na!)—she had me so scared by her elegant voice and her quick come-backs and everything that I didn't any more dast speak to her than I would to get up in church and call the preacher a liar.

"When the barber'd finished doing all the things to me that they had in the catalogue there, and a couple new ones I guess he just made up on the spot—I never have figured out whether the time when he got the talcum powder up my nose was an accident or a treatment—well, when he was all through, she hadn't quite finished my claws. Guess she'd found 'em pretty tough. Gee, I was ashamed! But the barber trun me out and I had to go off with her to her table. And maybe I didn't feel like a fish that's just been heaved to a hungry dog-team when I had to get out of that safe chair and the nice big sheet they'd hid me with, and go chasing after her to the next room, across that slippery tile floor, before all them barbers and the swells getting shaves, haircuts, and singes and everybody, and sit down at that dinky little table . . . There was a barber-supply

calendar with a picture of two kittens in a basket, on the wall right behind it.

"Well, we got talking. She certainly was a great hand at getting a fellow over feeling shy. She'd look at you—not in no come-on way, but like she trusted you and thought you were a great guy—and, well sir, I found myself telling her all about fur buying and what a dandy little house I had at Mantrap Landing, and everything. And she told me she was an orphan—dad died when she was a kid, mother had just died this last year; she and a couple other girls had a little flat. And told me how crazy she was about music and so on—like you are.

"She was getting the digging and blasting pretty well finished up now and me—

"I was scared chilly. One thing in the world I wanted to see was her again. Couldn't come in for another manicure next day—that ain't something you can do every day, like getting drunk.

I wanted to ask her could she go to supper or something with me, but I didn't dare. It was like the first swim in the spring, up here, when the ice's just gone out, and you stand there and teeter on the bank, and make out like you're going to dive, and then you look around solemn, and walk back to the house as dignified as you can without never diving, like it's just a great habit of yours to go walking bare-naked.

"And she finished, and she says, 'I think that's all,' and I stands up, and I stands on one foot and then I stands on the other foot, and I wonders if she'll let me give her something for herself over'n above the amount of the check. But I was afraid she'd be offended if I made a break like that, and I guess I looked like a gawk generally, and then I said good-by.

"Well, she just smiled, like she liked me, and she says, so polite: 'I do hope I'm going to see you again before you go North. I'd like to hear some more about that lead-dog of yours.' And I blurts out, 'Kuk-kuk—come'n have supper with me t'night!'

"Like a ten-year-old!

"But she came. Supper? Man, it was a banquet! It was nectar and what d'you call it. She showed me how to order—right to the Hotel Ranleagh we went—great big enormous room all long red curtains and paintings on the wall, about history and so on—Alverna said it would be all right; didn't make any difference about me not having a dress-suit.

"And she taught me a lot of new stuff to eat. Joe Easter, shovelling in alligator-pear salad (ever try that?—it wasn't so good—kind of a damp taste it had), and lobster Newburg, and kidneys that the waiter—he fixed 'em right before your eyes, there on the table, in a chafing dish!

"Well, I want to show you how unfair a fellow can be. You know, for a second, when she got me to order all this, I wondered if—She was even prettier'n I'd thought; she was wearing a dandy little dress, silk I think it was, just showed her neck a little—she was so pretty it scared you, and nice and refined and everything; but just for a minute I wondered if she wasn't trying to work me for a lot of expensive food. And, Ralph, that kind of hurt me; didn't care a bit about the cash, but I admired her so—

"Well, anyway, when she'd suggested all this junk for me to eat, and I said, 'And you'll take the same?' she just puts her hand on her breast, and

she says, 'I will not! If I can have what I want, I want a great big man-sized steak and a cartload of French-fried potatoes. I'm so hungry I could scream! All I had for lunch was a napoleon and a cup of coffee. All I could afford. I don't make enough money to feed a goldfish. And I don't let many gents take me out—honest, I don't!'

"Say! So frank and honest and everything—I just loved her! Little Alverna!"

"What became of her?" asked Ralph, as Joe lapsed into dreams. "Have you ever heard from her?"

"Oh, yes! I married her, next day. You'll see her tomorrow."

**T**ILTING to the sail, soaring among bright rocky islands, they crossed Lac Qui Reve and came to the huddle of log cabins which was Mantrap Landing.

All day, though he had tried to be cheery and full of wisdoms for Joe's benefit, Ralph had been uneasy. Alverna, queen of the manicure table, was the fiend who gnawed at him.

He was pestered by two contradictory pictures of her and of the house. "Told how crazy she was about music and so on." Yes, of course! She would be so artistic that an artist would hate her; she would be so primly ladylike in her new prosperity that she would make a lady burst into obscenity. She would probably snub him. She would describe her perfectly elegant gentleman friends in undertaking parlors and express offices. She would hint that Ralph couldn't get away with no pretending to be a gent and a Yale man, not with her he couldn't! And she would turn his easy friendship with Joe into a horror of plush covered gentility.

Or, as bad, she would not be genteel, but have turned slattern.

Ralph remembered the Bunker House at Whitewater; and at Warwick he had seen the trappers' cabins. He knew how filthy a menage could become in these carefree wilds. He recalled a cabin at which they had bought gasoline: a kitchen-dining-room where the frying-pan lay, dripping grease, in the flour-barrel, and the dish-towel had been used for cleaning boots; where gummy dishes remained on the table from the end of one meal till the beginning of the next, at which moment they were cleansed by dipping them into a boiling pot of soup apparently meant for eating.

The bed was a whirl of dirty blankets, black-streaked pillow-slips, axes, guns, fish-scales, torn newspapers, and injudicious dogs. Over and through and under everything was a heavy sour smell of wet clothes and ancient food.

Would Joe's cabin be like that—only, added to these masculine horrors, an odor of stale scent, of Alverna's cold-cream and nail-paste? And, languidly slopping through the mess, a peroxide blond in a torn dressing gown, no longer trying to be attractive now that she had trapped her innocent and infatuated man of the wilds?

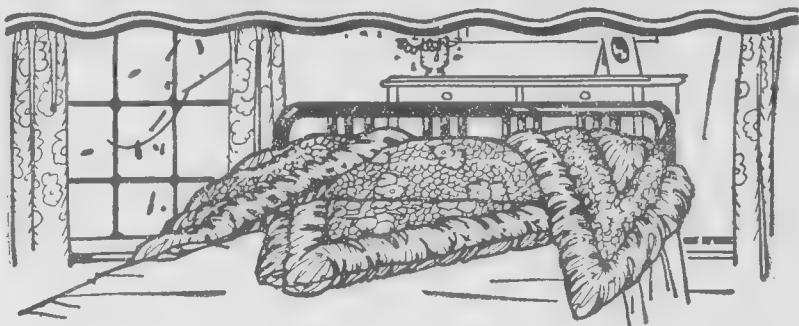
All day long Ralph looked cheerful and told Joe that he was a great man, and tried to enjoy these last hours of spacious freedom.

From across the lake the settlement of Mantrap Landing was a speck on a ragged green shore. As they buzzed through the glowing water it grew larger to their eyes. Ralph made it out as a straggly line of log cabins on a bluff by the mouth of the Mantrap River—which flowed through Lac Qui Reve and on. Behind the cabins were shaggy hills of pine and disorderly brush, part burnt over, part lumbered off, more desolate in half-nudity than

*Continued on page 80*

Warm as Sunshine - Light as Floating Clouds

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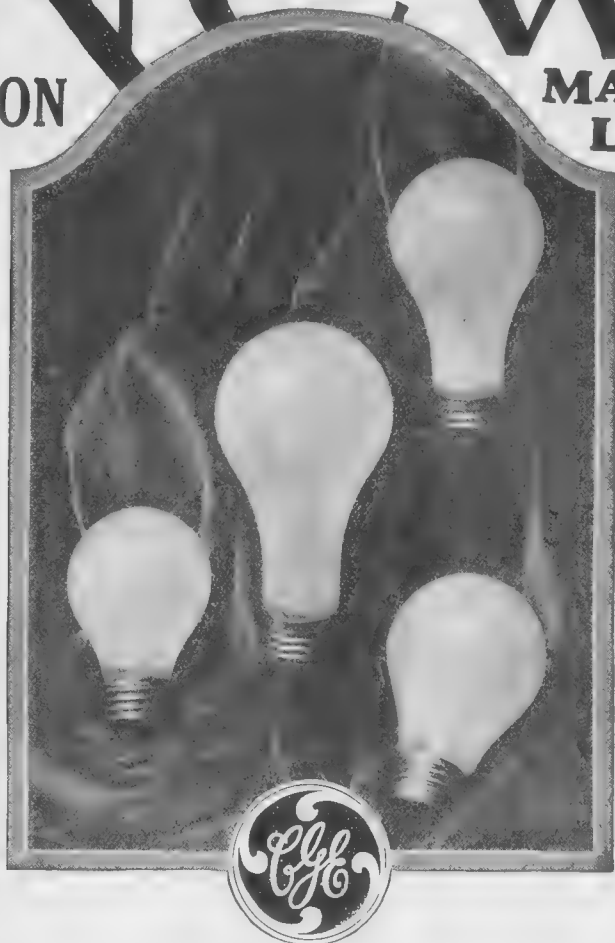
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**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**  
A Canadian General Electric Product

## Mantrap

Continued from page 79

the gloomy forest. In a cluster half-way along the line of cabins, beside a frame church of peeling slaty paint and spire covered with rusted tin, were Cree wigwams of canvas and birch-bark.

Even close at hand, the settlement seemed to Ralph so impermanent, so little of a solid and civilized dwelling-place, that he compared it to the scattering of boxes and bales dumped in the reeds and long wild grass at the beginning of a portage.

A lonely place and sad it must be at sunset; no enduring shelter to warm the melancholy heart.

Instead of coming directly to the nearer cabins, Joe made a great sweep and approached the other end.

"Got to give old McGavity—the Hudson's Bay factor—his chance. My hated rival in business, all right, and Alverna thinks he's an old crab and pretty awful moral, but he's a fine old root," said Joe. "He's a Scotsman—he likes porridge! Still homesick after thirty years in Canada. So I always give him a chance to fly the flag for me. I don't suppose it's hardly official, but I'm the Justice of the Peace—as much as there is one. That's how I could throw the fear of God into Woodbury about carrying hootch . . . Kind of a dirty trick, too, considering I got a whole case of Scotch aboard!"

Lawrence Jackfish, at the bow, had taken their own flag from an oilskin case, and he attached it to the rough sapling mast, while Joe twice fired his shotgun.

They were sliding fast toward the Hudson's Bay post—the "fort," it was called, and once it had been a fort, indeed, besieged by Indians. Now Ralph saw a trim log cabin, the ends of the logs squared as in a Swiss chalet, and across the front a glossy new sign "Hudson's Bay Company."

It meant to him the conquest of the wilds . . . Indians of the old time in feather bonnets and fringed buckskin; the hawk-faced governors, gentlemen adventurers with lace ruffles and cocked hats; canoes with eight lusty paddles; and, floating down unknown rivers, the songs of French voyageurs.

The space before the post was a prim lawn, with a shining flag-pole propped with whitewashed stones. Out of the store rushed a man plump and apparently not young. He waved his hat; he held up a revolver and fired it twice in greeting; then broke out the flag.

Scarlet and bright in the sun, it flickered against the dull green hills. Ralph was not an Anglomaniac, but he felt the romance of that flag; saw it flying, felt it proclaimed British daring, not only here in the barren pines but round the world—over steaming Burmese river ports, on ships rolling through icy seas, against gilded temples, on the Horse Guards Parade in rumbling London. He thrilled to it; he saw in McGavity and Joe some sharing in a high tradition; and so he came to Mantrap Landing, no longer lonely and doubtful but with the pride of a man welcomed by resolute friends.

As they turned, slid by the Hudson's Bay post, by the church and Indian camp, other shots saluted them, answered by Joe's banging gun, and they approached a long wharf of logs and planking. On shore was a log store, Joe's store, labelled "Easter Trading Company," with a shambling log warehouse and a surprisingly neat cottage—log too, no doubt, but covered with clapboards painted in cheery green and white. A girl ran out of the cottage, down the bluff, and out on the wharf, waving to them, her hair bright in the sun.

"Alverna," said Joe.

He seemed to Ralph strangely non-committal.

Ralph looked at her anxiously. As the motor was shut off and they floated through the placid shallow water, dark yet clear in the shadow of the wharf, he saw that Alverna was surprisingly all that Joe had painted her. She was young; she was slim and radiant. There was no peroxide to that honey-colored fluff of hair, bobbed and curly. Her white skirt and low linen sailor-blouse were crisp. Her eyes were babyish, childish her straight little nose—very face of a child—and her cheeks were unpainted; her voice was carressing as she hailed them:

"Joe, I've been terribly lonely for you!"

As the canoe grazed the wharf and Ralph stood up stiffly, she leaned down with her hand out in frank welcome, and sang: "Hello! Pleased to see you, I'm sure."

Continued in October Issue

### Winter Moonrise

A flake of crystal in the frosty amber, The new moon quickens through the afterglow,

Till, clear of the black fret of branches sailing,

Its cold light glances on the hoar ice mailing

The little tarn below

The marble peak of snow.

Immortally through numberless Novembers

In crystalline renewal the moon shall rise,

And her cold lamp, through heaven sailing,

Light peak and tarn, and yet be un-availing

To pierce the dark that lies

On these frail mortal eyes.

—Wilfrid Gibson, in the London Observer.

### Buying Dress Materials

HOW often we hear the cry "If only I had bought better material; the time I have expended on making this article has been wasted, all due to the goods being faulty."

Remember when making your next fabric purchase to look for quality and finish in addition to the price ticket. One particularly attractive and durable material is "Tricoline," which has the lustrous sheen of silk but is manufactured to withstand the most strenuous wear. It is admirable for shirts for men, children's dresses, rompers, sportswear, underwear, etc., as the lustrous finish is permanent and stands constant washing.

For the good housewife who struggles to make hubby's shirt a "thing of joy," this dependable material is of great assistance, as it gives that indefinable sense of real comfort in wear associated with silk, but though it has the texture of silk it wears better and furthermore the colors are stated not to fade.

### The Retort Irascible

Mike (buried in cave-in): "Blazes, man, be careful how you handle that shovel. You hit my leg twice."

Pat: "Say, if you can do this any better, come up here and dig yourself out."—Allston (Mass.) Recorder.

## FRECKLES

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MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS. SOLD BY DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE.

# "Jeannie Macgregor"

Continued from page 27

I've found him in the city—and he's here with me tonight, out there in the car. That's what has kept me late."

"Don!" the sisters gasped. "What are you saying?"

And then, as calmly as he could, he told them—told them of this great Donald Macgregor, one of the biggest financiers of his day—told how he had met him, how the similarity of names had had them comparing notes, and how the truth had come out. Yes; there was no mistaking it, the man out there waiting was Jeannie Dougall's Donald Macgregor; and he was anxious to meet the sweetheart of his boyhood.

The real Donald Macgregor was smuggled into the house, and for nearly an hour those four whispered in consultation. Finally they decided to break the news to Jeannie and present Macgregor.

"Mother, Don has come," Margaret announced as she opened the door for the others to pass in. "He's here."

There was a stir in the rocker, and a stifled sob was heard before Jeannie spoke: "He's a good boy not to forget his old mother. Bring the laddie to me."

In another moment Don was at his mother's side, kissing her old cheeks while she stroked his hair.

He spoke first. "Mother, I've a great surprise for you. I've brought back an old friend with me—an old friend of your youth."

"An old friend of my youth, sonny—who can it be?"

"Who would it be, mother? Who would you like to see most of anyone—someone you have thought dead?"

Jeannie Macgregor did not puzzle over it. "I cannot guess, laddie," she said.

"It's him, mother—Donald Macgregor—your betrothed whom you thought dead."

"Jeannie Macgregor started up in her chair and then sank down again with a laugh. "Don't be silly, laddie," she said with her frail old voice. "My Donald Macgregor is dead."

"No, Jeannie, I'm not dead." It was a voice choked with emotion that said these words, and the aged Donald Macgregor stepped into view.

Old Jeannie surveyed the man before her, a man changed white by the years, yet still tall and broad-shouldered despite his eighty-odd.

"And who are you?" she asked in her old Scotch way.

"I am Donald—the Donald who left you on the hillsides, so many years ago—the Donald who never came back—the Donald who forgot love, and reckoned not with a promise, but was carried away by a new land—the Donald who for new friends gave up old ones."

"Stop!" The little old lady rose up in her chair. "Speak not in words like that of my Donald Macgregor. I'll hear none of it. My Donald Macgregor is dead—he's been dead these sixty years. My Donald Macgregor would never forget—he loved me too well for that."

"But mother," young Don interceded, "can't you see—"

"I can see nothing," the little old lady was trembling now—"and I don't understand—but I do know that my Donald is not alive."

"Jeannie, dear," the old man began—but she waved him to silence.

"I don't know you. If little Don brought you here, you are welcome, but you must not say you are Donald Macgregor—for that's a sacred name in this house and"—for Macgregor had made a move toward the big chair—"you must not sit in that chair—it's not for the likes of you."

Continued on page 82

# The Six Continents

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Modern industry and business is today bringing to your service, for your comfort and well-being, the products of the world.

**H**ARDLY a page in this EATON Catalogue which does not represent the results of the industry of some far-distant worker; shown, side by side with products of our own Canadian fields, mines and factories.

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## "Jeannie Macgregor"

Continued from page 81

No one spoke. Old Jeannie seemed worn out by the exertion of her last words; but at last she did speak again: "Please, I'll be glad if you'd all go," and then, more to herself than aloud, "My make-believe game is coming back to me. My Donald feels near to me now."

Old Macgregor was the first to move from the room and after him went Margaret and Jean. Don stopped just long enough to kiss the wrinkled forehead and whisper, "I might have known, dear mother—I might have known," and he, too, like the others, went without a sound.

When they looked in on her an hour later, she was where they had left her. One withered little hand was placed lovingly on the arm of the big chair, her head had slipped to her bosom and her eyes were closed in a sleep from which there is no awakening. The make-believe old lady had played her game to the last.

## The Old Willow Tree

By Reba Ray

Away beside the back-lane gate,  
Where Molly always goes to wait  
While Sheppy brings the cows and things,  
There stands our dear old Willow.  
It's topmost branches touch the sky—  
The turkey roosts away up high—  
But lower down they touch the ground  
So gentle an' so droopy.  
It's just the 'beautifullest tree!  
I know it loves both Bud an' me,  
It makes us both so happy.

Out there we play an' make mud pies,  
While Sheppy sleeps an' catches flies.  
An' one day Dan, our hired man,  
Made each of us a whistle,  
From just a piece of willow gad;  
You should have heard the noise we had  
Till Mother said we split her head,  
And Sheppy cried just awful.  
So then we climbed away—away—  
To where the branches toss and sway;  
An' Buddie nearly tumbled!

The day that Dickie-birdie died  
Both Bud an' I hid there an' cried,  
Till Bud said, "Bess, I know they'll guess  
What makes our eyes look weepy."  
Then Buddie brought out Dickie-bird  
An' said a funeral—every word—  
An' tried to sing like anything  
Beside the pasteboard coffin;  
But I just cried, and cried, and cried  
I felt so 'bad 'cause Dickie died—  
An' put some flowers on it.

'N 'en Buddie got his little spade  
An' underneath the Willow's shade  
We buried Dick; an' I was sick  
An' couldn't eat my supper.  
'En Molly planted on the grave  
Some pansy seeds that Mother gave;  
'T's thoughts," she said, "of Dickie,  
dead;  
And Daddy made a tombstone.  
'Here lies a Dickie-bird who died  
With something wrong in his inside,"  
'S the 'scription Dan wrote on it.

At night, before we went to sleep,  
I stole from bed to take a peep.  
The lane was bright with starry light,  
An' I saw something movin'  
Right there beside our Willow tree;  
An' I called Buddie, "Come and see!"  
An' Buddie came, but all the same  
We both felt pretty scary.  
Bud, he was breathin' awful hard  
When Molly walked across the yard,  
Straight to that thing was movin'.

'N 'en from beneath our Willow tree,  
As plain as day—we both could see  
Came Moll an' Dan, that hired man,  
With arms an' each other!  
'N 'en Buddie laughed, and I laughed too,  
An so, I'm pretty sure, would you.  
Then Buddie said, "Hurrah to bed,  
And don't you dare tell Mother."  
So off he went to his own room  
An' I crept into bed, and soon  
Forgot our poor, dead Dickie.

## ANNOUNCING the opening of the



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Write for prospectus.

# The End of the Race

Continued from page 37

could sometimes believe I was teaching the same old boys. We don't turn out many brilliant ones. Fellows like Sir Arthur Digby are born only once in a century. And we don't manufacture many millionaires, either. If we turn out good, honest citizens who fear God, honor the King, and pull for the team with all the weight they've got, we are content."

"You like the work?"

"Like it! It's glorious! The boys come to us as grubby, untruthful little scrimshankers and we prod them and pull them and coax them into shape and send them out to do their part in the world's work, and we feel—we feel—" Johnson blew his nose hard and spluttered, "You understand," through his handkerchief.

"You'll be getting your pension soon, I suppose, sir?" asked the General.

"Never till I'm forced to. I was due for it five years ago, but the new Head—we've got a new Head now, you know, an old Victorian like the rest of us—allowed me to stay on. He asked me if I would like to take a higher form. I told him that to take the sixth all a man needs is knowledge, but to knock the third into shape a man must have brains. And I'll tell you what—" Johnson lowered his voice confidentially and chuckled—"I should have to take the sixth in Homer, and between you and me I never could read Homer without a crib."

He looked at his watch and jumped to his feet.

"By jove! It's past seven. I must be off. Digby wouldn't like me to keep him waiting. He's a busy man, you know."

ON THE steps of the club the old schoolmaster and his elderly pupil gripped hands and were loath to let go again.

"D'you know, sir," said the younger man, "you gave me the only whacking I ever had. I suppose you laid it on so well—and you did lay it on, too—that I never really needed another."

"Did I?" said the elder. "I can't say I remember it—but then, I've whacked so many."

Johnson's eyes were moist as he hurried off. He was accustomed to receive praise and homage from his old pupils, but it never staled. And it always started the same train of thought. As he shuffled down the Duke of York's steps and across St. James's Park he tried to count all the exhibitions and scholarships won by boys who had passed through his form. When he lost count he reviewed the careers of those to whom he had taught the Greek irregular verbs. The new Head of Victoria College himself was one of them, and there was a goodly list of others—a V.C., a King's Bench Judge, a Bishop, three generals—Hallam made the number up to four—two Heads of colleges, a paleontologist with a world-wide reputation, an author famous enough to be knighted.

"A goodly lot—a goodly lot," Johnson muttered to himself. "Nobody can say that I've wasted my life."

As he passed through Storey's Gate into Great George Street he amused himself, as he had often done before, with a fantastic idea. He imagined himself calling the roll at school and all the men who had ever passed through his form answering to their names. And when the roll was called he imagined that the dear old boys massed themselves in front of him and cheered. His pulse quickened at the thought, the blood throbbed in his ears, and he seemed actually to hear the cheers—shouts of praise and loving homage, deep, full-throated, ringing.

He braced his rounded shoulders proudly and smiled, happy in his self-deceit.

AND when he reached Parliament Square he found that the cheers were real.

He halted and stared amazed at a scene that next morning's papers described as unique in English history. Bareheaded men were pouring out of the House of Commons and jostling with passers-by for places on the pavement. Some climbed the railings of Palace Yard. Some ran across the grass of the square and climbed the plinths of the statues. Some ran ahead into Parliament Street and lined the way toward Whitehall. And all cheered and panted, took breath and cheered again, wild with enthusiasm.

In the centre of the crowd was an eddy and in the heart of the eddy was Digby, laughing and shaking, right and left, the hands that were thrust at him. As he passed slowly through the throng men behind surged forward to get near him and men in front fought to keep the places they had gained as men fight in a football scrimmage. Whistles blew, reserve police came out of Scotland Yard at the double to save the Prime Minister from his friends, and men looked down from the tops of the blocked omnibuses and asked each other what all the row was about.

Johnson made one effort to force his way to Digby's side, was knocked down, pulled to his feet again by the man who had upset him, cheerily accepted the apologies offered, and was glad to regain the pavement at the cost of a battered hat and a broken umbrella.

Onward up Parliament Street swept the crowd, past the Cenotaph into Downing Street, and forward toward the Prime Minister's house. Johnson trotted ahead as far as the door of Number 10 and by clinging stoutly to the area railings maintained his place there till Digby, laughing and protesting, came up, opened the door, waved his hand to the crowd, and drew him into the hall in which for nearly two hundred years Prime Ministers had hung their hats.

"SORRY I was too late to meet you at the House, old chap," said Johnson when the door closed behind them. "I got talking with one of my dear old boys and forgot the time. I say! What were all those fellows cheering for?"

"They were cheering me. I suppose you don't have much time to keep up with politics, but international affairs have been very critical lately and the fact is that I was able to announce to the House the terms of a treaty that I drafted by which the world is saved from another war. Where shall we dine; here or—?"

"Somewhere where there's a band," voted Johnson. "You know I so seldom dine at a restaurant that I like to go to a gay one when I get the chance."

"Right ho! We'll just have a wash and then slip out by the back way so that the crowd won't worry us."

The staff of the Quadrant Restaurant became hopelessly demoralized when they realized that the handsome man sitting with the man in the shabby clothes was none other than Sir Arthur Digby, O.M., and as many other letters as he chose to tack onto his name. They whispered the news to their clients as an excuse for the soup being cold. The clients were so much impressed with their wonderful luck in sitting so near the great man that they accepted the excuse without cavil, and a newsboy who took advantage of the confusion to come in, shouting

Continued on page 84



## The duty of one woman to another . . . is to tell her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

### Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed

woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.



### The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only recourse has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during those years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury are powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they must be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antiseptics has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely

applied to the human body, and more than forty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues but fatal to germ-life.

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

### Pass this booklet along to others

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Use the coupon below.

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### No excuse for poisons, says Science

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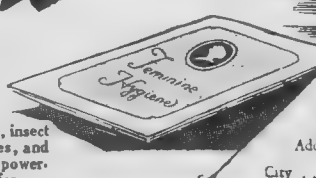
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Men and women make big money selling Canada's best lingerie in own district. Direct from maker to wearer. No experience necessary. Particulars and style book on request. Sobie Lingerie, 24 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

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**LIVE POULTRY WANTED**. Highest prices paid, quick returns. Write for crates. Consolidated Packers, 605 Dufferin Ave., Winnipeg.

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**PRESCRIPTIONS**, patent medicines and surgical supplies, unobtainable elsewhere, mailed at once. Ruttan's Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. We are agents for Fletcher's A. K. Rheumatic treatment, \$5.00. Ruttan's guaranteed bronchial treatment, \$1.00. and Humphreys Homeopathic tinctures and remedies. 12-26

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**BE A DETECTIVE**. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York. 4-27

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## Rabbits

**CHINCHILLA RABBITS**—Make big money raising these fur rabbits—little expense—sell all you raise at good prices. Wonderful industry just starting. Choice pedigreed stock at reasonable prices. Free catalogue. E. S. Miller Rabbitries, 315 Donald, Winnipeg. tf

## The End of the Race

Continued from page 83

"Special! Prime Minister's great speech!" was able to exchange the whole of his stock for coined silver before the hall porter ejected him.

Johnson, who quite failed to realize that Digby was the centre of much and he himself of even more interest, picked up the thread of Victoria College gossip where he had dropped it a year before. He told of the death of the tuckshop-keeper, of the moving of the science school to a corrugated-iron shed where smells did not matter, of a proposal to invite subscriptions for a new fives-court—until he realized that Digby was not listening.

Supposing that Digby needed amusing after the strain of speechmaking, he racked his brain to remember howlers that had been coined in the classrooms, and told of an impertinent wit in the sixth who had translated "great ostentation" as "magna lavo." As Digby made no sign of appreciating the joke, he was laboriously explaining that "lavo" is the Latin for "eyewash," when Digby interrupted him.

"LOOK here, Johnnie. I've got an idea in my head. I'm chucking my job. I'm at the height of my career now, and if I hung on I could never beat today's record. I should only lose reputation. I shall have a seat in the Lords next session, but I sha'n't be there. I'm going to buy a yacht and go on a spree round the world. I've earned a holiday. So have you. Come with me. We'll go through the Panama Canal to the South Sea Islands and on to Japan and—"

Johnson shook his head gravely. "I wish I could. I wish I could. I've always wanted to see the world."

"Of course you can. You've earned your pension, and of course I pay all expenses."

"It isn't that. The fact is I can't be spared."

"Why on earth not? The House has jolly well got to spare me and I don't see why Victoria College should not spare you."

"The fact is there's a chap who was under me a few years ago who needs me. He is due to take holy orders next year and—well, he's swithering a bit—higher criticism, philosophic doubt, that sort of thing—and he does not see very plainly what his duty is. Of course I don't attempt to influence him one way or the other. It's a matter for his own conscience. But he comes to me sometimes and tells me his troubles. It helps him, you know. I only listen—but he says that being allowed to talk about them to a man who does not argue helps him to see his way clearer. I can't leave him in the lurch now, can I?"

Digby considered that an embryo curate who could not make up his own mind was not worth the sacrifice that Johnson was making. But he kept his opinion to himself, and turned the conversation back to the school. They were still talking shop when they left the restaurant, and Johnson was talking so eagerly that he stepped out into the middle of the street without looking at the traffic. Suddenly he realized that Digby was not at his elbow and looked back. There was a frenzied hoot from a motor horn and the sound of jarring brakes. He saw Digby spring back onto the pavement, then jump forward toward him. He felt the sudden impact of his hands. He was falling when something hit him on the head, and he knew nothing more till three hours later he awoke to the smell of iodoform and the sight of a hospital nurse bending over him.

"Where's Digby?" he muttered thickly.

Continued on page 85

# VISIT London and Paris THIS FALL

To have strolled down the Strand or to have witnessed the busy stream of life in Piccadilly Circus—to have experienced that glow of anticipation which comes when you step off the train and are able to say for the first time "So this is Paris!" These are experiences that up to now have come to but few of us.

And yet it has been made so easy. For as little as \$155.00 you can make the round trip on a Cunard or Anchor-Donaldson liner from Montreal. The voyage will remain a memory of delight, of wholesome meals well served, concerts and games, rest and recreation.

Travel when the tourist rush is over in the Fall or Winter months between the Harvest and the Spring.

Ask your Steamship agent for information, or write to

**THE ROBERT REFORM CO., LIMITED**  
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# ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach. Inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

When  
ordering patterns of  
any of the fashion  
plates appearing on  
pages 65, 66 and 67  
do not  
overlook the necessity  
of stating the  
correct size.

## The End of the Race—Continued from page 84

"Hush!" said the nurse. "You mustn't talk."

But already in the newspaper offices men were writing obituary notices of the Prime Minister, who had died in attempting to save the life of a friend.

THE gates of heaven swung wide to the sound of silver clarions pealing, and the soul of the man who had been Sir Arthur Digby paused on the threshold.

For a moment he stood bewildered, for the mists that had obscured his earthly mind had not wholly cleared away. Then the soul of one who had died before him greeted him and led him in.

"This is the outer court of heaven," said he who had greeted him. Here we wait till those we loved on earth have joined us. Meanwhile we look down and watch those who are still below running as in a race. We have been watching you. You ran well. Sometimes we cheered you. If the shouting of men on earth had not defeated you, you might have heard us."

"I am beginning to see how I might have run better," he said humbly.

"The best runners sometimes lose sight of the goal and run off the course, but there is one coming who never swerved from it. Look. Those who

watched him run are gathering to cheer him."

Across the crystal floor radiant-faced souls were pressing toward the gate, as those on earth who watch a race crowd toward the winning-post. Seraphs with trumpets in their hands were taking station on either side of the portals and laughing cherubs were building triumphal arches of rainbows on bases of sunset-tinged clouds.

Thin and faint from the far distance came the skirl of pipes, and as the sound came nearer it mingled with the thunder-roll of kettledrums. Then, as a wave on a shingle-beach gathers and breaks, the notes of an organ rumbled and roared and crashed, and as it crashed the golden doors swung open, the seraphs lifted their trumpets to their lips, a hundred bells rang out, a thousand cornets blared, and ten thousand voices shouted: "Well run!"

The newly-come soul hesitated on the threshold. But now the earth mists had wholly cleared away from the soul of Sir Arthur Digby, and for the first time he saw the handicaps that those who had run the race with him had carried.

Breaking through the line of seraphs, he ran towards the gates, and as he ran he shouted:

"Well run, Johnnie!"

## Just About Comfort

Continued from page 52

systems best suited to particular houses and particular needs. You can consult them and learn much that is helpful. And you can write the manufacturers for information, too—they will tell you about the flues and chimneys, as well as the furnace itself. Whatever type of heating you buy, get the best of its kind; better a fine performer of a less expensive type than a poor performer of one of the more costly kinds of heating equipment.

If there is an odd room that never seems to be quite warm enough, although the rest of the house is adequately heated, perhaps your best solution would be a little heater to use at the times when it is most necessary. If there is a baby to be reckoned on, for instance, it may be necessary to have a little warmer temperature than you could do with before; there are many handy types of small heaters that would be just the thing at the bath hour.

And speaking of a baby brings the thought of a rest-chair for mother. Is there one in the nursery? The very best type is some version of the chaise longue—the "long chair" brought into use for the comfort-loving women of old France. It has lost nothing of its popularity in the centuries between, but it has found a number of new interpretations. There is the all-upholstered chaise longue, with its restfully-sloping head and its invitation to relax completely for a brief rest period. There is the same type of thing carried out in two pieces—a chair and a square stool that is exactly the same width and height; when drawn together they are almost the same thing and have the advantage of filling a double purpose. Then there are all the light moderately priced wicker, reed and light-framed versions of the chaise longue; these bring it well within the purse-limits of the person of smaller means, for the overstuffed chairs, like the well-made overstuffed furniture, must necessarily cost more.

Perhaps an additional easy chair or two in the living room would be greatly appreciated by the family. Is this the time when they might be considered? If you decide upon the purchase of a deep-upholstered chair, let it be of first-class quality; it need not

have an elaborate covering—the plainest of rep or denim would answer and the money is better invested in the inside of the chair; the best of springs, the right kind of building up inside, will give you a chair that will wear out a number of covers; any other kind is a poor buy.

If the exchequer will not allow an upholstered chair, consider the virtues of reed or the still less costly wicker. They come in excellent shapes and can be made very comfortable with cushions.

And speaking of cushions—perhaps two or three new ones to tuck into the weak places when the relaxation hour finds the family variously disposed in the easiest chairs and the restful couch, would be a thoughtful addition to comfort. If some of them can be of down, others may be of the sturdier fillings.

As to the aforementioned restful couch itself—is it, by chance, the very essential that is lacking? If so, you may have right there the very finest chance to administer to that important "state of well being" which we started out to cultivate. Perhaps it will be of the chesterfield type, small or large; perhaps a wicker couch with good spring cushions, may offer the most satisfaction for the outlay you are prepared to make, maybe you will so cleverly disguise a humble spring cot with a slip-cover of chintz or repp or denim, that it will quite repp it amongst the mere chairs and tables of the living-room; or a chaise longue may make its informal entry—or a suitable day-bed (which is made with or without the back rail and low head and foot boards). Many of these could take emergency duty in the case of the guest for whom there is not a room—the dweller in the small city apartment has long been accustomed to such sleight-of-hand.

And so it goes. To every household, its own comforts. Some will appreciate what others would greet indifferently; but in almost every home there are some of those little details of comfort that might be added, to the greatly increased satisfaction of the family. These are the things that, after all, make a home out of a lodging place.



## Now— we bring to You the Finest of all Floor beautifiers—

*A wondrous Wax found only in  
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THE first time you use CHAN you'll say there's magic in this wonderful floor wax—and there is. Dull looking floors undergo a marvelous transformation right before your eyes. They take on a lovely rich lustre that far outlasts any other wax you have ever used.

The secret is "Carnaubra." In the torrid tropical forests of Brazil grows the giant "Carnaubra" tree, from which is obtained a hard, brittle wax unequalled anywhere in the world as a floor beautifier.

Scraped from the huge leaves, then boiled and refined, this "Carnaubra" wax forms the base of the wonderful new floor wax known as "CHAN." It is blended with small amounts of other waxes to make application easy, rapid and economical. It gives floors a lustrous, long-lasting, practically waterproof finish.

You'll realize the first time you use CHAN, that it is a wonderful improvement in floor wax. A one pound tin of CHAN will cover 1,000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than ordinary floor waxes. It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors real protection.

Your hardware man can supply CHAN in paste form, ½ lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c. In Liquid form ½ pt. 40c., 1 pt. 75c. Also in larger containers.

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Upon receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover postage and mailing, we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, FREE post-paid, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

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## THE STORY OF A BURR

By E. McKenzie

"MY Mother grew by the side of a narrow path, on the outskirts of a large city. The first recollection I have is of opening my eyes one rainy morning and shivering close to my brothers and sisters, who shared the same stem. The rain did not last long, the sun soon warmed us up and we were quite happy. Then I looked around to see what sort of a place I was in. The path by which we grew wound zigzag through a vacant lot, long grass grew on all sides and in the distance I could see a house here and there.

Every morning a man used to pass along the path going to his work. One day I said to Mother, "Why does that man pass here so often?" "He is building a house for his son," she replied, "I heard him tell another man as they passed by." From that time on I took a great interest in his going back and forth. Sometimes his son was with him, he was a fine big young man, much like his father must have been at his age. Sometimes some of the other children came along the path with them, and once or twice the Mother passed by. They were always talking about the new house and when their brother would be married and live in it. One day the son passed with a young lady and from what they said I guessed it was the future mistress of the new house.

They continued to go back and forth all the long summer days and evenings. I grew larger and larger each day, and as I watched other people come and go along the path I thought I would like to see what the rest of the city looked like, but first of all I wanted to see the new house, but how to manage this I could not think.

One evening a very cold wind sprang up, it shook me until I thought I should have to leave hold of our stem. Next morning when I woke my brothers and sisters looked a different color to me as though they were getting rosy cheeks. We looked at each other saying, "How pretty you look," and asked Mother about it. "It is getting towards winter, my children," she said, "You must soon leave me and be blown about with the wind until you find a nice little piece of open earth, where you will lie covered warm under the snow all winter, then in the spring you will make your home there and grow up just as I have done."

This troubled me a lot for a few days, I did not like to give up my chance of seeing the new house. Every time the north wind blew I felt myself tremble, so that I thought I would fall off onto the ground; then one morning as the man was going to his work the wind blew his coat right over our heads, I caught hold of the edge, which was frayed a little, and hung on as fast as I could.

The man kept on his way, for he did not know that I was hanging to the hem of his overcoat. Presently he turned out of the path and went along a short piece of sidewalk, till he came to the house he was building. It was a nice house even from the outside and I thought; now I shall see what the inside is like, but he took his coat off, throwing it on the floor of the conservatory, and there it lay all day. When evening came he put his coat on and I went home with him. He hung us up in the shed and passed on into the house. There seemed to be a lot of children in the family and a lot of neighbors' children came and went through the shed, so I was not lonesome. They talked of their play and school and seemed very happy.

In the morning the man put on his coat and went over to the house again, this time he took me inside and threw his coat on a bag of something in the doorway where I could see all over the downstairs. There were three nice rooms on this floor, one had a pretty red brick fireplace in it, another had a beautiful colored window up near the ceiling; the third, had two large windows with a lovely white sink near them. Each day I went back and forth in the man's coat, watching him work and taking a deep interest in all he did, sometimes thinking how nice it would be to be the young lady who was going to live in such a pretty home.

At last the house was finished and I was still in the man's coat, but now I hung in the shed all the time. Sometimes it was very cold and I wished I was under the snow, then one day someone took the coat and tossed it on to the shelf, which projected over the Mother's washing machine. There I stayed for a few

days, till she came to take the machine in on wash morning. She bent her head near me and I caught onto her hair and held tight, she pulled me off, throwing me on the floor of the shed, and in a few days I was swept out into the snow. Soon more snow covered me up and there I lay through the rest of the winter. In the spring the snow melted and I sank into the soft ground, then one day I felt myself sliding, a hand patted me down and a voice said, "There, that will be enough ground to grow sweetpeas in, I think."

I was not hurt, so I fell asleep till I was awakened by a feeling of flying, and was very much pleased to find myself out

in the world again. There was a tender green stem coming up beside my darker one, we looked at each other and I said, "I am a burr sprout, what are you?" "I am a sweetpea shoot, and I have a pain in my side," said my companion. I bent gently towards her, saying, "Lean on me, I am good and strong." She leaned against me and we grew together.

It was nice and sunny in the noon hours where we were, but it was sheltered from the soft rains so we did not grow very fast. When the Mother came out to weed the bed of sweetpeas she noticed us and said, "I shall have to let you grow together for a while, for if I pick one I shall uproot the other."

## Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY  
BOBBY BURKE"IN READING THERE  
IS KNOWLEDGE"

## SOMETHING RECEIVED

A charming letter from Alice Blackwell of 27 Warrenton Place, Sidget Green, Bradford, Yorks, England. Alice is 16, a devoted reader of the W.H.M. and especially our own Cosy Corner, and she would like to correspond with Canadian boys and girls her own age. I hope that many of you will write to her. It would be nice if she had a correspondent from British Columbia from Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Nova Scotia, and as I know we have faithful Cosy Cornerites in all these provinces perhaps she will have a big hearty Canadian welcome to you Alice, we are all glad to hear you like us.

Some nice little girl who lives at Suite 12 Eugenie Apts., Lilac St., Winnipeg, wrote us the story of Cinderella for the Cosy Corner. I don't think we will publish this story you all know it and love it already I know, but the nice little girl who sent it, quite forgot that we need names in the Cosy Corner, and I am sure her name isn't "Cartridge" although that was the only name on the paper.

Mildred Bossard of Calgary sent us plans and description of a Bird House, that were too late to compete for the prize, it is too bad Mildred, and your description was nicely written too.

Nellie Drinkwater of Lighthouse Beach Hotel, Callendar, Ont., wrote us a letter away back in the spring, and thanked us for the box of candy she won in a competition. By this time she will be out on the lovely beach she describes, or perhaps coming home from it again, I hope you have had a lovely summer, Nellie.

SOMETHING TO PLAY WHEN YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL

Saddle the Nag—a game for boys.

This game is played with two equal teams. One player stands with his back against the wall, another facing him bends forward places his head and shoulder against the body of the other, and holds him around the waist; the other players tail on behind, each touching the head well down at the side of the next in front, holding him around the waist, and bracing his shoulder against him.

When the nag is formed the riders running from behind leap-frog one after the other on its back; the first rider trying to jump as far forward on the nag as possible, and

the others close up to one another. When all are up, the nag, by jumping, bucking and shaking, but without losing hold of each other or raising their heads, endeavor to dismount the riders while the play leader counts fifty. If a rider touches the ground with any part of his body the nag has won and scores a point, and the teams change places. If no rider is unseated the riders score a point, and the game is repeated without change of teams. If there is not room for all the riders to mount which happens when the first riders do not jump far enough along the nag, the nag scores a point and the teams change places.

This game should not be played until the boys have learnt to leap frog properly with both feet in jumping, and to swing the legs well apart in going over. The boys forming the nag should keep their heads well down so as not to be kicked.

## SOMETHING TO DO

Write a letter to Bobby Burke, and tell the funniest thing that happened in your holidays. Something funny must happen to you in two long months, or you must see some funny thing I am sure. Tell all the rest of us about it, won't you, and write it neatly, and send it in to Bobby Burke before September 25th. And, oh yes, of course, I suppose you would like to know what the prize is, well its going to be something funny too, a book of funny verses and jingles for you to laugh at in the winter, and there will be gold buttons too.

## PHOTOGRAPHS AND SNAP SHOTS

Have you a nice snap shot of yourself, your dog, your cat, your garden? A picture you think the Cosy Corner boys and girls would like to see? Send it in to Bobby Burke (it will be returned to you if you want it back) and we will publish some of them in the Cosy Corner so we may know each other better, and see the animal friends and the gardens you love.

Would you not like to see the picture of your favorite pet on the Cozy Corner page, or better still, a picture of yourself and little animal friend together? Now is the time boys and girls to send in one of those nice snap shots that I am sure many of you have taken during the holidays.

We grew near the sidewalk, which led to the kitchen door, where we had very little room, and when the children ran past I was often afraid they would break down my little friend, who was still very weak. The days passed and we were good friends.

One day when I looked at the sweetpea vine I noticed a little pink color. "What is that," I asked her? "I am going to have a flower," she replied, "And someone will pick it, they always do." "No, they shall not," I said, "Put it under one of my leaves and we will keep it for ourselves." The sweetpea bent the bud a little and I slipped one of my largest leaves over it, completely covering it. It was a very pretty red flower when it opened, but did not make a pod for it was not strong enough.

One evening not long after this a light frost came and I knew it was the call of the winter. "What makes me feel so weak," asked the little sweetpea? "It is the cold nights," I replied, "and we must soon say goodbye to each other." She cried a little and said, "We have been very happy together, and no one has hurt me." "I am satisfied," I said, "for I have seen a bit of the world and must make room for others now." A few days later a snow storm came up and we were buried in our little bed, so I told my burrs they must grow next year just as I had done.

## OUR TAME PHOEBE

Vincy Preston Loops

When we saw a picture of wild birds tame enough to eat from a person's fingers or to perch on one's head, it looked thrilling. We thought that any person who could so charm a bird must have special qualities of some kind.

Last year a phoebe built her nest on a ledge under the roof inside our porch. It occurred to me to try to tame her. Each day while she was setting I would climb up near her nest and extend my hand toward her, and each day I went a little closer.

Before her babies hatched she would take flies and moths from my fingers. As she became more and more busy with the cares of her hungry family she seemed to welcome our help in providing food. Usually she herself ate what we gave her, but we found that it was only because the flies were too large for the baby throats. Tiny flies and insects she would feed to them.

She would readily perch on our fingers to eat the insects we held out to her and would often flutter around us as if asking for food. On windy days when it was difficult for her to catch sufficient food she would look down at us as we passed and give her plaintive little cry, very plainly asking our help.

When the babies were learning to fly they often perched on our outstretched hands or on our heads and several times she also rested on someone's head while she fed the baby which was there.

She raised two broods and all except the father bird became very tame. She would sit on the back of a chair in which we were sitting, would perch on a knee or upraised foot and seemed to have no fear of us. When we talked to her she would turn her head from side to side and apparently listen, often poising with beating wings a few inches from our faces while we talked.

This year she came back and rebuilt the nest, and when she began setting, consented to take food from our hands the second day. There is no possible doubt that she is the same bird and that she remembered us. She is even more tame than last year and we discovered that when she feeds her four babies she seems to call them by name, for she utters a wee soft cry each time, and each time a different baby opens his mouth. Last year we thought she fed them in turn, but now we see that while they are very small and cannot see well, they answer her call, as only one baby opens his mouth each trip. When older and sight is better developed they all shout vociferously when she appears.

The father never has become tamed but he comes into the porch, taking turns with the mother in feeding the little ones. Last year we counted and found that together they made sixty trips in one hour, each time bringing in a mouthful.

Very often she comes into the house, perching on a chair or the top of an

## The Bird's Story

Roy Temple House

Do you know what a little bird told me today?

I'd never have dreamed it, my lad,

That a brave, manly fellow would throw

clear away

His courage and manliness, even in play—

But a little bird told me you had.

A little bird told me a story that's true—

He told me, although he was dead,

How his body was crushed by a stone that

you threw.

At first I could hardly believe it of you,

But that's what a little bird said.

But the little bird thought, if I once made it

plain

How nothing is noble or bright

That makes any creature feel sorrow or pain,

You'd promise me never to do it again.

Now tell me, my boy, was he right?

open door and always does a favor by catching a stray fly or moth. She is extremely neat, never having made any dirt in the porch or house and carrying away all refuse from the nest. She also picked up and carried out many petals as they dropped from a jar of flowers.

She raised six lovely babies last year and had four in her first brood and three in her second this year. Last year they stayed with us until late in October.

We have never had a more delightful pet and I wish all bird lovers could know the thrilling pleasure of having such a beautiful little companion.

### The Orchestra

**M**OST of the creatures in Poppleton Wood laughed at young Spotty Frog and old Pokey Turtle. No matter what those two did or said, all the birds and animals made fun of them. They were rather homely and clumsy, to be sure, but that didn't make it any easier to be laughed at.

One day they went for very shame and hid themselves. Spotty found a little hole and sat in it, and old Pokey crept sadly under a dock leaf.

"We'll never move again except just to get our food," they said.

Along came Gertie Good Fairy, smiling and skipping. "What is the matter with you?" she said to Spotty. "And you?" she added, as she caught sight of Pokey under the dock leaf.

Sighing, they told her. "What shall we do?" they asked.

"Leave that to me," said Gertie Good Fairy, and she skipped away.

She went straight to her friend the little old gnome who lived in the hollow tree.

When she had told him about the turtle and the frog he drummed thoughtfully with his knuckles on a root of the tree.

"Listen," he said. And he told her his plan.

About a month later there was great excitement among the wood dwellers. All of them were talking about a strange music that was being heard nightly round Green Pond. No one could find out who or what made the music, but all agreed that it was the sweetest ever heard.

The wood folk did their best to solve the riddle. They even went so far as to question Pokey and Spotty, who had not stayed in their hiding places, after all, but were mingling with the rest.

"Don't you wonder about the strange music, Pokey and Spotty?" the other wood people would ask.

But Pokey and Spotty would always shake their heads; and that made the wood people laugh more than ever.

"Perhaps they don't know music when they hear it," a saucy chipmunk said.

At last curiosity rose to such a pitch that messengers were sent to ask Gertie Good Fairy if she could clear up the mystery.

Gertie Good Fairy went to the gnome. "Shall I?" she said.

"Of course," said the gnome.

So Gertie told the wood people to meet her under a certain tree the next evening and she would reveal to them the secret.

When the next evening came there was a great crowd waiting for her at the appointed place. When Gertie came she held up her finger for silence, and they all sat still and listened.

Presently, thin and sweet and clear on the dusky air, came once more the mysterious music.

"Hark, it is more beautiful than ever," said all the creatures.

"Even Pokey and Spotty would agree to that," some of them added.

Then the fairy led them to the edge of a bank. Leaning over, they looked down. Then they had a great surprise. For just below them, on the pebbly edge of the pond, were two musicians. One had a fiddle, and one had a flute; they were playing with all their might. And the two musicians were Spotty Frog and Pokey Turtle.

The wood people nearly fell over the edge of the bank in their astonishment.

But Spotty and Pokey did not see or hear them. They went on joyfully making music in the light of the moon on their fiddle and flute that the gnome had made for them and that Gertie Good Fairy had taught them to use.

And after that, as you may imagine, things were rather different in Poppleton Wood.



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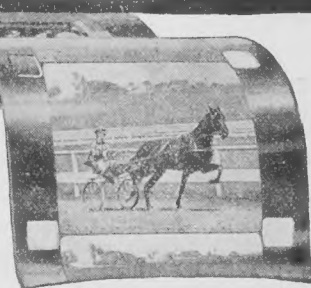
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### And a Few Men, Too, Perhaps

Very few women have time to look like their portraits.—Vancouver Province.

### One Measure of a Man

There is a broad general rule that a man is about as big as the things that make him mad.—Moose Jaw Times.

### Alas!

Sometimes a girl's ideal is shattered—and sometimes he is just plain broke.—Fargo Tribune.

### Unused, Except to Stand On

Eventually the only unused timber in this country will be the planks in political platforms.—New York World.

### Fortunately, We Cannot

If we could only see ourselves as others see us, some of us simply wouldn't believe it.—Selkirk Record.

### Radicals and the Reins of Power

The world has seen almost everything except a radical who has remained a radical after getting the reins of power.—Toronto Star.

### There Is Still Chivalry

You may think that the days of chivalry are over. But just watch every man on a crowded street car get up and offer his seat when a woman with a baby in her arms gets on.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

### A Matter of Good Looks

We read in an article in one of the newspapers by a man who has been out in the mining districts that "Woman Lake is better looking than Porcupine." Well, we should hope so.—Neepawa Press.

### The Difference

What is the difference between the French Chamber of Deputies and the American House of Representatives? The former are bullying the franc, while the latter are franking the bull.—Kansas City Star.

### The Editor is Right About This

A beekeeper in this neighbourhood declares that his bees are worth their weight in gold, but we had rather have our trousers pockets full of gold.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

### Not Necessarily

A rich U.S. doctor, seventy-six years old, was whisked off to an insane asylum on the eve of his wedding. As if that was any indication of insanity.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

### The Poleless Pole

One thing that makes us mad is that you never see a pole in the pictures of the North Pole. We are almost ready to believe that there is no pole there at all.—The Pas Herald.

### Are Single Men So Careless?

We see where a junk man in the East found \$1,500 in a pair of old pants he purchased. It's needless to say the original owner of the pants was a single man.—Wolseley News.

### With Respect to Advice

The man who is smart enough to recognize good advice when he hears it is generally smart enough to make up his own advice in the first place.—Hamilton Spectator.

### A Joke from Edinburgh

A bull in Ayrshire is reported to have displayed extraordinary intelligence in working the handle of a pump with its head in order to obtain water. It would have been less surprising in a cow accustomed to watching the dairyman.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

### How She Knows

The reason that a girl knows that her steady is a saving man is because he always takes his cigars out of his vest pocket and lays them on the centre table when he calls.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

### Natural History Note

"For the ideal wild father we need look no farther than the Canada goose."—From "Nature Studies in the West." Some of us need not look as far as that. We need merely to glance across the breakfast table.—Calgary Albertan.

### A Strange Way to Preserve Peace

Two Italian delegates to the League of Nations Conference at Geneva are preparing to fight a duel. These gentlemen are evidently not aware of the fact that the league exists for the purpose of promoting peace.—Wetaskawin Times.

### They Sleep Soundly in Kingston

It is reported that a scientist has invented an earthquake announcer that goes off like an alarm clock. There is a much more general need for an alarm clock that will go off like an earthquake.—Kingston Whig.

# What the World is Saying

### If—

If there were a market for after-thoughts, most of us would be rich.—Ottawa Citizen.

### Live Wires Should Be Safe

In order to be a live wire, it is not necessary to scorch everybody you come in contact with.—Fort William Times-Journal.

### Can You Blame Him?

Many a man who has "gone over the top" would shrink from acting as judge of a baby show.—Nanaimo Herald.

### They Cannot Thrive Alone

The reason ideas die quickly in some heads is because they can't stand solitary confinement.—Toronto Globe.

### Fashion Item

You can't do much without some sort of backing except make an evening dress.—Brandon Sun.

### Editorial Sarcasm

A famous beauty says that women should be loveliest at forty. The trouble is that so few of them reach that age.—Lethbridge Herald.

### And Keep On Trying

First try your hand at something, and if you fail try both hands. Then, if unsuccessful, try using your head.—Vegreville Observer.

### The Sensibly Clothed Sex

It seems a long time since we read last, in a newspaper account of a boating accident, that "rescue of the woman from the lake was difficult on account of the weight of her water-soaked clothing."—Ottawa Journal.

### Political Item

A man who can umpire a baseball game so as to please both sides has in him some of the qualifications that go to make a successful politician.—Red Deer Advocate.

### A Prediction

Some of these days a wide-awake, intelligent American community somewhere or other is going to try stopping crime by punishing the criminals.—Nashville American.

### The Editor Hazards a Guess

Someone has been wondering what the world will be like in 2026. We don't expect to be here, but would hazard a guess that on that date the young folks will still be going to the dogs and the old folks will still be talking about the good old days.—Prince Albert Herald.

### Nobody Wants Them Back

Footprints of animals that lived 25 million years ago have been found in sandstone slabs in the Grand Canyon of Colorado. And all that they suggest is that it is a fortunate thing they walked on off the earth.—Victoria Colonist.

### Spitzbergen as a Health Resort

Spitzbergen is said to be the one place in the world where it is possible to live without illness, for, owing to the Arctic air, it has been found that no disease germs can exist there. That's all right, for a beginning. But can radio fiends, bank bandits and golfers exist there?—Montreal Herald.

### The Bride's Gown and the Groom

"What the bride is married in is about seven times as important, apparently, as what she's married to," says the Vernon News. But is not this a rash conclusion? More fuss is made over the bride's gown than the bridegroom on the wedding day, perhaps, but we fancy the groom has been pretty well discussed before that day arrives, and this is the first appearance of the gown.—New Westminster British Columbian.

### No Doubt

Away back in the Stone Age, no doubt, there were people who tried to get across the road ahead of the dinosaur.—Brantford Expositor.

### This Explains It All

A wise man needs little to be happy, but nothing satisfies a fool. Thus few are contented.—Saskatoon Star.

### Do They?

Another thing that puzzles us is where the flies sleep in an all-night restaurant.—Regina Post.

### Very Often, Indeed

There is a right side to every argument, and there is a wrong side, and often both the arguers are wrong.—Calgary Herald.

### Naturally

Those wide "Oxford" trousers are said to have reappeared here and there. There is no reason for uneasiness. This is likely to occur until they are worn out.—London Express.

### A Question

A bolt of lightning has struck Chicago. Wasn't it something like that that hit Sodom and Gomorrah long ago?—Buffalo Express.

### This Has Occurred To Us, Too

Another thing that has always puzzled us is why fortune tellers never seem able to do much for themselves in that line.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

### The Editor Makes a Memo

"Jewellery should be dried in jewellers' sawdust after cleaning," we read. We must remember that if we ever get any jewellery.—Niagara Falls Review.

### The Wild East

We see where three men were injured in Ontario by buckshot. It is good to see the old province living up to its best traditions.—Vernon News.

### Is Not This Question a Waste of Time?

What are women doing with all the spare time they are saving as a result of having bobbed hair that doesn't require as much attention?—Kitchener Record.

### A Joke from Kentucky

A woman in Knoxville, Tennessee, applying for a divorce, asked for the custody of eighteen hens, a rooster and a motor truck. Well, it sounds almost like a typical American family.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Editor, Wisely, Isn't Specific

Now we see that a woman is supposed to use perfumery to match her moods and emotions. We know that will have to have the fragrance of a fire-cracker a good deal of the time.—Quebec Evenement.

### Is Conversation a Lost Art?

There just doesn't seem to be any time for conversation now. It is now run over by the automobile, overshadowed by the movie, drowned out by the radio, crippled by the card game, and just generally relegated to a rear seat along with everything else which demanded a certain amount of leisure to live.—Duluth Herald.

### Trotsky Should Be in the Movies

Leon Trotsky, in his new book, "Europe and America," forges a death struggle between these two continents, America torn to pieces, and Moscow, triumphant, imposing the doctrines of Leninism on a prostrate world. An imagination like this shouldn't be wasted in book-writing. It should be harnessed to the moving picture industry earning a Harold Lloyd salary, and receiving the same sort of applause.—Montreal Gazette.

### O Canada!

A public gathering in the Fort opened with the singing of "O Canada." There is nothing unusual about that, they all do, you say, but to the observer it would have been amusing, if it had not been so disgraceful, to see such a fearfully large percentage of those present unable to sing the words. One would think that every Canadian would spend a few minutes of his or her time and memorize the words, even if it was only to avoid being ridiculous on an occasion of this kind.—Fort Saskatchewan Record.

### "No Interest in Politics"

We always have with us those who say that they take no interest in politics. This remark will be heard frequently during the impending election campaign. The answer which Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes gave to all such many years ago is still worth quoting. When a man makes this confession, he said, it means that "he has been all his life enjoying his political privileges and grossly neglecting his political duties, which is scarcely to his credit." As a matter of fact, he declared, "politics, correctly understood, is simply the science of life—the doctrine of the way in which I am to do my duty to my neighbor, which is an essential part of true religion."—Edmonton Journal.



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